

Hymns not in this hymnal = 1. 11
 not in it but Bredell = Bredell
 " " Hymns of the Faith - H. 7-9
 " New Landers Domain = H. 2. 8

Hymns not in any -

Indispensable = A = 12

Approved = B = 33

Admirable = C = 37

Rejected = D

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REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

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THE NEW HYMNAL *

Owing to various circumstances, an opportunity for the examination of Dr. Messiter's setting of the New Hymnal, with especial reference to those features which fall within our view in this department of THE CHURCHMAN, has not occurred until the present time, though the book has been much longer in the field than either of its competitors.

Dr. Messiter's is the smallest of the three Hymnals now published. One reason for this, is that there are but a very few of the hymns which are provided with more than two tunes each; we have noticed but six, namely, "The day is past and over," "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," "Rock of Ages," "Just as I am," "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and "Brightest and Best"—and these have but three tunes each. Where Dr. Messiter has given alternates, it has usually been with a view to providing an opportunity for either choir or congregational singing, as may be desired. Then, too, there are very few compositions which cover more than one page. Three indices are provided—one of first lines, one of names of tunes in alphabetical order, and a metrical index. We could wish that these had been somewhat amplified, either by including the names of authors and composers in one general index (as in the "Tucker" Hymnal, for example), or that separate lists had been compiled.

But we are much more concerned with the music itself than with mere matters of arrangement and typography. The first impression received, on glancing through the book, is a sense of the high and consistent purpose and discriminating taste with which it has been edited, and this each subsequent reference serves to strengthen. Dr. Messiter has remained true to his musical principles and to his long and honorable record, and has turned neither to the right nor to the left in search of "novelties" or "popular at-

tractions." The number of American tunes is very small. In the preface it is stated that this is because of the preference of American organists for "choir" tunes too high in pitch and too elaborate for general use, and that, as the collection is intended for congregations quite as much as for choirs, they have not generally been found available. Reading between lines, we fancy we can divine still another reason for the omission of some contemporary American tunes, which is that Dr. Messiter does not find himself in sympathy with the style of many of them. Those which appear are in greater part from the pen of the editor himself, or those of composers who are, or have been, connected with Trinity parish. There are one or two which seem to have been admitted rather for some particular reason than solely upon their merits. Dr. Messiter's taste naturally leads him toward the Anglican school of composers. The musical service at Trinity church, while it is to a degree eclectic, is, to all intents and purposes, English. In the wide range of the *repertoire* of its choir, and in the general style and character of selections, it probably comes nearer the cathedral model than any church in the country. At all events, we have yet to hear of one where more music of the genuine "cathedral type" is performed in the course of a year. As organist of Trinity church, Dr. Messiter has never been a bidder for popularity. He has aimed at something far higher than mere success. He has been steadfast in the endeavor to provide music most worthy of its exalted purpose—an aim which is distinctly manifested in the book before us. Its tunes are not new, but they are of tried, settled and indisputable worth. All lightness and triviality are banished. The editor sets a stern face against enfeebled and unworthy music. So uncompromising is he in this that he even omits Lowell Mason's tune for "Work, for the night is coming" (where we think he might have relented), and he sets "I need Thee every hour" to an adapted tune by Sebastian Wesley. We hope the

* The Hymnal, revised and enlarged, with music, as used in Trinity church, New York. Edited by A. H. Messiter, Mus. Doc. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

ghost of Dr. Wesley, threatening vengeance, will not appear to him. We think such a treatment of such a hymn is straining a point in behalf of a good cause. The milky hymn and the usual watery tune go together. United they stand, divided they fall.

The English tunes which form the bulk of the book have been selected with a very careful hand, and evidently after searching examination of many collections. A few of the beautiful specimens of modern English work which one finds in unexpected nooks through the volume are Dr. Hiles's "Birkdale," Henry Smart's "Labente," Sir John Goss's "Mecum" and "Salvatore," Dr. Ion's "Newcastle," J. L. Hatton's "Litany," George Cooper's "Dorking," Calkin's "Incarnation," Dr. Garrett's "Crucis" and "Mensa," Dr. Naylor's "St. Catharine," Dr. Armes's "Galilee," J. W. Elliott's "Grace," Dr. Spark's "Leeds," C. Lee Williams's "Lee," Tours's "Holland," Dr. Hiles's "Westerdale," Dr. Jordan's "Warwick," and Dr. Martin's "St. Helen." There are a great many others—indeed the book is full of them—whose names we cannot give for want of space, but among which we note several by Dr. Edward Hodges, and a charming setting of "Welcome, sweet day of rest," by that ill-fated genius, Frederick E. L. Barnes—the most brilliant musician, we think, who ever sat at the great organ of "Old Trinity." In all these selections and adaptations we trace clearly the individuality of the editor. The book has character, in that it gives us a judicious and careful selection—the well-matured result of the taste, experience, skill and wide research of one conservative, thoughtful and high-minded musician. There is hardly a weak or vapid tune in the book; scarce a page which will not stand the wear of years. The collection is dignified, solid, sedate, devotional. We apprehend that, in the course of a few years, the merits of this book will be more and more acknowledged, and that it will ultimately make its way to the fullest favor to which its worth entitles it.

As we have already stated, Dr. Messiter's aim has been to provide a Hymnal partly—perhaps mainly—congregational. To this end he has made use of many unison tunes, for which he recommends large choruses of men and free organ accompaniments. This is sound counsel, but large choruses of men are not often obtainable, while really good, free organ accompaniments (*extempore* ones, at any rate) are as rare as black swans. He has also by selection and transposition endeavored to secure melodies for the people

not running above E. It has been asserted that no congregational tune should go above D—a dictum with which we find it difficult to agree. Henry Smart, who was probably as sound an authority on congregational singing as can well be cited, fixed no such arbitrary line. In his own playing he kept his melodies from going above E flat, so far as was practicable, but from all accounts he did not adhere very closely to the practice; and it should not be forgotten that the pitch of organs has been lowered since his day. It makes a vast difference how the topmost note of a passage is approached. A congregation which would give out a good E, when taken by a bold and well opened interval, might flatten hopelessly on C, if it came at the end of a succession of creeping semitones. Dr. Messiter has taken due account of these things.

As a matter of theory, congregational music is the singing of the melody by all the voices in unison and octaves; as a matter of fact, at the present time, it is usually a clumsy attempt at part singing. As we have endeavored to point out in another review, American church-goers are not yet educated up to the point where altos will cease to try to carry a major third below the treble from start to finish, or where untutored tenors and basses will give over attempting to sing their respective parts "by ear." It seems to us, then, that the easiest and most available way of securing congregational singing is to provide the people with such simple and straightforward music as will suffer least damage from these well-meant but ill-directed efforts. It is for this reason that we have deprecated the dropping of so many of the tunes with which our audiences are familiar. The better method of undertaking to establish unison singing by the people will take long years of persistent labor on the part of choir-masters and clergy, and we have some doubt whether even then the outcome will be all that might be desired. There is a great deal said about congregational singing, but more of it seems to originate with the clergy than with the people, and from the avidity with which Hymnals whose strongest features are their "choir tunes" are being taken up, we are inclined to believe that at the present time the trend of popular taste and feeling is away from congregational music. This would be but a natural outgrowth of the "vested choir movement" which has swept over the country, and of a craving for what is termed musical "enrichment" which has followed in its train. There will probably be a reaction before many years. Meantime, we must regard Dr.

Messiter's book as theoretically rather than practically congregational; but wherever the movement toward unison singing by "all the people" shall be vigorous and well-sustained it will be of great value in drawing popular taste toward a more dignified and in every way better style of Church music.

Had Dr. Messiter done no other like work, we think he might safely rest his reputation as an editor upon this collection. As time goes by, its stately and enduring music will be better understood and more and more widely appreciated. It is sometimes well to be a little in advance of public taste.

ADT



Rev. Louis Y. Benson

Wister Street

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82
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EDITED BY

A. H. MESSITER, MUS. DOC.,

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The Hymnal

WITH MUSIC

MESSITER



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The Hymnal



REVISED AND ENLARGED

AS ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE
YEAR OF OUR LORD 1892

Being the Preliminary Report of the Committee on the Hymnal appointed
by the General Convention of 1886, modified

WITH MUSIC

As used in Trinity Church

NEW YORK

✓ EDITED BY

A. H. MESSITER, MUS. DOC.

ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

NEW YORK

E. & J. B. YOUNG & COMPANY

COOPER UNION, FOURTH AVENUE

1893

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By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in General Convention, held in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, it was

Resolved: That the final Report of the Joint Commission on the Hymnal, as amended by concurrent vote of the two Houses, be set forth and authorized as the Hymnal of this Church: provided that the use of the present Hymnal be allowed until the next General Convention.

CERTIFICATE.

It is hereby certified that this edition of the Hymnal, having been compared with and corrected by the Standard Book, as the General Convention has directed, is permitted to be published accordingly.

On behalf of the Commission empowered to superintend the publication of the Hymnal.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE, *Chairman.*
HENRY W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary.*

CANON 25 OF TITLE 1 OF THE DIGEST.

OF CHURCH MUSIC.

§ 1. The Hymns which are set forth by authority, and Anthems in the words of Holy Scripture, are allowed to be sung in all Congregations of this Church before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister, whose duty it shall be, by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint such authorized Hymns or Anthems as are to be sung.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of every Minister of this Church, with such assistance as he may see fit to employ from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his Church; and especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

PREFACE.

THE metrical Hymns are, in one respect, the most important part of the Church Service. They belong especially to the congregation; who ought not to be deprived of their right to take part in the Hymnody by the use of tunes which are out of their reach, by reason of over-elaboration or extreme compass.

In accordance with this view, the general character of the music in the accompanying book is congregational, the few tunes of a different nature being generally supplemented by a second and simpler tune. Many of the tunes are suitable for being sung in unison, even when this is not specially indicated.

Ten mediæval tunes are included in the collection, four of which are well known and largely used: *Veni Emmanuel*, *O quanta*, *Victory*, and *Leoni*. The others will be found worthy of attention; and if sung, as they should be, by a large body of men's voices in unison, with a free organ accompaniment, are most effective and moving. The origin and date of these melodies are unknown; some of them are contemporary with the words to which they are set.

Of German chorales there are about thirty, with as many more tunes said to be of German origin, but which show no relationship to the genuine chorale, in their present form.

English Psalm tunes of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries have a fair representation; but the largest proportion of the musical material—about four-fifths—is modern.

This follows naturally from the fact that the Hymns themselves are mostly modern, and in a great variety of metres which have only of late years been adopted for Hymnody.

In the "Old Version" of metrical Psalms (Sternhold and Hopkins, 1562), all but twenty were in common metre. In the "New Version" (Late and Brady, 1696) there was more variety, but still two-thirds were C. M.

Although original Hymns were used in the 18th century, notably those of Watts, the Wesleys, and Doddridge,* yet these were unau-

* 375 Hymns and metrical Psalms are ascribed to Doddridge, 454 to Watts, and no less than 6,500 to Charles Wesley.

thorized by the Church, and were used chiefly by the followers of John Wesley and by other independent congregations.

From about 1800, we find the words Hymn and Hymnody gradually displacing the old terms Psalm and Psalmody; and since then the number of "metres" in use has been constantly increasing, until, in the present Hymnal, there are no less than 106 different forms of versification, besides 17 Hymns classed as "peculiar."

In the Metrical Index, some of the single specimens are placed under the P. M. heading; others are classified as "single numbers." For a few of them no suitable tune could be found in a collection of about fifty hymnals; and for these, tunes have been newly provided.

Careful attention has been given to proper accentuation of the words: for instance, in Hymn 121, "The strife is o'er," the false accentuation usually found is avoided by slight changes in the notation of the music. Absolute correctness of accent cannot always be secured, on account of the occasionally irregular prosody of hymn-writers.

The entire number of tunes in this book is 646, of which about fifty are American. This latter number might have been largely increased, but the tendency of our composers is toward "choir tunes," too elaborate and high in pitch for untrained singers. As the work is intended for general use, it was not thought advisable to insert many of that character.

Metronome marks are inserted throughout, representing the editor's judgment of a dignified and suitable *tempo* for congregational singing. On comparison with similar indications in two well-known hymnals, the *tempi* will be found, when differing, rather slower than those given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and rather quicker than those in Barnby's "Hymnary."

There remains now only the agreeable duty of acknowledging the kindness of the following composers, who have contributed new and original tunes to this book, namely:

CLEMENT R. GALE, M.A., Mus. Bac. Oxon., Calvary Church.

The late ARTHUR E. CROOK, Mus. Bac. Oxon.

W. A. RABOCH, St. Chrysostom Chapel.

ARTHUR ROSE, B.A.

F. H. MESSITER, organist of All Souls, Harlesden, London.

Thanks are no less due to the composers who have permitted the use of tunes already published, namely:

The late Rev. J. H. HOPKINS, S.T.D.

The Rev. J. S. B. HODGES, S.T.D.

The late Rev. W. H. COOKE, M.A. (by his representatives).

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S. J. GILBERT.

W. SMEDLEY.

An asterisk before the name of a tune signifies that it has been adapted, altered, or newly harmonized by the editor.

The American tunes are copyright, either of the composers or the proprietors of this book.

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HYMNS

I. DAILY PRAYER

Morning

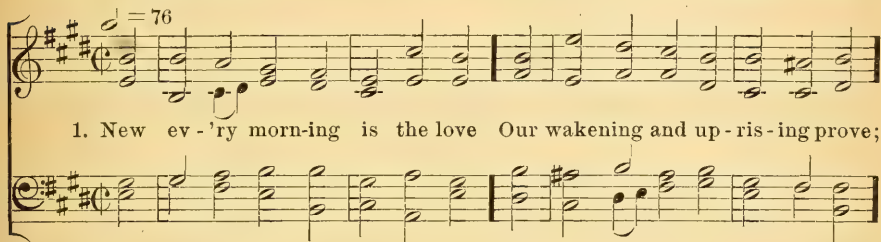
1 *PH* New every morning is the love

L. M.

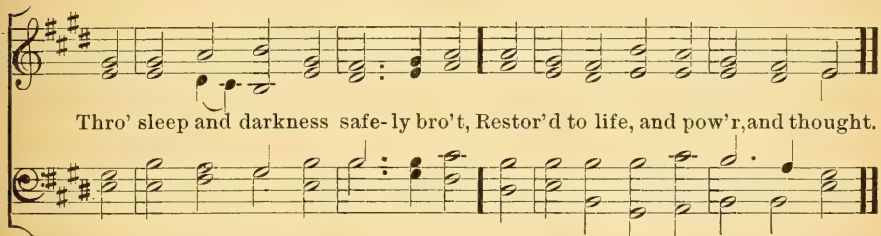
REV. J. KEBLE. 1827

Melcombe
S. WEBBE. 1790

♩ = 76



1. New ev-'ry morn-ing is the love Our waken-ing and up-ris-ing prove;



Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly bro't, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some soft'ning gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on ev'ry cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Daily Prayer. Morning

2

Awake, my soul, and with the sun **L. M.**

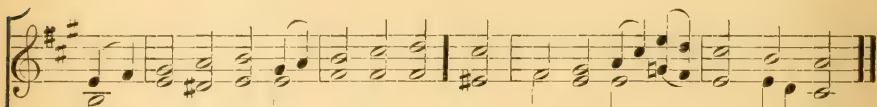
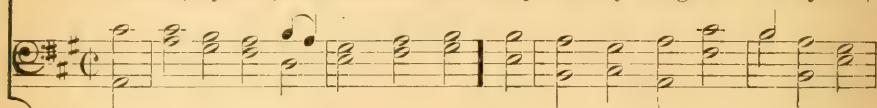
BISHOP KEN. 1695

PART I.

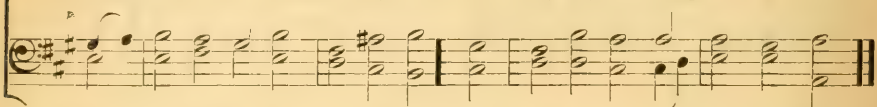
* Morning Hymn
F. H. BARTHELEMON. 1780



1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;



Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.



2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

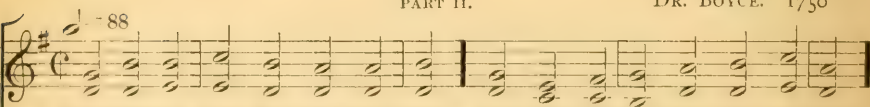
3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

2

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept **L. M.**

PART II.

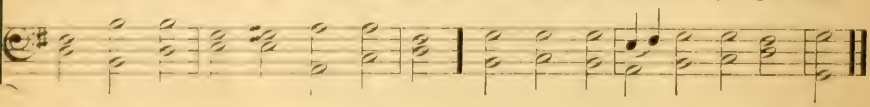
Matutinus
DR. BOYCE. 1750



1. All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept;



Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.



Daily Prayer. Morning

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Doxology may be sung also at the end of Part I.

3 *B. M.* Come, my soul, thou must be waking **P. M.**

"Seele, du musst munter werden."

F. L. VON CANITZ. 1690

BUCKALL. *Tr.*

Birkdale

DR. HILES. 1865

$\text{♩} = 56.$

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - - ing, Now is

break-ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day: Come, to Him Who made this

splen-dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Daily Prayer. Morning

4

Every morning mercies new

7s.

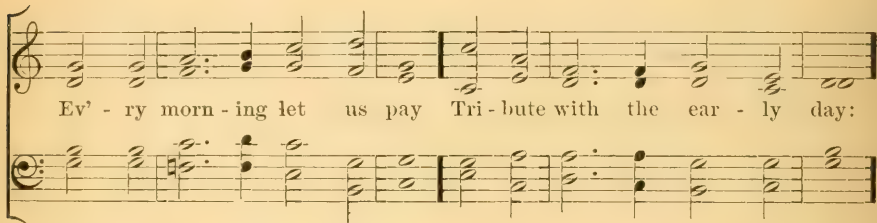
REV. G. PHILLIMORE. 1863

Barmouth
W. MACFARREN. 1880

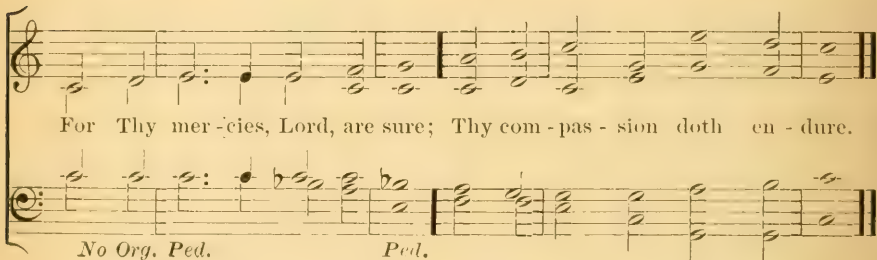
100



1. Ev - ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew:



Ev' - ry morn - ing let us pay Tri - bute with the ear - ly day:



For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure; Thy com - pas - sion doth en - dure.

No Org. Ped. *Ped.*

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Daily Prayer. Morning

[FRIDAY]

5 O Jesu, crucified for man

L. M.
* *Salvete*
ANCIENT

BISHOP HOW. 1871

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 58$ Voices in Unison.



1. O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all gloripus on Thy throne, Teach



Thou our wand'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love unknown. A - - - men.



2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh! may we bear Thy marks below
In conquer'd sin and chasten'd life.

4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy men'ries of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

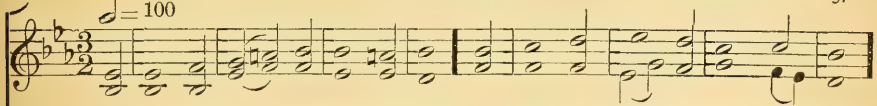
5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.

5

SECOND TUNE

Angelus
J. SCHEFFLER 1657

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. O Je - su, cru - ci - fied for man, O Lamb, all glo - ri - ous Thy Throne,



Teach Thou our wand'ring souls to scan The myst'ry of Thy love un - known.



Also the following :

312 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.

383 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

640 My Father, for another night.

Daily Prayer. Evening

EVENING

6 O Brightness of the immortal Father's face 10.6.10.6.

Φῶς ἱλαρόν

SECOND CENTURY

EDDIS. Tr.

St. Nicholas

REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1870

$\text{♩} = 58$

1. O brightness of the immortal Father's face, Most ho - ly, heaven - ly, blest,

Lord Je - sus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace Are vis - i - bly ex - pressed:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn th' eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.</p> | <p>3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored.</p> |
|---|--|

7 The day is gently sinking to a close 10s.

Bp. CHR: WORDSWORTH. 1862

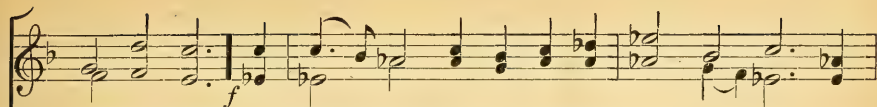
Sunset

A. H. MESSITER. 1886

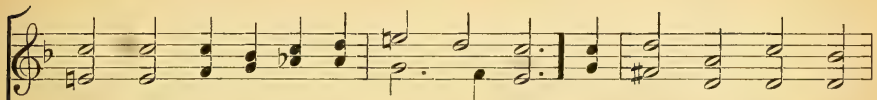
$\text{♩} = 54$

mp
1. The day is gent - ly sinking to a close, Faint - er and yet more faint the

Daily Prayer. Evening



sun-light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy Father's glo - ry, Thou E -



- ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now: Where Thou art pres - ent



darkness can-not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.



- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end:
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqu'ror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice — "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mould'ring to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Daily Prayer. Evening

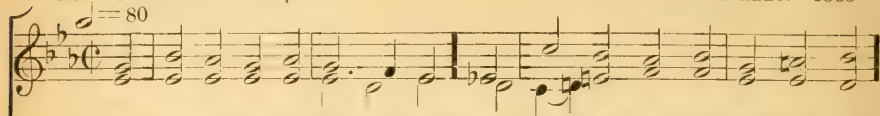
8

The radiant morn hath passed away 8.8.8.4.

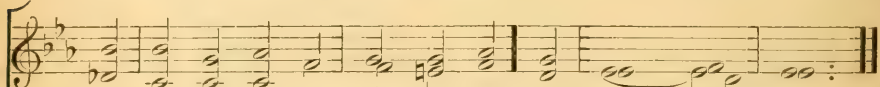
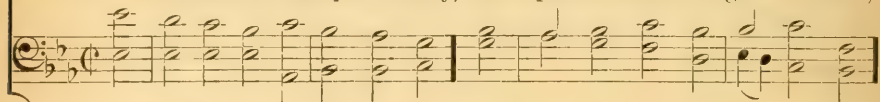
REV. G. THRING. 1864

St. Gabriel
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1868

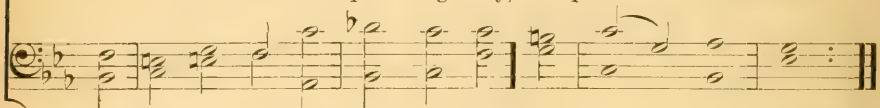
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. The radiant morn hath pass'd away, And spent too soon her gold-en store;



The sha-dows of de-part-ing day, Creep on . . . once more.



2 Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

9

Holy Father, cheer our way

7.7.7.5.

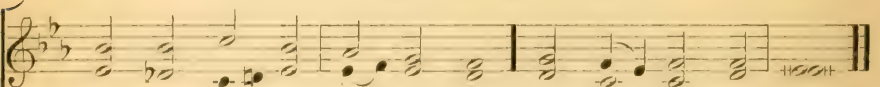
REV. R. H. ROBINSON. 1871

* *Morgenglanz*
GERMAN. 1704

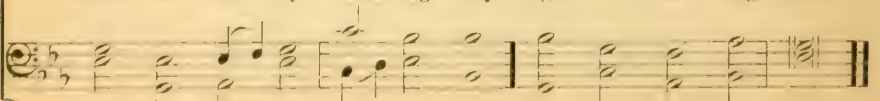
$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray:



Grant us ev - ry clos-ing day Light at eve - ning - time.



Daily Prayer. Evening

- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;

- Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

10

The sun is sinking fast

6.4.6.6.

18th CENTURY
CASWALL. Tr.
♩ = 100

"Sol præceps rapitur"
FIRST TUNE

St. Columba
H. S. IRONS. 1861

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

- 2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His pow'r and love,
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine.

10

SECOND TUNE

Labente
H. SMART. 1870

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; . .

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice.

Daily Prayer. Evening

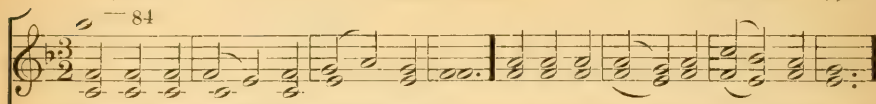
11 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear **L. M.**

REV. J. KEEBLE. 1820

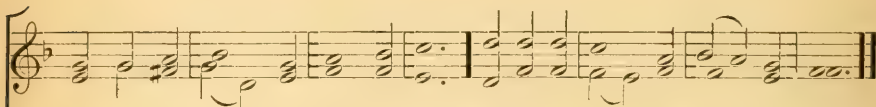
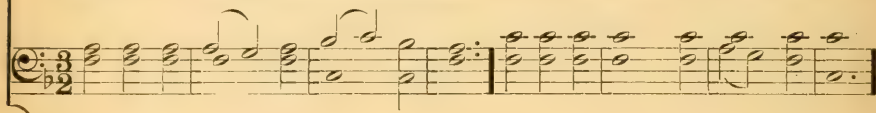
FIRST TUNE

Hursley
P. RITTER. 1792

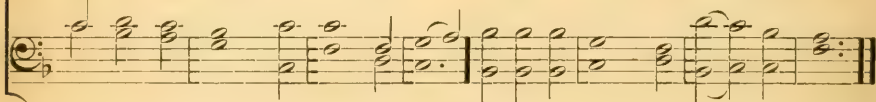
— 84



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav- iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

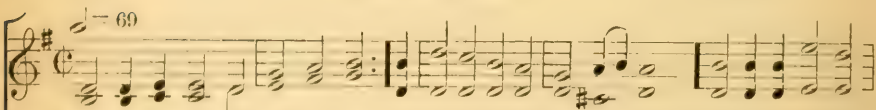
4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

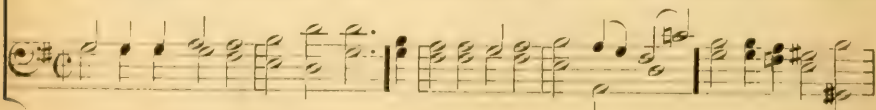
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heav'n above.

11 **SECOND TUNE** *Keeble*
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1874

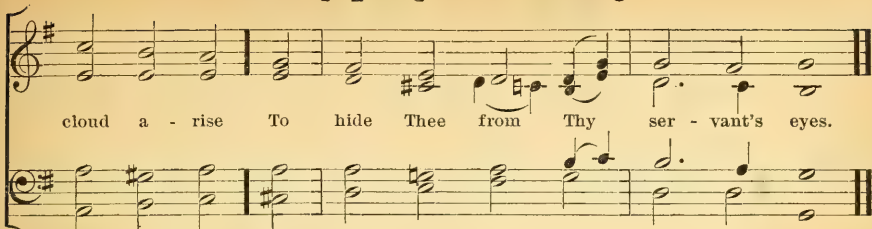
— 69



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born

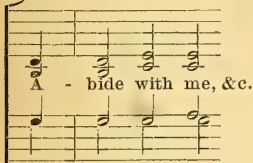


Daily Prayer. Evening



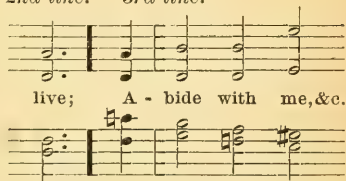
cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.

3rd verse. 1st line.



A - bide with me, &c.

end of 2nd line. 3rd line.

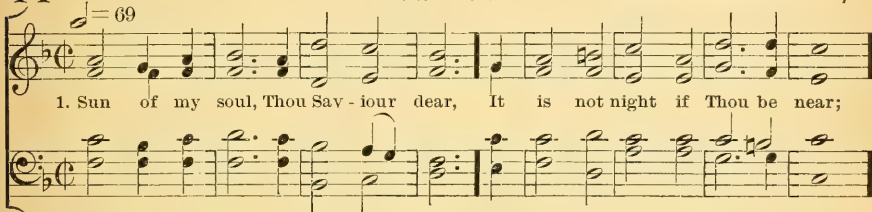


live; A - bide with me, &c.

11


THIRD TUNE

Radley
DR. E. G. MONK. 1867

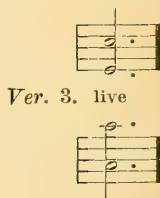


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

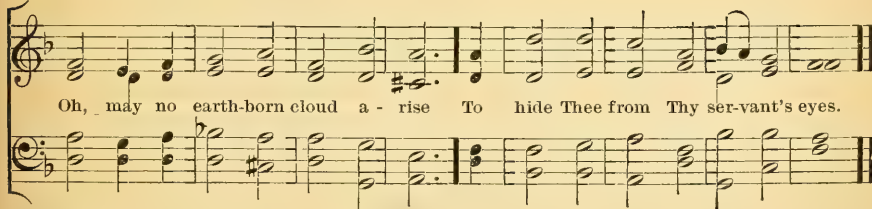
Ver. 3.



A - bide with

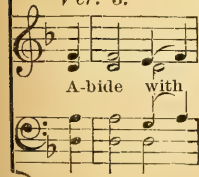


Ver. 3. live



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.

Ver. 3.



A-bide with

Daily Prayer. Evening

12

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide 10s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1847

FIRST TUNE.

Eventide
W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but, Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies:
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

12

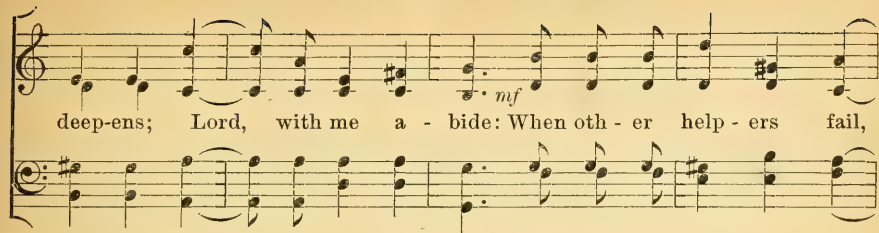
SECOND TUNE

Mecum
SIR J. GOSS. 1865

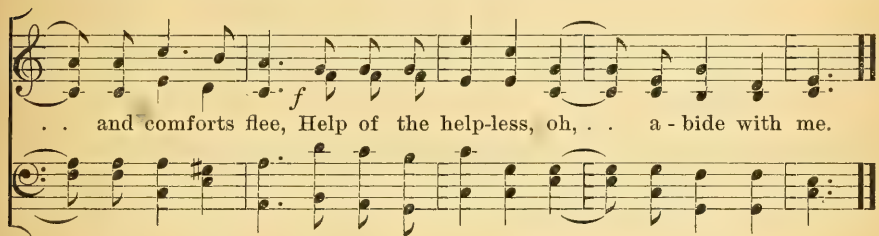
$\text{♩} = 56$

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness

Daily Prayer. Evening



deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail,



... and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, . . a - bide with me.

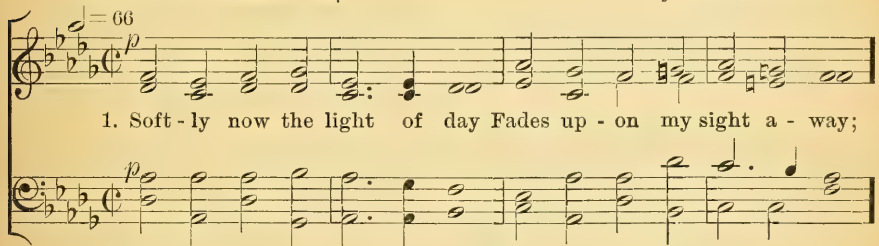
13

Softly now the light of day

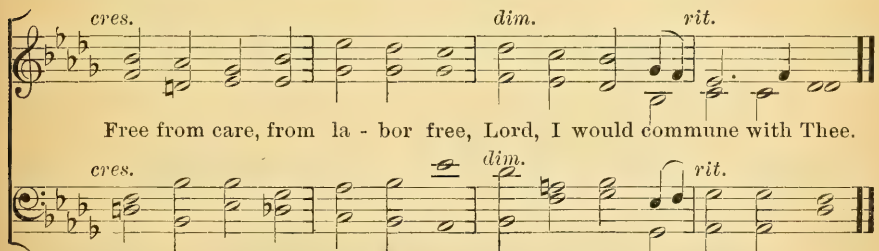
7s.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE. 1824

Dulce
J. BARNEY. 1880



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Daily Prayer. Evening

14

At even, ere the sun was set

L. M.

REV. H. TWELLS. 1868

St. Petros
REV. R. F. DALE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. At ev-en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

Oh, in what divers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a-way.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them
pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would love Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would
hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

15

The shadows of the evening hours

C. M.

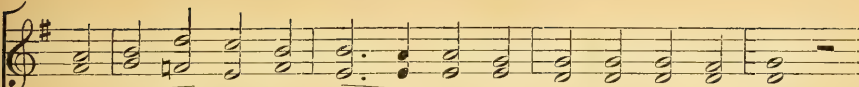
A. A. PROCTER. 1858

St. Leonard
DR. HILES. 1867

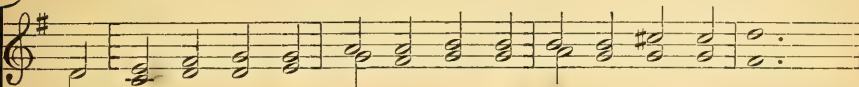
$\text{♩} = 88$

1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the darkening sky;

Daily Prayer. Evening

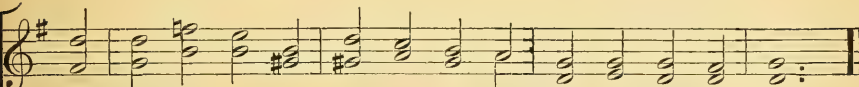


Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of eve - ning lie.



Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Cres.



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heav'n,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Daily Prayer. Evening

16

The day is past and over

P. M.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 800

NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

St Anatolius 1
A. H. BROWN. 1865

88

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

mf

cres. I pray Thee that of - fence - less *dim.* The hours of dark may be.

p O Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night! *cres.* *dim.*

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesu, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

16

SECOND TUNE

St. Anatolius 2
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1865

88

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

mf

cres. I pray Thee that of - fence - less *dim.* The hours of dark may be.

p O Je-su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night! *cres.* *dim.*

Daily Prayer. Evening

cres. *dim.*

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

p *cres.*

O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!

16

THIRD TUNE

Nocturne
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1870

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.

O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night!

Daily Prayer. Evening

17

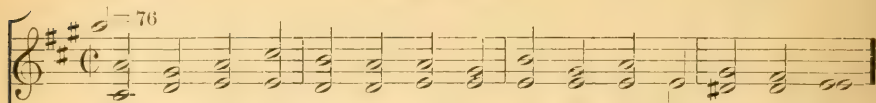
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing 8.7.8.7.

J. EDMESTON. 1820

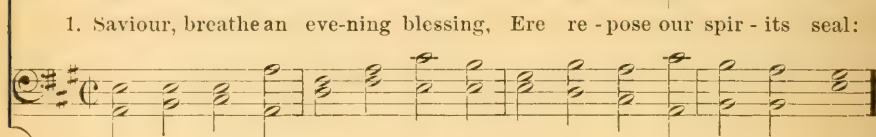
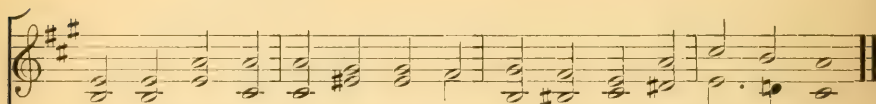
FIRST TUNE

Repose
DR. E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

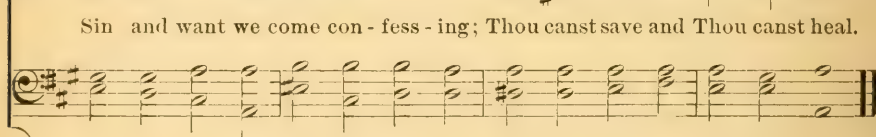
76



1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.



- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 4 Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesu then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.
- 5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
- 6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

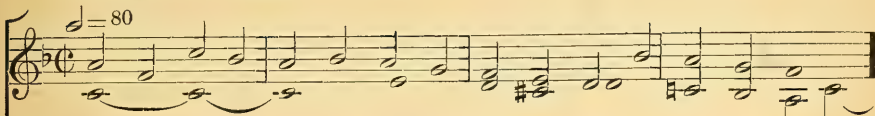
Daily Prayer. Evening

17

SECOND TUNE

* *Salvator*
SIR J. GOSS. 1870

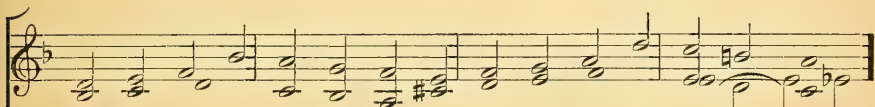
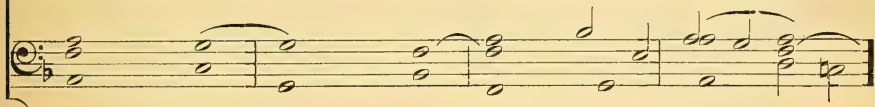
Stanzas 1, 2. Unison



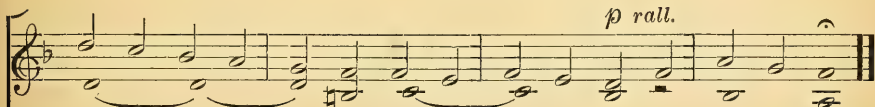
1. Saviour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:



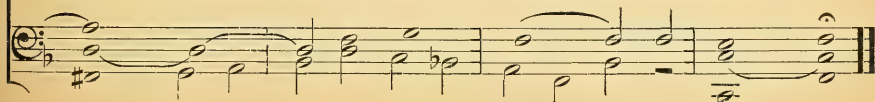
Sin and want we come con - fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.



2. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;



Thou art He Who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.



Daily Prayer. Evening

17

Stanzas 3, 4. *Harmony*

3. Tho' de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,

An-gel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4. Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us; Je - su then our re - fuge be,

And in Par - a - dise a - wake us, There to rest in peace with Thee.

Daily Prayer. Evening

17

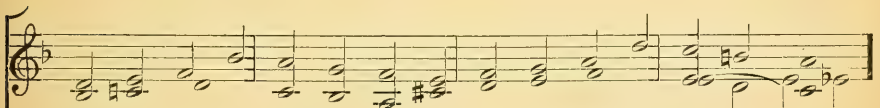
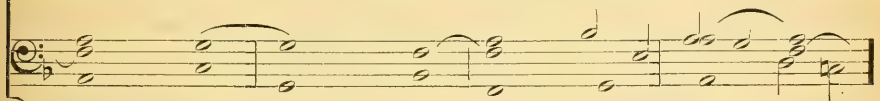
Stanzas 5, 6. Unison



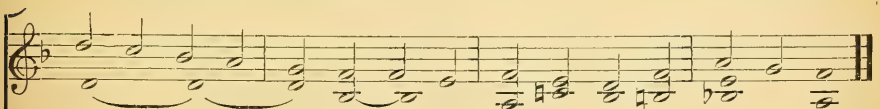
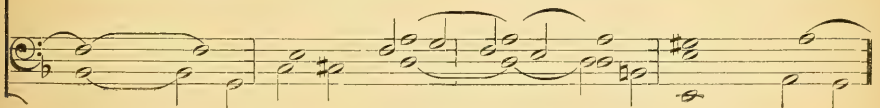
5. Fa-ther, to Thy ho - ly keep-ing Hum-bly we our-selves re - sign;



Sav-iour, Who hast slept our sleep-ing, Make our slumbers pure as Thine;



6. Bless-ed Spir-it, brooding o'er us, Chase the dark-ness of our night,



Till the per-fect day be-fore us Breaks in ev - er - last-ing light.



Daily Prayer. Evening

18

All praise to Thee, my God, this night

L. M.

BISHOP KEN. 1700

Canon
T. TALLIS. 1575

72

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, Oh, keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> <p>4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?</p> <p>7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|---|--|

19

God, that madest earth and heaven

8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

BISHOP HEBER. 1827
ARCHDEACON WHATELY. 1855

Temple
DR. E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

84

1. God, that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for

Daily Prayer. Evening

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night: May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us,

Slumber sweet Thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes attend us, This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

20

Now from the altar of our hearts

C.M.

J. MASON. 1683

Holy Trinity
J. BARNBY. 1861

1. Now from the al-tar of our hearts Let flames of love a-rise;

As-sist us, Lord, to of-fer up Our eve-ning sac-ri-fice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

Daily Prayer. Evening

21

Before the ending of the day

L. M.

"Te lucis ante terminum."

ANCIENT
NEALE. 77.

Te lucis
ANCIENT

88 UNISON *ad lib.*

1. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray

That with Thy wont-ed fa - vor, Thou Wouldst be our guard and keep-er now.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

22

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go

8s.

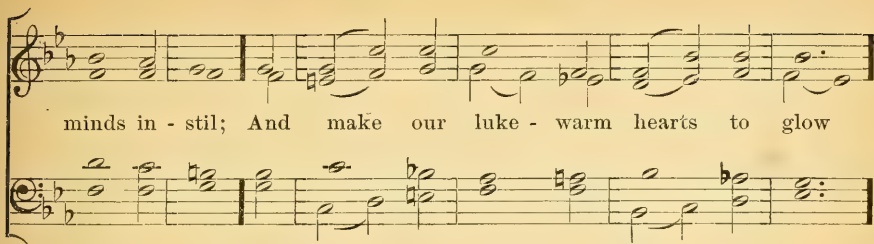
REV. F. W. FABER. 1852

In tenebris
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

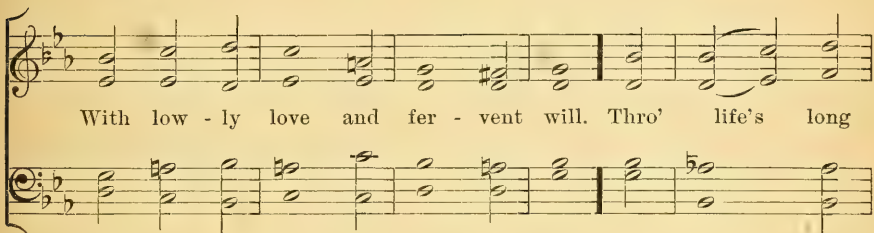
88

1. Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to . . . our

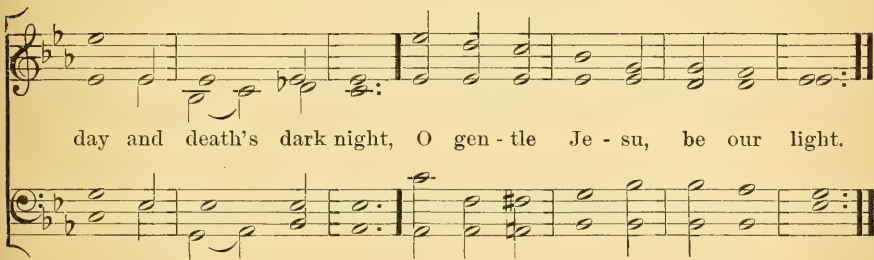
Daily Prayer. Evening



minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow



With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long



day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh! let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us
be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Daily Prayer. Evening

23

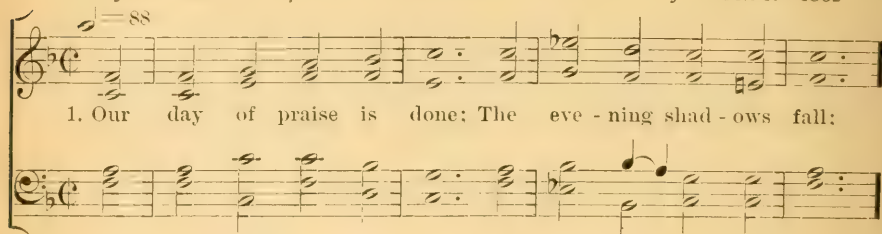
Our day of praise is done

S. M.

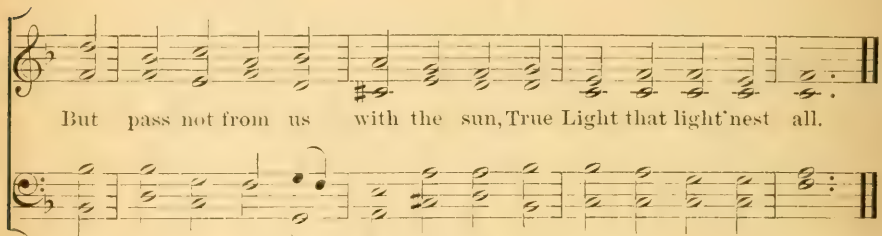
REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

Emmas
J. BARNEY. 1862

♩ = 88



1. Our day of praise is done: The eve - ning shad - ows fall:



But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all.

- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Also the following :

389 Three in One, and One in Three,
535 Now the day is over.
642 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.

643 Inspirer and hearer of prayer.
644 Great God, to Thee, my evening song.
645 The day is past and gone.
646 Through the day Thy love has spared us.
647 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father.
676 One sweetly solemn thought.

The Lord's Day

24

O day of rest and gladness

7.6.

Bp. CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1862

FIRST TUNE

Rest
REV. J. S. B. HODGES. 1869

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;

On Thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

The Lord's Day

24

SECOND TUNE

Wordsworth
R. REDHEAD. 1874

— 92

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges join'd in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.

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The Lord's Day

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We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

25 Hail! sacred day of earthly rest

8.6.8.4.

REV. G. THRING. 1863

St. Cuthbert
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hail! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free;

Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou, this day, hast given
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

The Lord's Day

26

Come, let us all with one accord

8.8.6.

MEDIAEVAL
CHESTER. *Tr.*

"Omnes una celebremus."

* *Magdalen College*
DR. W. HAYES. 1740

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Come, let us all with one ac - cord A - dore and mag - ni -

- fy the Lord, And fes - tive ser - vice pay,

- | | |
|--|---|
| 2 On this the day that God hath blest,
The day of peace and heav'nly rest,
The Lord's own holy day, | 6 This day the Holy Spirit's flame
Upon the Church's teachers came,
And filled their souls with light. |
| 3 That saw primeval darkness break,
And that more glorious life awake
That lasteth evermore; | 7 Still on this day with trumpet sound
The Gospel notes are ringing round,
To call the world to pray: |
| 4 That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,
And Christ, triumphant over all,
His own to heav'n restore. | 8 Then on this day let us adore
Our God, and supplication pour,
That, when worlds pass away, |
| 5 This day the peace that flows from
heaven
Was unto the Apostles given,
When doors were closed at night; | 9 Through Christ's dear grace our souls
may rest
In peace and joy, forever blest,
Till the great Judgment Day. |

27

Welcome, sweet day of rest

S. M.

DR. WATTS. 1709

FIRST TUNE.

Barnes
F. E. L. BARNES. 1875

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a -

The Lord's Day

- rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast,

And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - - - - men.

2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we seek, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of pray'r and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

27

SECOND TUNE

Vespertine
H. SMART. 1877

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

The Lord's Day

28

This is the day of Light

S. M.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1868

FIRST TUNE

Suabia
GERMAN. 1600

92

1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

- 2 This is the day of Rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.
- 3 This is the day of Peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

- 4 This is the day of Prayer:
Let earth to heav'n draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the First of days:
Send forth Thy quick'ning breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

28

SECOND TUNE

Dominica
SIR H. S. OAKELEY. 1880

100

1. This is the day of Light: Let there be light to - day;

The Lord's Day

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a - way.

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some accompaniment in the left hand.

29 With joy we hail the sacred day C. M.

H. AUBER. 1829

Dundee
ENGLISH. 1592

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath call'd His own;

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some accompaniment in the left hand.

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey, To wor - ship at His throne.

The musical score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of a series of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand, with some accompaniment in the left hand.

- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

The Lord's Day

30

To Thy temple I repair

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1812

Hart
B. MILGROVE. 1770

— 80

1. To Thy tem-ple I re-pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;

While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue.

2 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

5 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at ev'ning let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

31

Blest day of God! most calm, most bright C. M.

REV. J. MASON. 1683

Bishopthorpe
J. CLARKE. 1700

— 80

1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;

The la-b'rer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of pray'r and praise.

The Lord's Day

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heav'nly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

32 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise 10s.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1866

FIRST TUNE

Pax Dei
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac -

- cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee

ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

The Lord's Day

32

SECOND TUNE

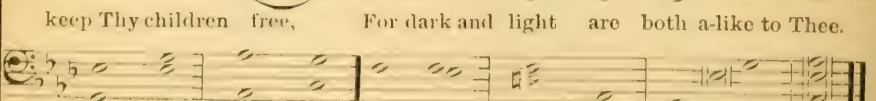
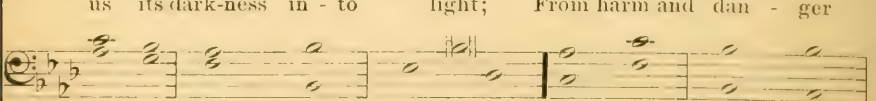
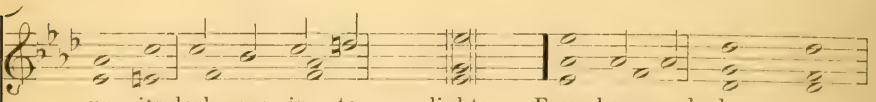
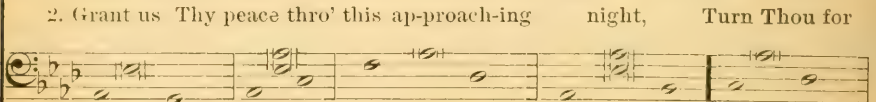
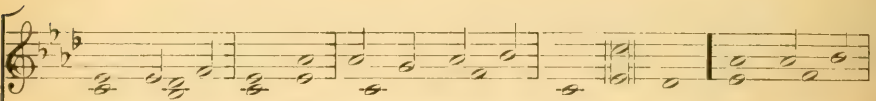
Benediction
E. J. HOPKINS. 1865



1. Sav-iour, a-gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;



We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.



The Lord's Day

32

p *cres.*

3. Grant us Thy peace up-on our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

p

4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cres.

sor - row, and our stay in strife; . . . Then, when Thy voice shall

dim. - e - rall.

bid our conflict cease, . . . Call us, O Lord, to Thine e-ter-nal peace.

The Lord's Day

33

Almighty Father, bless the word

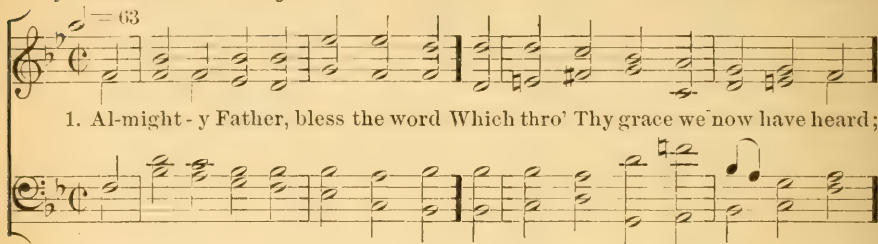
L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

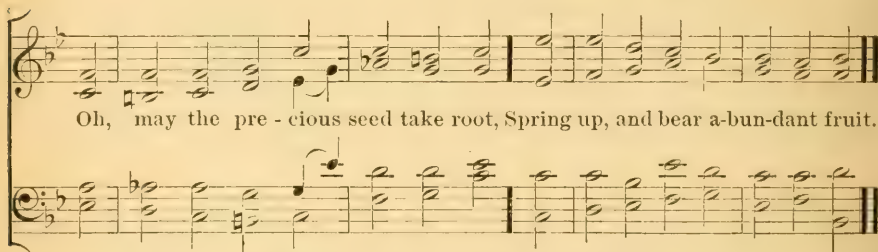
Mursell

DR. GARRETT. 1868

63



1. Al-might - y Father, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;



Oh, may the pre - cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a-bun-dant fruit.

2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heav'n appear.

34

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing

8.7.8.7.4.7.

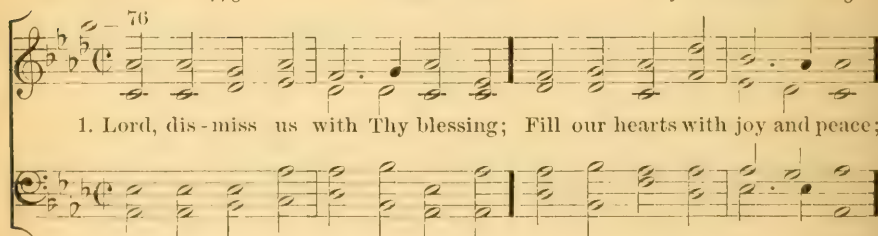
DR. FAWCETT. 1773

FIRST TUNE

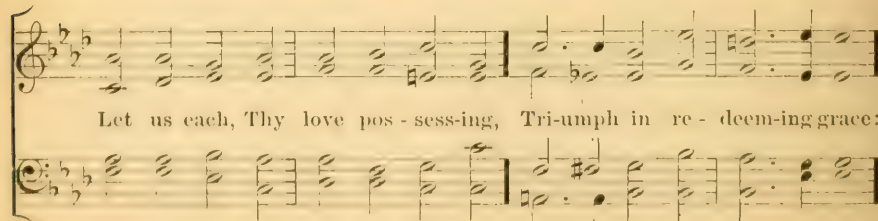
St. Raphael

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863

76



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;



Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:

The Lord's Day

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wild - er - ness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found;

3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.

34

SECOND TUNE

Eton College
J. BARNEY. 1885

♩ = 80

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

cres.

Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace:

dim.

Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'lling through this wild - er - ness.

II. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

Advent

35

Hark! the voice eternal

6.5.

J. JULIAN. 1880

Ruth
S. SMITH

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj - es - ty,

The first system of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

Call - ing in - to be - ing Earth and sea and sky;

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line.

Hark! in count - less num - bers All the an - gel - throng

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line.

Hail cre - a - tion's morn - ing With one burst of song.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The vocal line has a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line.

Advent

High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light,
Reign, O King im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, in - fi - nite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the sadd'ning fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendor
Of that op'ning day.
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with pow'r and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light
Reign, Thou King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Pow'r, and praise, and honor,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain, as desired.

Advent

36

Day of wrath! oh day of mourning

8s.

THOMAS OF CELANO. 1230

"Dies ira."

Dies ira 1

IRONS. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

REV. H. HAVERGAL. 1850

♩ = 54

1. Day of wrath! oh, day of mourn - ing! See ful - filled the

* Repeat, in Stanza 18

pro - phet's warn - ing, Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth.</p> <p>3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.</p> <p>4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.</p> <p>5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.</p> <p>6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth
Nothing unavenged remaineth.</p> <p>7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?</p> <p>8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!</p> <p>9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!</p> <p>10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suff'ring bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?</p> | <p>11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.</p> <p>12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!</p> <p>13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.</p> <p>14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!</p> <p>15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.</p> <p>16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.</p> <p>17 Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Hilp me in my last condition.</p> <p>18 Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!</p> |
|---|--|

19. Lord, all pi-tying Je - su blest, Grant us Thine e - ter - nal rest.

Advent

36

SECOND TUNE

Dies iræ 2
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

$\text{♩} = 63$ *mf*

1. Day of wrath! oh, day of mourning! See ful - fill'd the prophets' warning,

Heav'n and earth in ash - es burning! 2. Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,

p *f* *dim.*

Wheu from heav'n the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all de - pend - - - eth.

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suff'ring bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman savedst;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my pray'rs and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

p *cres.* *ten.*

15. With Thy fa-vored sheep, oh, place me! Nor a - mong the goats a - base me;

rall. *f*

But to Thy right hand up-raise me. 16. While the wicked are confounded,

ff *pp ritard.*

Doom'd to flames of woe un - bound-ed, Call me, with Thy Saints surround - ed.

p *cres.*

17. Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis-sion, See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion:

Advent

dim.

10

Help me in my last con - di-tion. 18. Ah! that day of tears and mourning!

From the dust of earth re - turn-ing Man for judg - ment must pre-pare him;

dim.

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him!

pp

19. Lord, all - pity - ing, Je - su blest,

Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Advent

37

Great God, what do I see and hear 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

"Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit."

B. RINGWALDT. 1585
DR. COLLVER. 1812

Luther
GERMAN. 1530

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre -
The Judge of man - kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry

- a - ted! The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store
seat - ed!)

The dead which they con - tained be fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

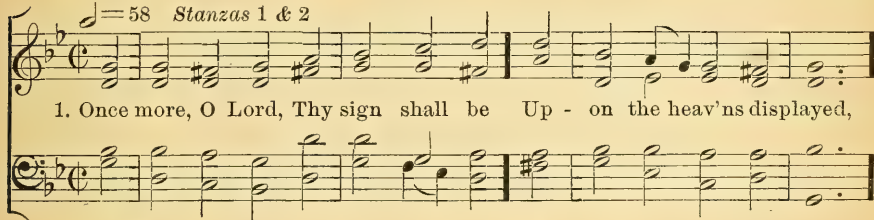
Advent

38 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be **D. C. M.**

BP. G. W. DOANE. 1827

Signum
C. GOUNOD. 1870

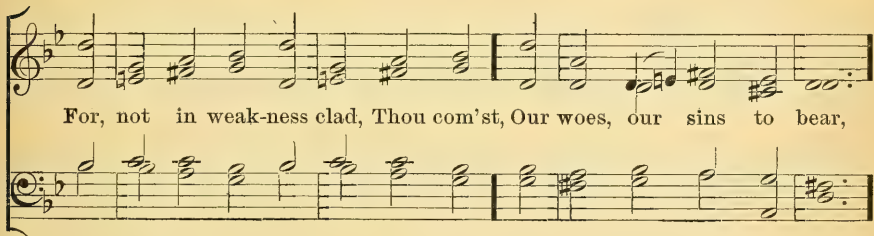
$\text{♩} = 58$ Stanzas 1 & 2



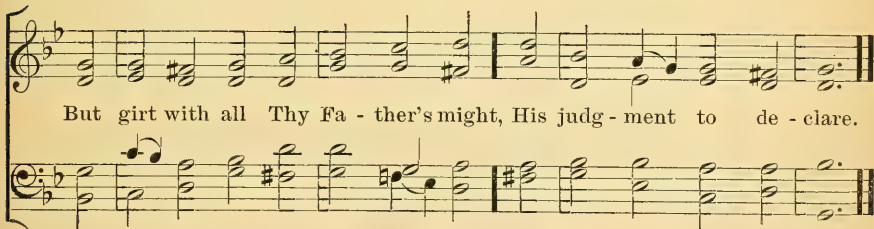
1. Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be Up - on the heav'n's displayed,



And earth and its in - hab - i - tants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid:



For, not in weak-ness clad, Thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear,



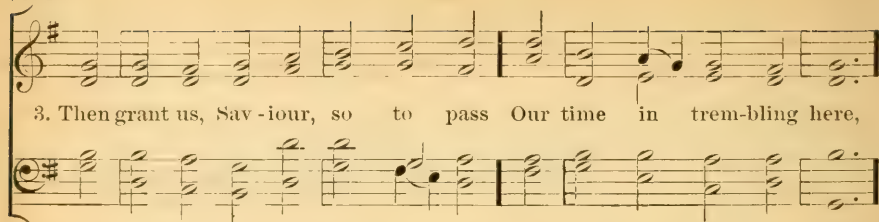
But girt with all Thy Fa - ther's might, His judg - ment to de - clare.

2 The terrors of that awful day
 Oh, who can understand?
 Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
 Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
 The sun in heav'n grow pale;
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

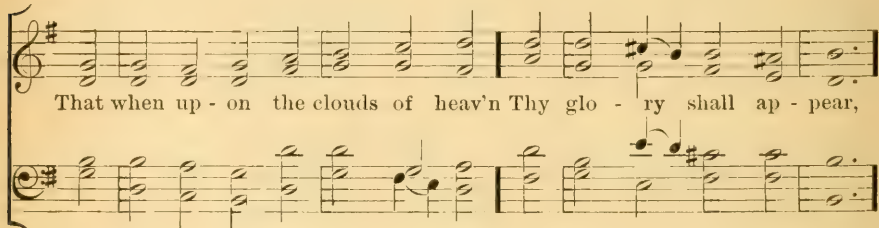
(3d. Stanza on next page.)

Advent

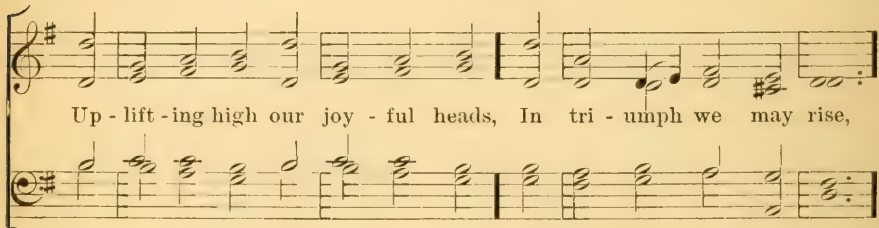
38



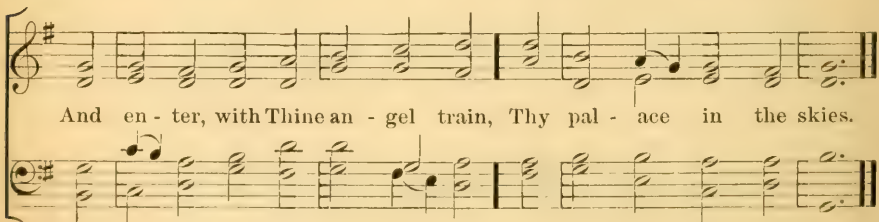
3. Then grant us, Sav-iour, so to pass Our time in trem-bling here,



That when up - on the clouds of heav'n Thy glo - ry shall ap - pear,



Up - lift - ing high our joy - ful heads, In tri - umph we may rise,



And en - ter, with Thine an - gel train, Thy pal - ace in the skies.

39

Lo, he comes with clouds descending 8.7.8.7.4.7.

C. WESLEY. 1758

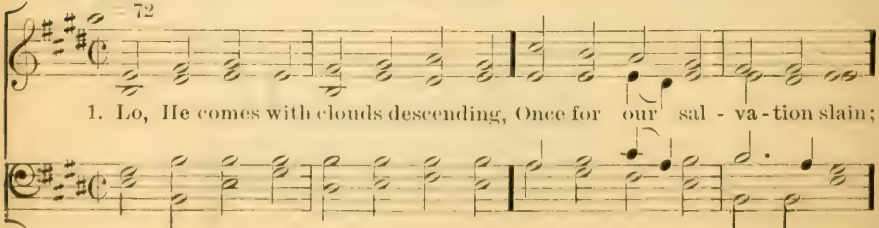
M. MADAN. 1760

FIRST TUNE

St. Thomas

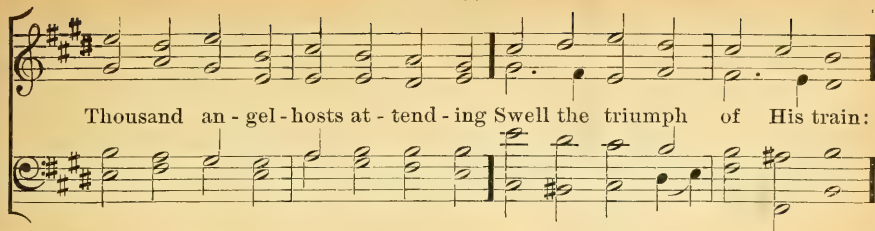
V. NOVELLO. 1800

72



1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;

Advent



Thousand an - gel - hosts at - tend - ing Swell the triumph of His train:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
 3 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All His saints, by men rejected,

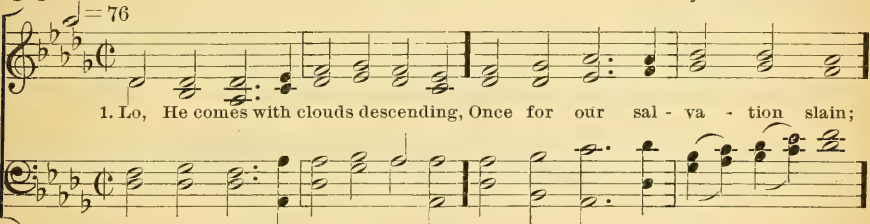
Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Alleluia!
 See the day of God appear.
 4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 Alleluia!
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

39

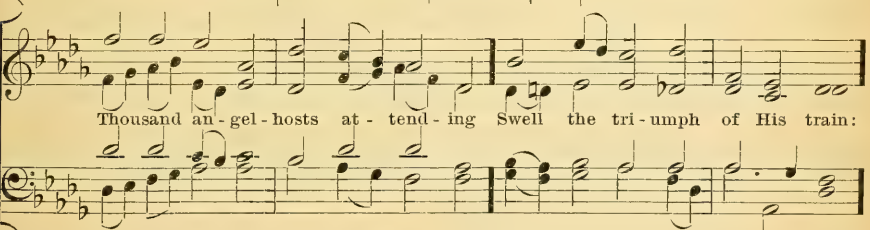
SECOND TUNE

Westminster
 J. TURLE. 1862

$\text{♩} = 76$



1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for our sal - va - tion slain;



Thousand an - gel - hosts at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of His train:



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lord, re - turns to reign.

Advent

40

Wake, awake, for night is flying

P. M.

P. NICOLAI. 1599

"Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme."

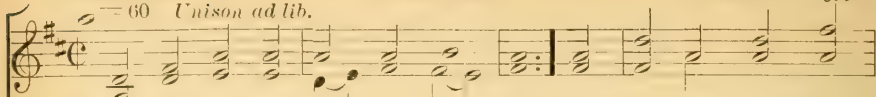
Wachet auf

WINKWORTH. Tr.

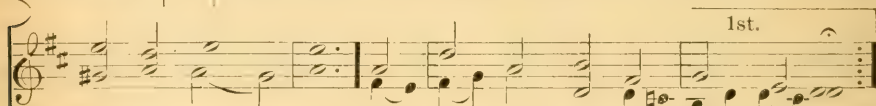
FIRST TUNE

P. NICOLAI. 1599

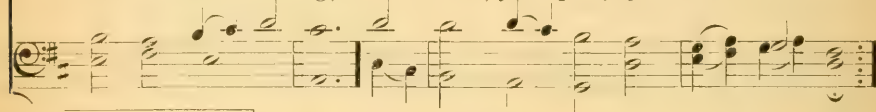
$\text{♩} = 60$ Unison *ad lib.*



1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watchmen on the
Midnight's sol - emn hour is toll - ing, His char - iot wheels are



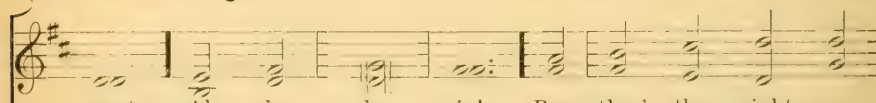
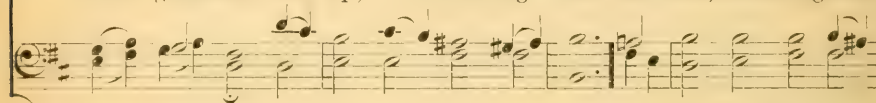
heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
near - er roll - ing; He comes; pre - pare, ye



2d.



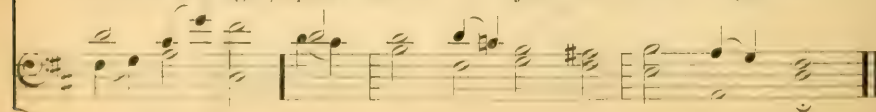
Vir - gins wise. Rise up; with will - ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom



meet: Al - le - lu - ia! Bear thro' the night your



well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar - riage rite.



Advent

2 Sion hears the watchmen singing,
Her heart with deep delight is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom:
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;
Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come!
All hail, Incarnate Lord,
Our crown, and our reward!
Alleluia!
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3 Lamb of God, the heav'ns adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
Such bliss and joy:
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

Watchman

E. H. THORNE. 1872

40

SECOND TUNE

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Wake, awake, for night is fly-ing: The watchmen on the heights are crying,

A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise! Midnight's sol-emn hour is toll-ing,

His chariot wheels are near - er roll-ing; He comes; pre-pare, ye Vir-gins wise.

Rise up; with willing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet: Al - le - lu - ia!

Bear thro' the night your well-trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the mar-riage rite.

Advent

41

Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding

8.7.

FIFTH CENTURY

CASWALL. Tr.

"Vox clara ecce innotat."

FIRST TUNE.

Merton

W. H. MONK. 1860

80

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;

4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the world in fear,
May He with His mercy shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

41

SECOND TUNE

Sonans

REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sounding; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!"

Advent

42

Oh, quickly come, dread Judge of all

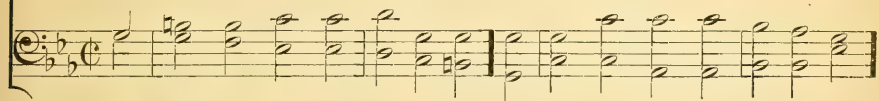
8s.

REV. L. TUTTIETT. 1854

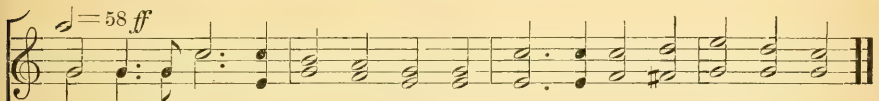
Credo
SIR J. STAINER. 1880



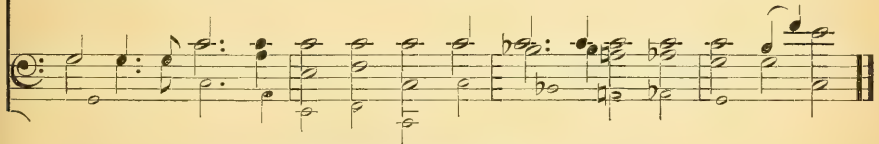
1. Oh, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful tho' Thine Advent be,



All shadows from the truth will fall, And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:



Oh, quickly come: for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.



2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
Oh, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On ev'ry home his shadows fall,
On ev'ry heart his mark is found:
Oh, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

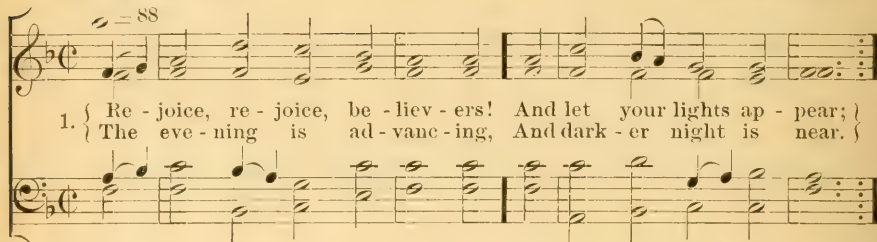
4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. LAURENTI. 1700
FINDLATER. Tr.

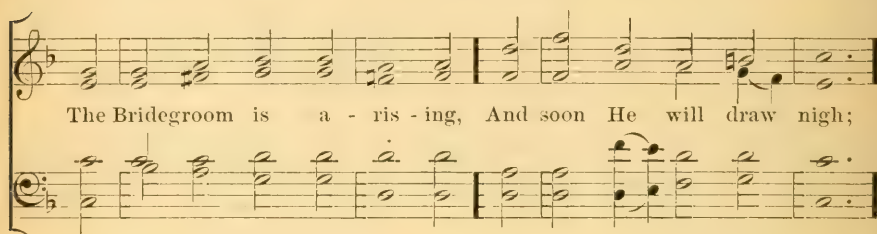
Munich
GERMAN. 1711

"Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen."

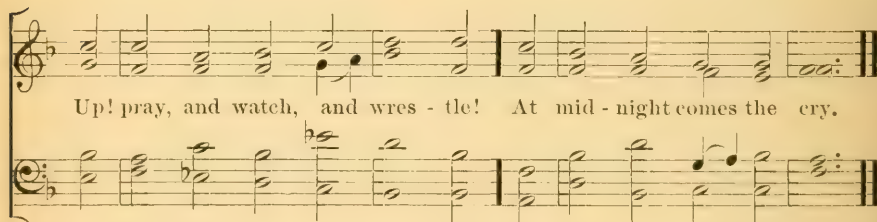
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. { Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear; }
 { The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near. }



The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh;



Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
 Replenish them with oil;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Until in songs of triumph
 Ye meet the angel choir.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesu, now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with Thee!

C. COFFIN (Paris) 1736
CHANDLER. Tr.

"Jordanis oras prævia."

Winchester New
GERMAN. 1690

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An -

- noun - ces that the Lord is nigh; A - wake, and heark - en,

for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be ev'ry Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flow'rs that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent set Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Advent

45

Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel

8s.

"Veni, veni, Emmanuel."

MEDÆVAL. 1200
NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

Veni Emmanuel
ANCIENT

— 92 Voices in unison

1. Oh come, oh come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive

Is - ra - el: That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,

Harm: ad lib.

Un - til the Son of God . . ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -

- man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

Advent

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them vict'ry o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 Oh come, Thou Day-spring, come and
cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heav'nly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

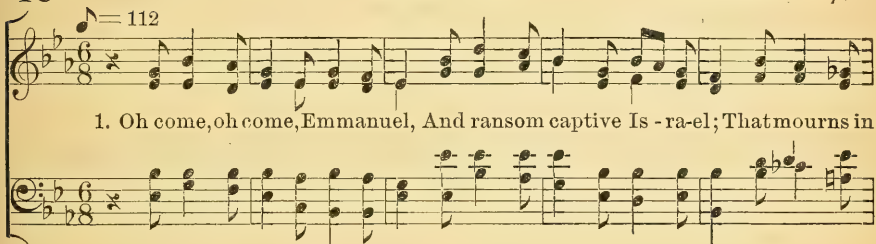
5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

45

SECOND TUNE

France
C. GOUNOD. 1870

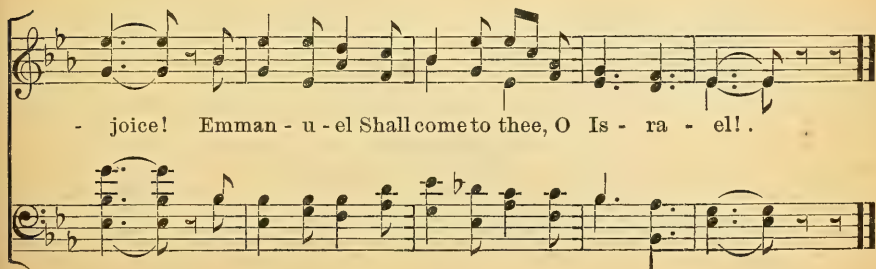
$\text{♩} = 112$



1. Oh come, oh come, Emmanuel, And ransom captive Is - ra - el; That mourns in



lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re -



- joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!.

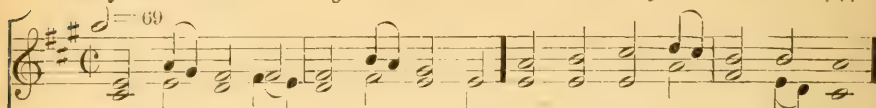
Advent

46

O'er the distant mountains breaking 8.7.8.7.4.7.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

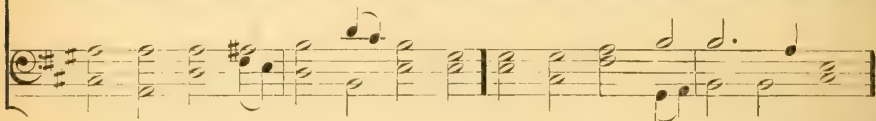
J. G. C. STÖRL. 1744



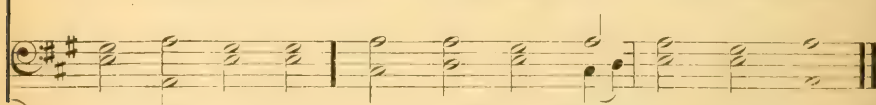
1. O'er the dis-tant mountains breaking Comes the redd'ning dawn of day;



Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;



'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way.



2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

Advent

47

Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

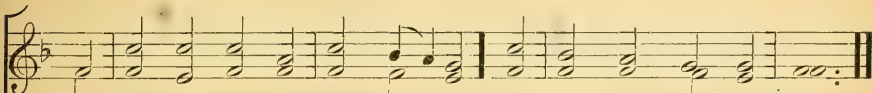
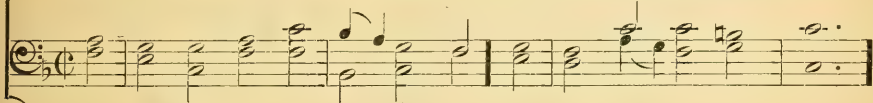
FIRST TUNE

* St. George 1
N. HERMANN. 1560

$\text{♩} = 80$



1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour pro-mised long:



Let ev' - ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song.



2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:

The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

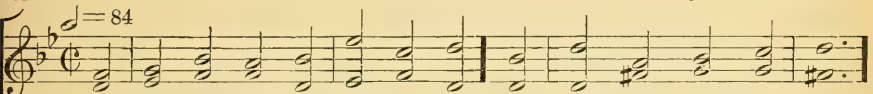
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

47

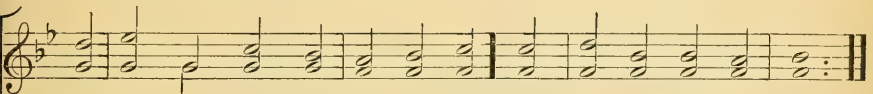
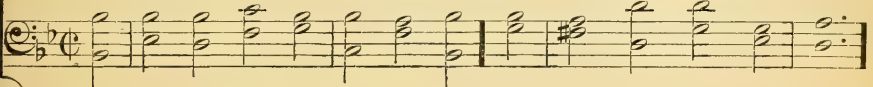
SECOND TUNE

Cloisters
J. TURLE. 1862

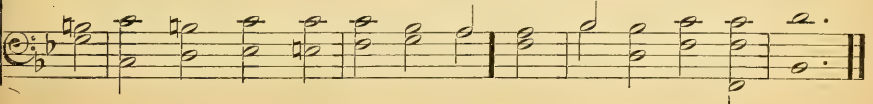
$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav-iour comes, The Sav - iour pro-mis'd long:



Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev' - ry voice a song.



Advent

48

Come, Thou long-expected Jesus

8.7.

C. WESLEY. 1745

FIRST TUNE

Bergen
NORWEGIAN

80

1. Come, Thou long-expect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

48

SECOND TUNE

Stuttgart
GERMAN. 1715

88

1. Come, Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.

Also the following :

317 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.

318 Jesus came, the heavens adoring.
405 The world is very evil.
406 Brief life is here our portion.

Oh come, all ye faithful

P. M.

"Adeste fideles."

17th CENTURY
OAKELEY. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

* *Adeste fideles*
J. READING. 1680

♩ = 54

1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, joyful and tri-umphant; Oh come ye, oh
2. God of . . God, . . Light of . . Light, . . . Lo! He ab-
3. Sing, choirs of an-gels, sing, in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning; Je-su, to

come ye, to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him born, the King of
 - hors not the Vir-gin's womb; Ve-ry . . God, be-got-ten, not cre-
 - citizens of heav'n a-bove, Glo-ry to God . . in . . the . .
 Thee be . . glo-ry giv'n, Word of the Fa-ther, now in flesh ap-

An-gels: Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Oh come, let us a-
 - a-ted:
 high-est;
 - pear-ing;

- dore Him, Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

Christmas

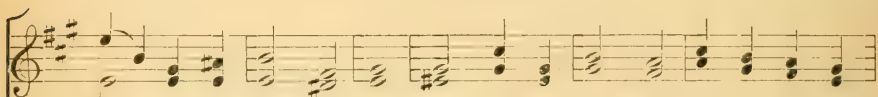
49

SECOND TUNE

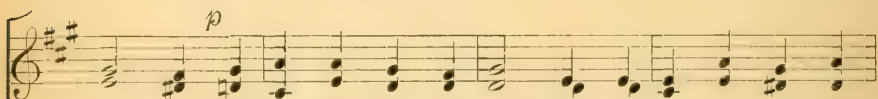
Barnby
J. BARNBY. 1866



1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - umphant; Oh come ye, oh
2. God of . . God, . . Light . . of . . Light, Lo! He ab -
3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing, in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn-ing; Je - su, to



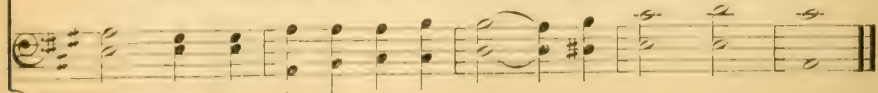
come ye, to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born, the King of
- hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ve - ry . . God, be - got - ten, not cre -
citizens of heav'n a - bove, Glo - ry to God . . in . . the . .
Thee be . . glo - ry giv'n, Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -



An - gels: Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
- a - ted:
high - est;
- pear - ing;



- dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.



Come hither, ye faithful

6.5.

17th CENTURY

CASWALL-SCHAFF. Tr.

"Adeste fideles."

Roxburghe

H. SMART. (with additions)

1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, Tri - umph - ant - ly sing! Come,

see in the man - ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem

has - ten With joy - ful ac - cord! Oh come ye, come hith - er, Oh

come ye, come hith - er, Oh come ye, come hith - er To wor - ship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark! hark to the angels!
All singing in heav'n,
"To God in the highest
All glory be giv'n!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
Oh come, let us hasten
Oh come, let us hasten
Oh come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

Christmas

51

Hark! the herald angels sing

7s.

Mendelssohn

C. WESLEY. 1739

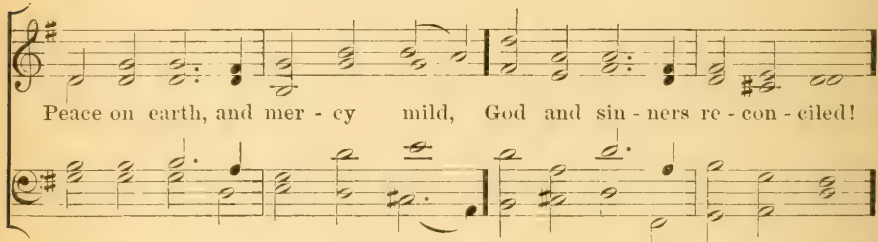
FIRST TUNE

F. MENDELSSOHN. 1846

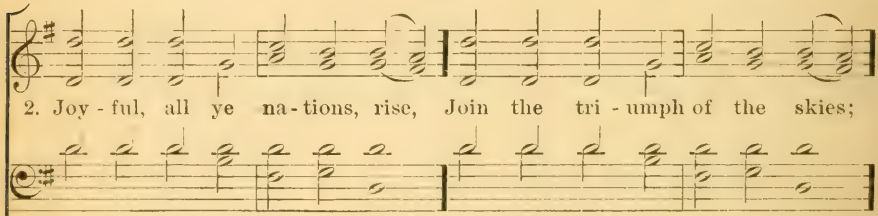
$\text{♩} = 84$ Voices in unison



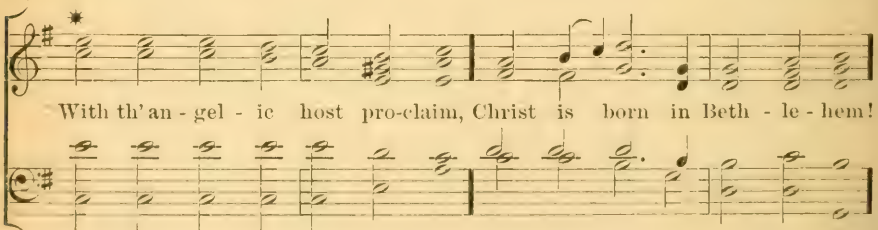
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King;



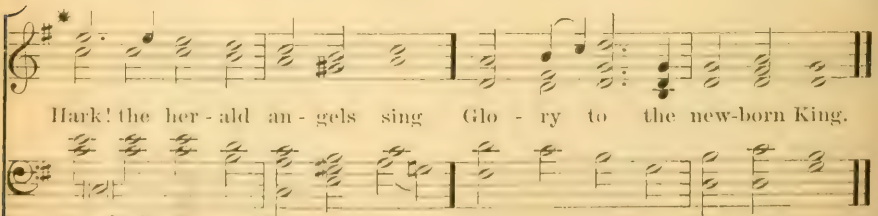
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!



2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;



With th'an - gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!



Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Org. Ped.

* At 7th and 9th sections, Altos and Basses sing 2d Treble part.

Christmas

3 Christ, by highest heav'n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6 Ris'n with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

51

SECOND TUNE

Newcastle
DR. IONS. 1857

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-cil'd! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,

Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem! Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

Christmas

52

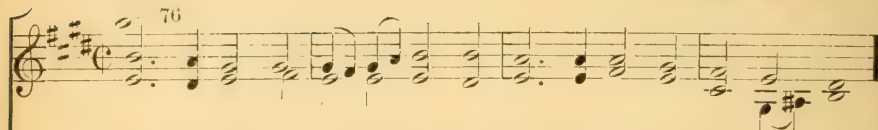
Of the Father's love begotten

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

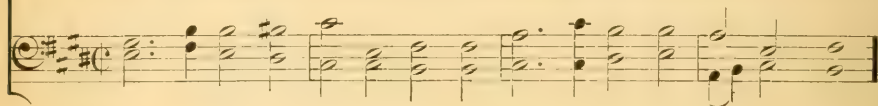
"Corde natus ex parentis."

PRUDENTIUS. 400
NEALE. Tr.

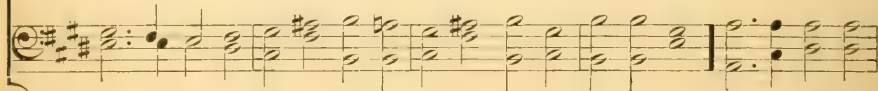
* Day-star
E. SEDDING. 18..



1. Of the Father's love be - got - ten, Ere the world's be - gan to be,



He the Alpha and O - meg-a, He the source, the ending He, Of the things that



are, that have been, And that fu - ture years shall see, Ev - er - more and ev - er - more!



2 Oh, that ever-blesséd birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Praise Him, O ye heav'n of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Ev'ry power and ev'ry virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

5 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Shout the glad tidings

P. M.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG. 1826

Triumph
J. H. CORNELL. 1872*Chorus.* ♩ = 100

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-

Semi-Chorus.

- si - ah is king. 1. Si - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

Son of the Highest, how low - ly His birth! The brightest arch-an - gel in

D.C.

glo - ry ex-cel - ling, He stoops to redeem thee, Hereigns up - on earth.

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Christmas

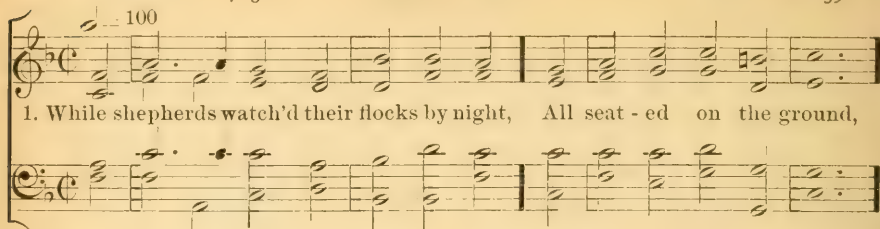
54 While shepherds watched their flocks by night C. M.

NAHUM TATE. 1703

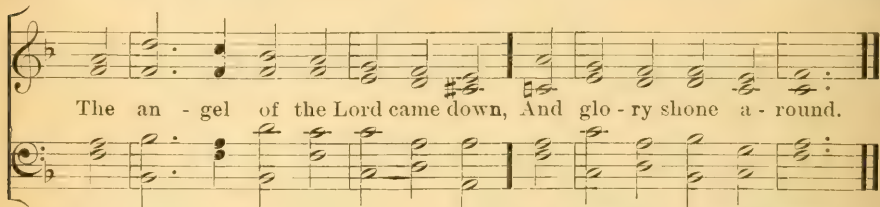
FIRST TUNE

Winchester Old
ENGLISH. 1592

100



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,



The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

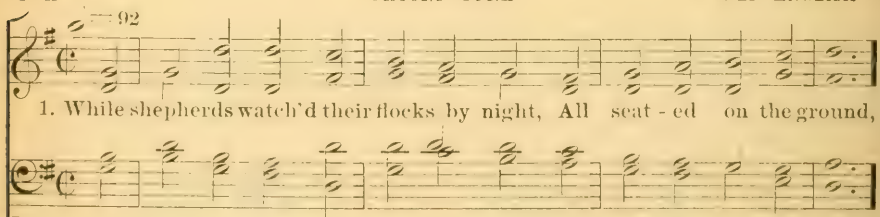
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to
men
Begin and never cease."

54

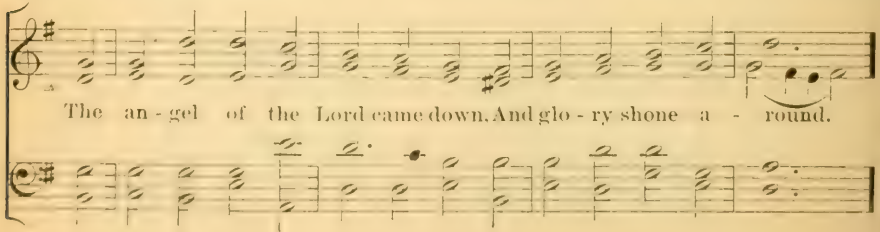
SECOND TUNE

Carol
OLD ENGLISH

92



1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,

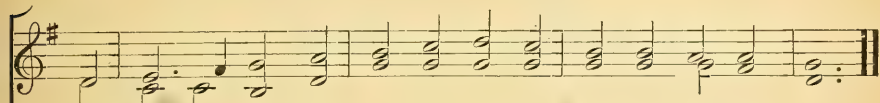


The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

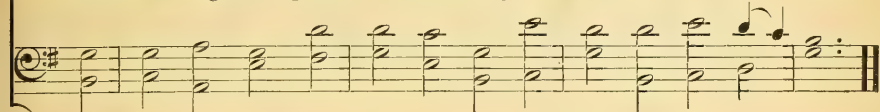
Christmas



2. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seiz'd their troub - led mind;



"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.



55 PH

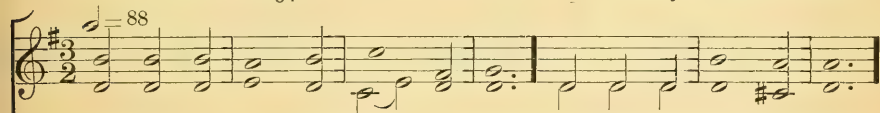
Calm on the listening ear of night

C. M.

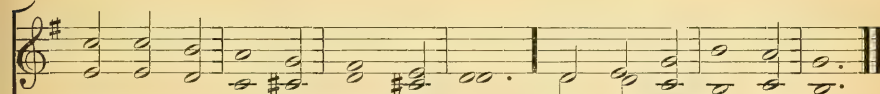
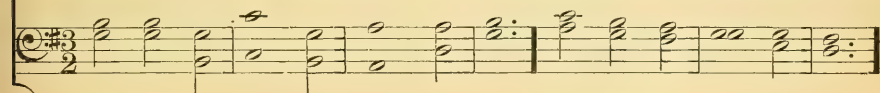
REV. E. H. SEARS. 1834

St. Agnes

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868



1. Calm on the list - 'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil-ver-man - tled plains.



2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The ans'ring hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,

And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heav'n's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born:
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn,

Christmas

56

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn

10s.

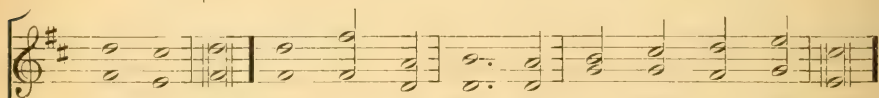
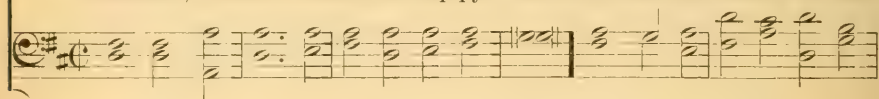
J. BYROM. 1773

Stockport (or Yorkshire)
J. WAINWRIGHT. 1760

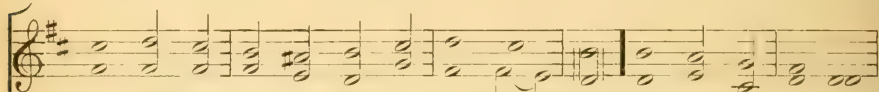
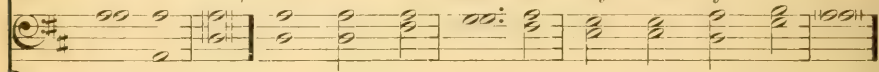
$\text{♩} = 116$



1. Christians, a-wake! sa-lute the hap-py morn Where-on the Saviour of man-



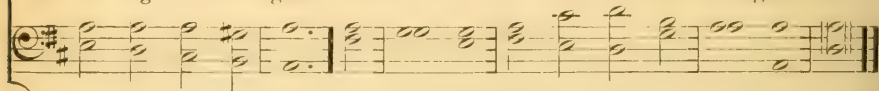
- kind was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love



Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful



tid-ings first be-gun Of God in-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th'angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heav'n's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's Name.

Christmas

- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, th'angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

57

Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn

7s.

Herbert

BP : CHR : WORDSWORTH. 1862

H. S. IRONS. 1865

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn; Un-to us a Child is born,
Un-to us a Son is giv'n, God Himself comes down from heav'n;
Sing, oh, sing, this bless-ed morn, Je-sus Christ to-day is born.

2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heav'n to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fullness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

Christmas

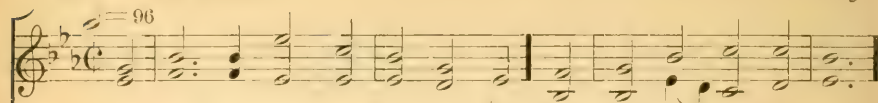
58

O little town of Bethlehem

P. M.

BP. PHILLIPS BROOKS

Midsomer Norton
C. W. PEARCE. 1885



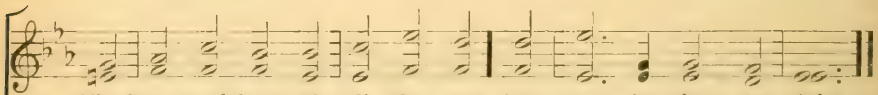
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;



A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.



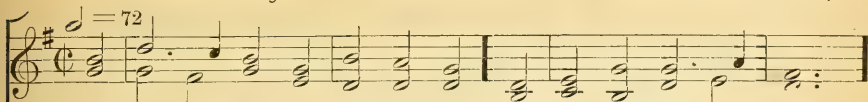
2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

"Carol" Hymn 57, 2d Time.

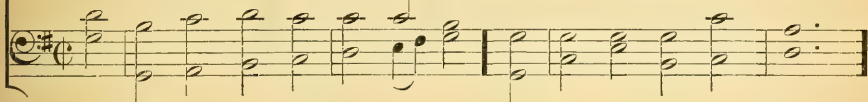
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

REV. E. H. SEARS. 1850

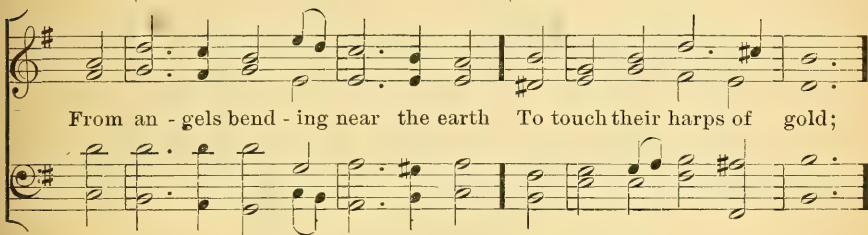
FIRST TUNE

St. Ursula
F. WESTLAKE. 1870

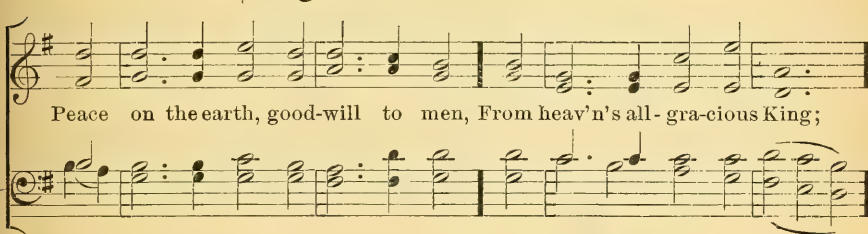
1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old,



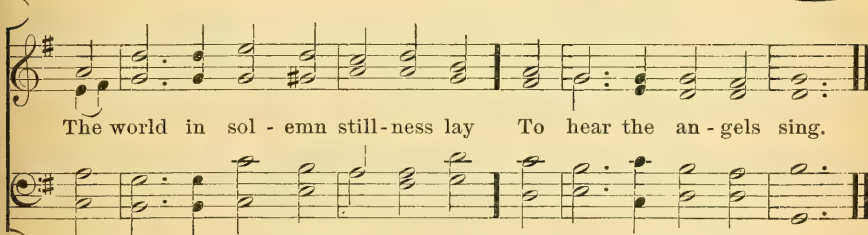
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;



Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;



The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!

Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

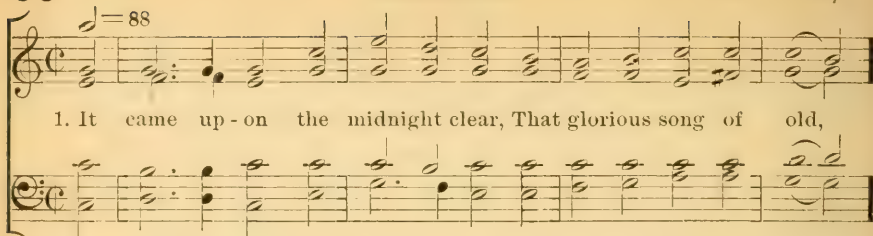
Christmas

59

SECOND TUNE

* *Angelicum*
A. STELLA. 1870

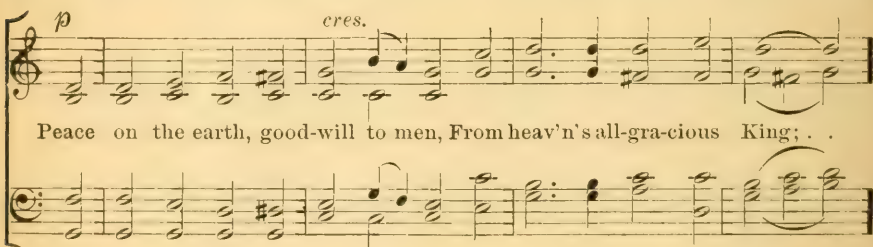
$\text{♩} = 88$



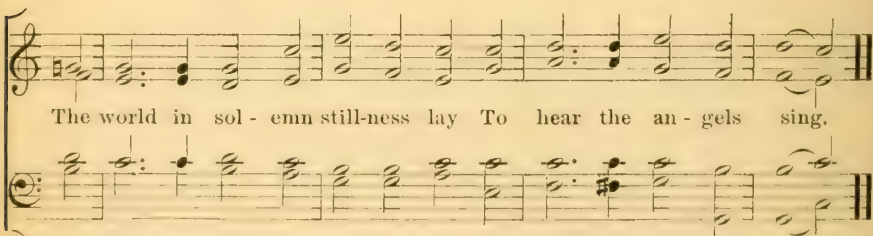
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;



p *cres.*
Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King; . .



The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heav'nly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hov'ring wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!

- Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hast'ning on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Christmas

60

Angels, from the realms of glory

8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

FIRST TUNE

Regent Square
H. SMART. 1865

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:

Come and worship, Come and worship, Wor-ship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

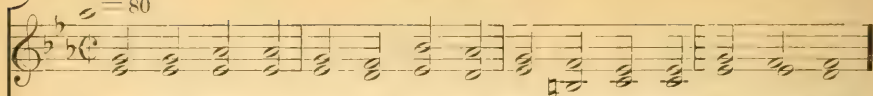
Christmas

60

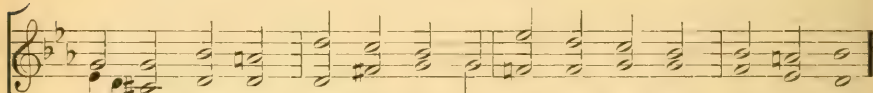
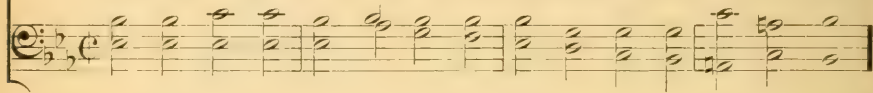
SECOND TUNE

Realms of Glory
J. NAYLOR. 1870

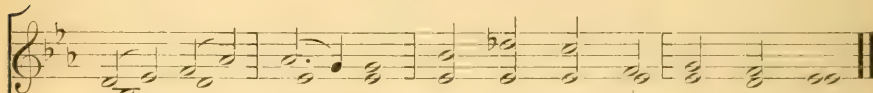
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:



Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new-born King.



2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Christmas

61

Hark! what mean those holy voices

8.7.

Chope

REV. J. CAWOOD. 1819

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 88$

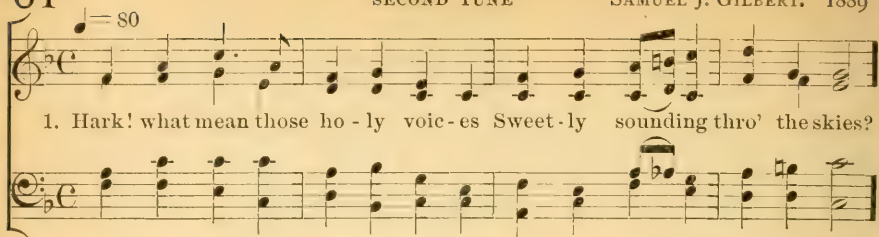
1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voice - es

Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic

host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly al - le - lu - ias rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heav'n and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

$\text{♩} = 80$

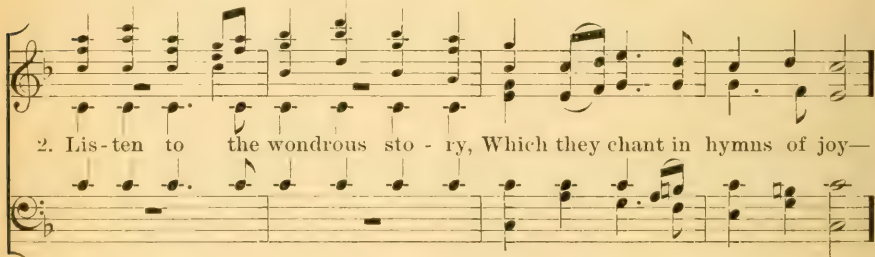


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?

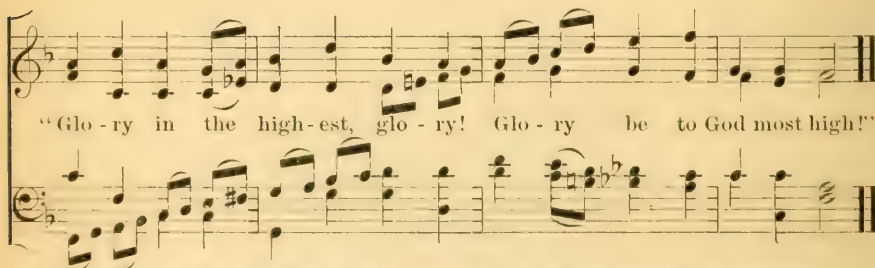


Lo! th' angel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.

Swell pp. Refrain after each stanza.



2. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy—



"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heav'n and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

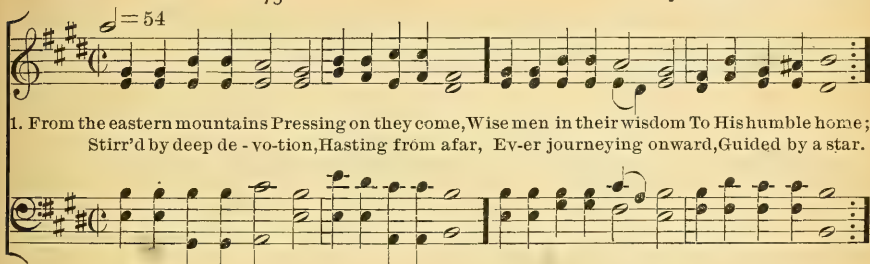
5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in heav'n ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God on high!"

Also the following :

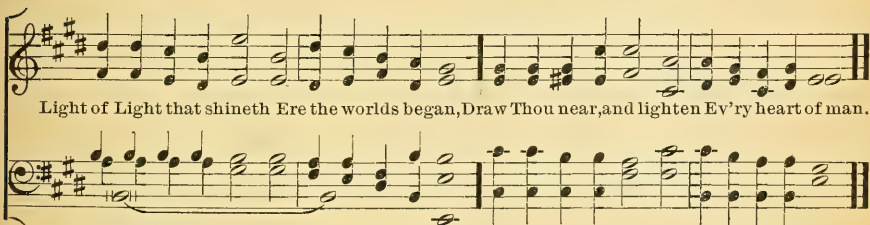
319 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.

320 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.
338 All my heart this night rejoices.
339 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.
340 Once in royal David's city.

REV. G. THRING. 1873

Guiding Star
E. J. HOPKINS. 1860

1. From the eastern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wisdom To His humble home;
Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hasting from afar, Ev - er journeying onward, Guided by a star.



Light of Light that shineth Ere the worlds began, Draw Thou near, and lighten Ev'ry heart of man.

Organ Pedal.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
Light of Light, etc.

6 Until ev'ry nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heav'nly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light, etc.

This Hymn may be sung without the Refrain, by omitting the repeat in the Tune: as a Processional, or not, as desired.

Epiphany

63

Earth has many a noble city

8.7.

PRUDENTIUS. 400
CASWALL. 77.

"O sola magnarum urbium."

Redhead 143
R. REDHEAD. 1850

84

1. Earth has many a no - ble ci - ty; Bethlehem, thou dost all ex - cel:
Out of thee the Lord from heav - en Came to rule His Is - ra - el.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be.

64

When from the East the wise men came

L. M.

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1850

Sydney
J. HOPKINS. 1885

80

1. When from the East the wise men came, Led by the Star of Beth - le - hem,
The gifts they bro't to Je - sus were Of gold and frank - in - cense and myrrh.

Epiphany

2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,
Proclaims a King of royal line;
For David's son in David's town,
Is born the heir of David's crown.

3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,
The presence of a God declare;
Lo! kings in adoration fall,
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.

3 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—
The deadly cup, that overran
With anguish for the Son of Man.

5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;
Our pray'rs to Thee, as incense, rise;
Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:
O King, O God, O Sacrifice!

65

As with gladness men of old

7s.

W. C. DIX. 1856

Dix

C. KOCHER. 1838

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heav'nly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heav'nly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Epiphany

66

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning

P. M.

BISHOP HEBER. 1811

FIRST TUNE

Epiphany
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

52

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Epiphany

66

SECOND TUNE

Santa Laura
W. A. BARRETT. 1865

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -

- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

66

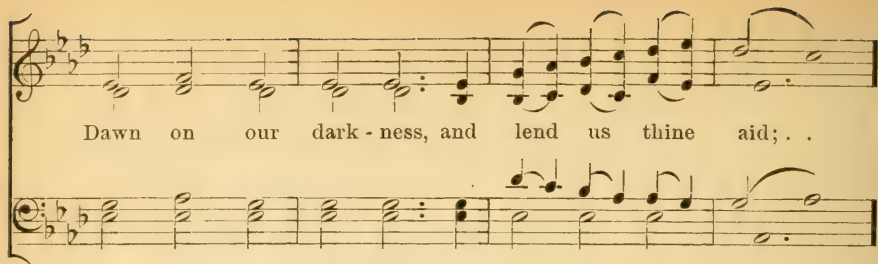
THIRD TUNE

* *St. Barnabas*
DR. GAUNTLETT 1870

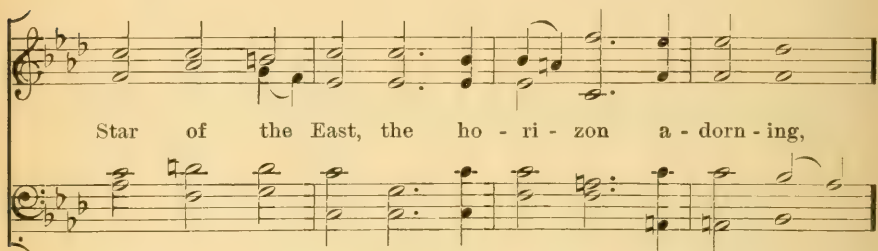
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

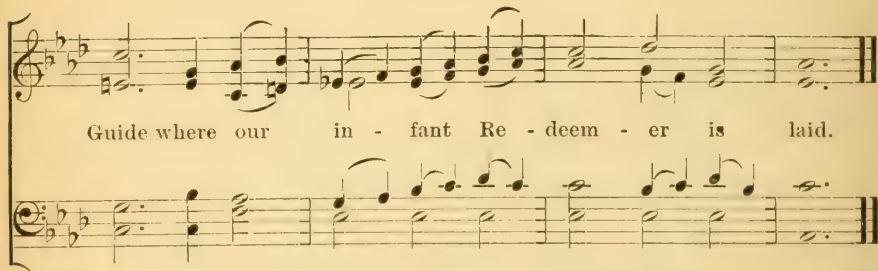
Epiphany



Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; . .



Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,



Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

67

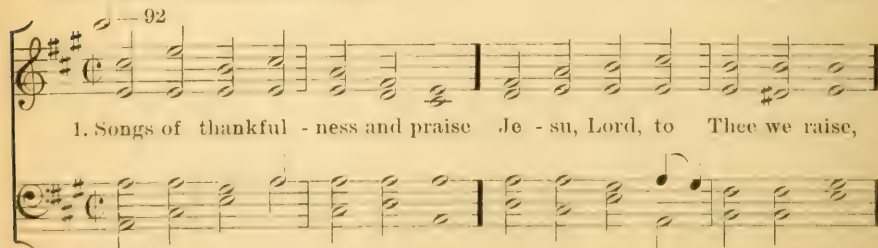
Songs of thankfulness and praise

7s.

BP: CHR: WORDSWORTH. 1862

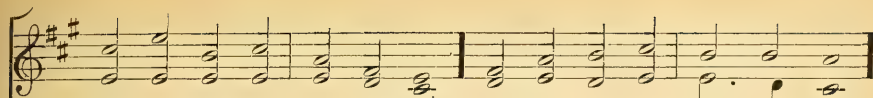
St. Edmund
DR. STEGGALL. 1849

92

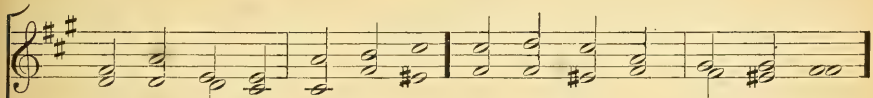


1. Songs of thankful - ness and praise Je - su, Lord, to Thee we raise,

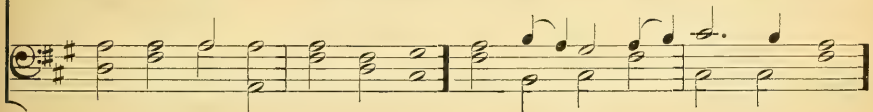
Epiphany



Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sa - ges from a - far;



Branch of roy - al Da-vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;



An-thems be to Thee address'd, God in Man made man - i - fest.



2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in pow'r divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heav'ns shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Epiphany

68

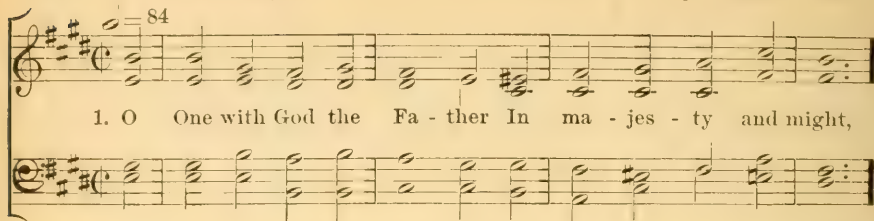
O One with God the Father

7.6.

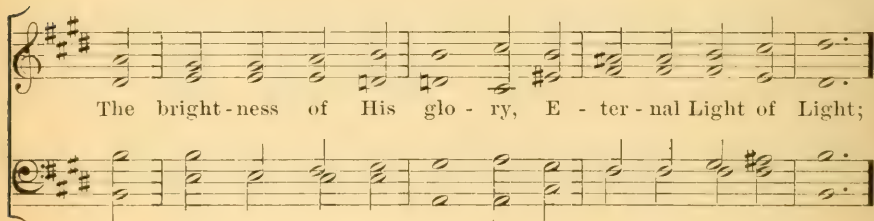
BISHOP W. How. 1871

St. Anselm
J. BARNBY. 1868

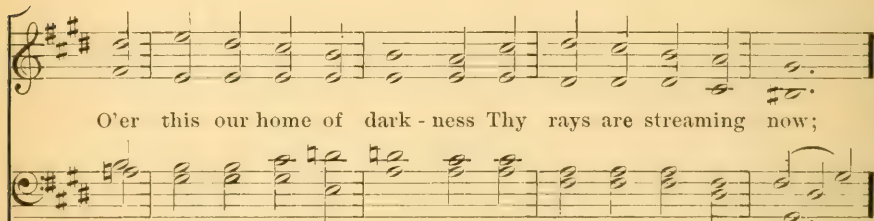
84



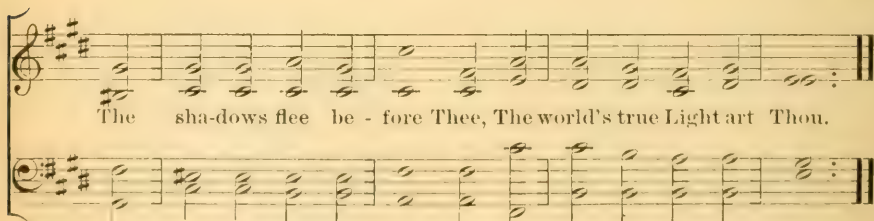
1. O One with God the Fa - ther In ma - jes - ty and might,



The bright - ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of Light;



O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are streaming now;



The sha-dows flee be - fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

Within the Father's house

S. M.

BISHOP J. R. WOODFORD. 1863

* Ben Rhydding
A. R. REINAGLE. 1850

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. With - in the Fa - ther's house The Son hath found His home;

And to His tem - ple sud - den - ly The Lord of Life hath come.

- 2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.
- 3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.
- 4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pond'ring hearts await
The full Epiphany.
- 5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace,
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;
- 6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;
- 7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

Epiphany

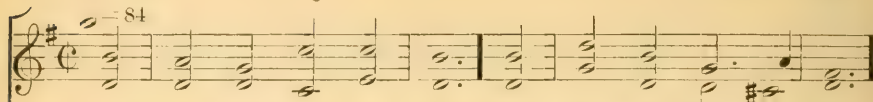
70

Glory to Thee, O Lord

S. M.

REV. H. W. BEADON. 1863

Allington
J. HOPKINS. 1880



1. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who by Thy might - y pow'r



Didst man - i - fest Thy glo - ry forth In Ca - na's mar - riage hour.



2 Thou spakest: it was done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water redd'ning into wine
Proclaimed the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heav'nly Bread.

6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
Ever in Thee to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams,
Which Thou alone canst give:

7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

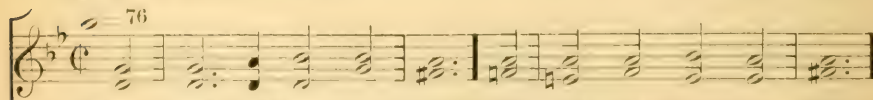
71

Fierce was the storm of wind

S. M.

REV. H. W. BEADON. 1863

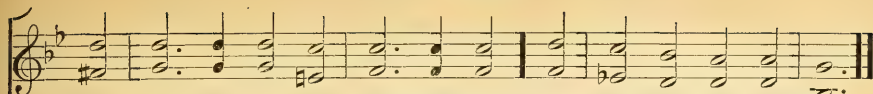
Canterbury Old
ENGLISH. 1621



1. Fierce was the storm of wind, The surg - ing waves ran high,



Epiphany



Fail'd the dis - ci - ples' hearts with fear, Tho' Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hush'd, the billows ceas'd, 5
And owned Thee God and Lord.</p> <p>3 So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."</p> <p>4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,</p> | <p>Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.</p> <p>And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;</p> <p>6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.</p> |
|---|---|

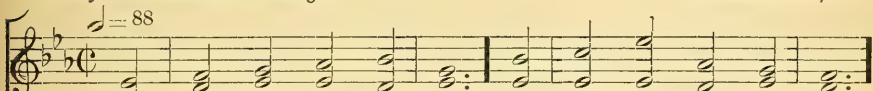
72

Not by Thy mighty hand

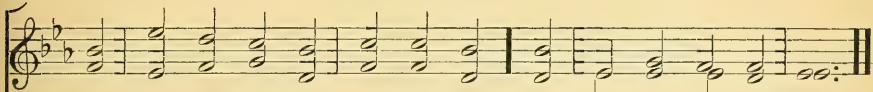
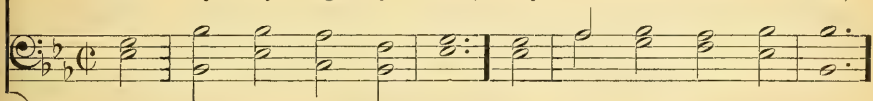
S. M.

Br. J. R. WOODFORD. 1863

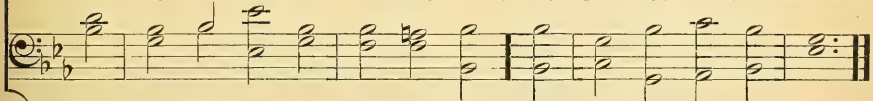
Franconia
GERMAN. 1720



1. Not by Thy might - y hand, Thy won-drous works a - lone,



But by the mar - vels of Thy Word, Thy glo - ry, Lord, is known.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Forth from th' eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.</p> <p>3 And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The sower still unseen.</p> <p>4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heav'n beneath Thee bow,</p> | <p>To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and reaper Thou.</p> <p>5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;</p> <p>6 That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

Also the following :

- 323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
324 Joy to the world, the Lord is come.

- 325 Light of those whose dreary dwelling.
331 Watchman, tell us of the night.
332 God of mercy, God of grace,
542 Saw you never in the twilight.

Septuagesima

73

Alleluia, song of gladness

8.7.

11th CENTURY
NEALE. 7b.

FIRST TUNE

Dulce carmen
S. WEBBE. 1792

84

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that

can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of

God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

Septuagesima

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

73

SECOND TUNE

Sodbury
A. H. BROWN. 1885

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that

can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them

Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of

God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly.

Septuagesima

74

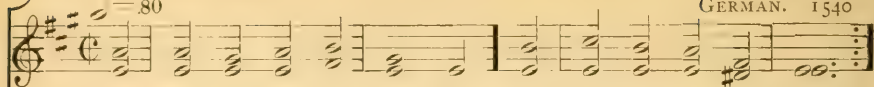
In exile here we wander

7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

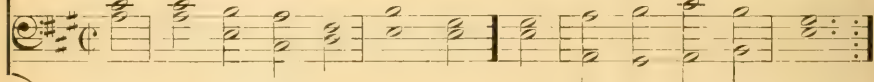
REV. W. COOKE. 1872

-80

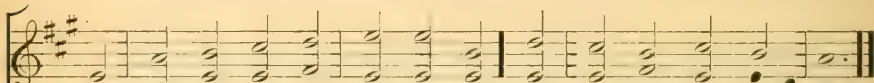
Kreuznach
GERMAN. 1540



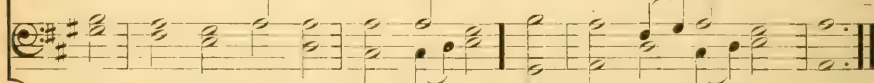
1. { In ex - ile here we wan - der In heav'n is our a - bode, —
The ci - ty of the an - gels, The ci - ty of our God. }



And here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest;



There God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest.



2 Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

3 Jesu, our joy and gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee:
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:—

And we shall rise in that great day,
In bodies like to Thine,
And with Thy saints, in bright array,
Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,
Who here as exiles groan,
God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne:
There in our endless home shall rest,
From strife and sorrow free,
And join the anthem of the blest,
Forever, Lord, to Thee.

75

Lord of the hearts of men

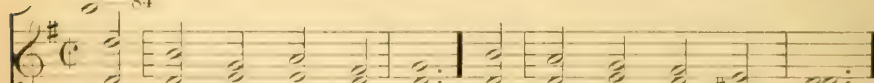
S. M.

C. COFFIN. 1736
WOODFORD. Tr.

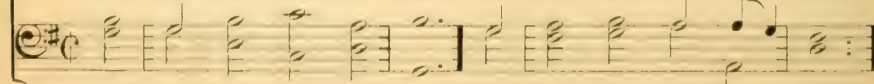
"Supreme motor cordium."

* *Columbia*
F. LINLEY. 1799

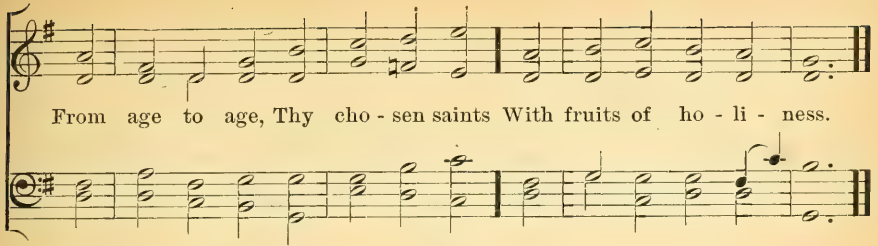
-84



1. Lord of the hearts of men, Thou hast vouchsaf'd to bless,



Septuagesima



From age to age, Thy cho - sen saints With fruits of ho - li - ness.

2 Here faith, and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest-treasures home.

4 Oh, give us, mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat
Crown Thine own gifts above.

76

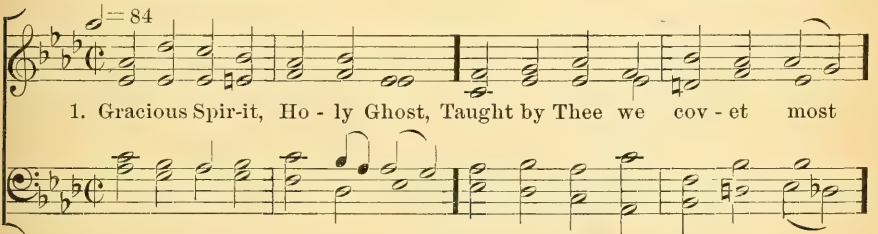
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

7.7.7.5.

Charity

BP. C. WORDSWORTH, 1862

SIR J. STAINER, 1868



1. Gracious Spir-it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee we cov - et most



Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

Love in heav'n will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heav'nly love.

Septuagesima

77

Thou, Who on that wondrous journey 8.5.8.5.

DEAN ALFORD. 1866

Quinquagesima
T. EVANCE JONES. 1867

76

1. Thou, Who on that won-drous jour - ney Sett'st Thy face to die,

rall.

By Thy ho - ly, meek ex - am - ple Teach us char - i - ty!

2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering | 3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,
Didst not put from Thee; | On God's throne on high,
O most loving of the loving, | Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Give us charity! | Grant us charity!

4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise;
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity!

Also the following

592 Jesus Christ is passing by.

Lent

78

Lord! Who throughout these forty days C. M.

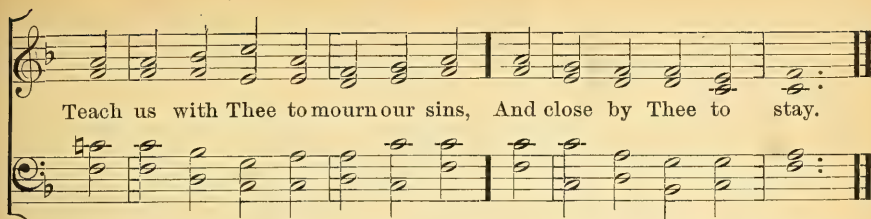
C. F. HERNAMAN. 1873

St. Flavian
ENGLISH. 1563

76

1. Lord! Who thro'-out these for - ty days, For us didst fast and pray,

Lent



Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay.

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the vic'try win,
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesu! with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suff'ring overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last!

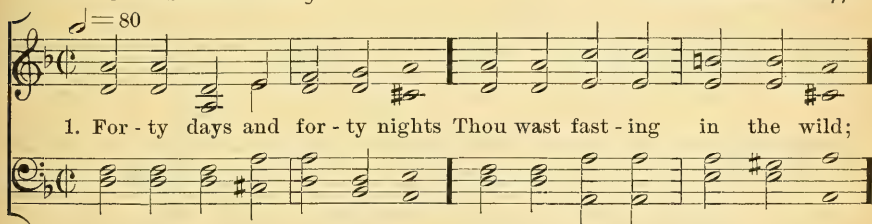
79

Forty days and forty nights

7s.

REV. G. H. SMYTTAN. 1856

Heinlein
M. HEINLEIN. 1677



1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild;



For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed.

2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Easter-tide.

Lent

80

Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee

L. M.

Manna

REV. J. THRUPP. 1853

J. BARNBY. 1862

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. A - while in spir - it, Lord, to Thee In -

to the des - ert would we flee; A - while up - on the

bar - ren steep Our fast with Thee in spir - it keep:

2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wileful lures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"Man liveth not by bread alone."

3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.

4 And while at Thy command we pray
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.

81

Christian! dost thou see them

6.5.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 700

NEALE. Tr.

Ὁ ὡς ἀπὸ βλῆπεις

St. Andrew of Crete

REV. DR. DYKES. 1868

1. Christian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

Lent

How the pow'rs of dark - ness Rage thy steps a - round?

Unison in verses 1, 2, 3.

Harmony.

f
Chris - tian! up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;

In the strength that com - eth By the ho - ly cross.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

Lent

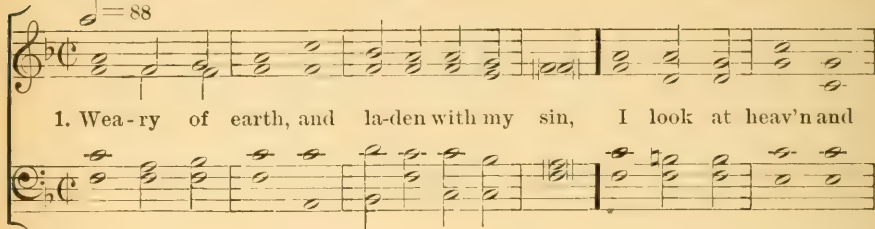
82 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin 10s.

REV. S. J. STONE. 1865

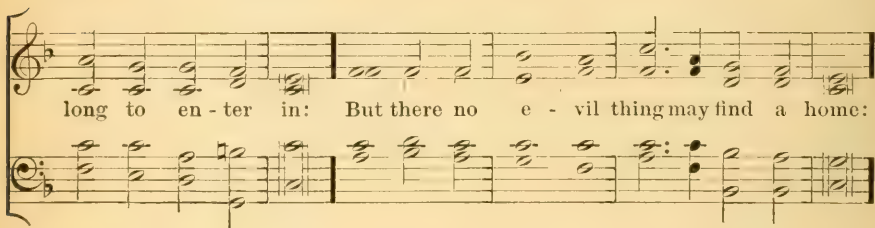
FIRST TUNE

Langran
J. LANGRAN. 1865

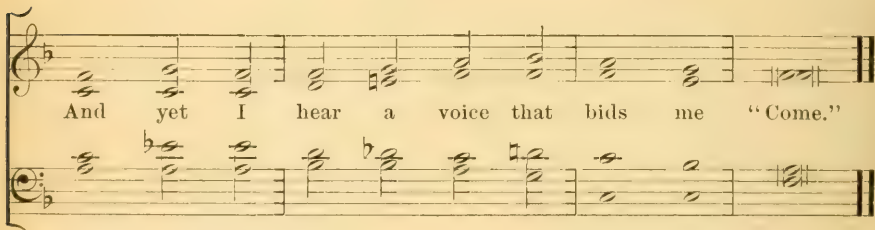
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and



long to en-ter in: But there no e-vil thing may find a home:



And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

Lent

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

82

SECOND TUNE

Dalkeith
T. HEWLETT

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at

heav'n and long to en - ter in: But there no e - vil thing may

find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

C. WESLEY. 1749

Neumark
G. NEUMARK. 1657

♩ = 66

1. Wea - ry of wand'ring from my God, And now made will - ing

to re - turn, I hear and bow me to the rod;

For Thee, not with - out hope, I mourn: I have an Ad - vo -

- cate a - bove, A Friend be - fore the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, full of pard'ning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

Lent

84

O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.

8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

Derry
REV. J. B. DYKES

69

1. O Thou, the con - trite sin - ners' friend, Who,

lov - ing, lov'st them to the end, On this a - lone my

pp

hopes de - pend, That Thou wilt plead for me.

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heav'n for me.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1852

Bedford
W. WHEALL. 1729

66

1. O Je - su, Sav - iour of the lost, My

rock and hid - ing - place, By storms of sin and

sor - row tost, I seek Thy shelt' - ring grace.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;

Pursued by foes, I come;

A sinner, save me, or I die;

An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,

Let storms come on amain;

There danger never, never harms;

There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,

And all Thy glory see,

Still be my righteousness alone

To hide myself in Thee.

Lent

86

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry L. M.

DR. WATTS. 1720

Cannons
G. F. HANDEL. 1750

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O Thou that hear'st when sin - ners cry, Though

all my sins be - fore Thee lie, Be - hold them not with

an - gry look, But blot their mem - 'ry from Thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Lent

87

With broken heart and contrite sigh

L. M.

C. ELVEN. 1852

* *Uffingham*
J. CLARKE. 1700

72

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem-bling

sin - ner, Lord, I cry: Thy pard' - ning grace is

rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Lent

88

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day

P. M.

St. Philip

REV. J. WILLIAMS. 1842

FIRST TUNE.

W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us, Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransom'd ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardon'd, round Thy throne.

88

SECOND TUNE

Newark

REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Lord, in this Thy mer - cy's day, Ere the time shall

pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray.

Lent

89

Saviour! when in dust to Thee

7s.

SIR R. GRANT. 1815

FIRST TUNE

* Litany 1
J. L. HATTON. 1860

dim.
♩ = 69 Voices in Unison.

1. Sav-iour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' ad - or - ing knee,

When, re - pen - tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be - low;

dim.

Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-lemn lit - a - ny!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power:
Turn, oh, turn a fav'ring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

Lent

4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heav'n restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

89

SECOND TUNE

Litany 2
J. H. CORNELL. 1870

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. { Saviour! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th' ad-or-ing knee, }
When, re-pen-tant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes, {

Oh! by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be-low;

Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-lemn lit-a-ny! A-men.

Also the following :

338 O gracious God in Whom I live.
340 In the hour of trial.
347 Sinful sighing to be blest.
349 Out of the deep I call.
350 Jesu, Lord of life and glory.
351 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
354 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.

359 In the cross of Christ I glory.
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.
528 God the Father, God the Son. Litany.
529 Father, hear Thy children's call. Litany.
590 To-day Thy mercy calls us.
591 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.
604 Thy life was given for me.
607 Love of Jesus, all divine.
608 Lo! the voice of Jesus.
612 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.
614 Lord Jesus, think on me.
620 Onward, Christian, through the region.

Holy Week

90

All glory, laud, and honor

7.6.

ST. THEODULPH. 821
NEALE. Tr.

"Gloria, laus et honor."

St. Theodulph
M. TESCHNER. 1600

$\text{♩} = 100$ Fine.

1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King! }
{ To Whom the lips of child - ren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

D. C.

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.

3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and pray'rs and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the pray'rs we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

Holy Week

91

Ride on! ride on in majesty

L. M.

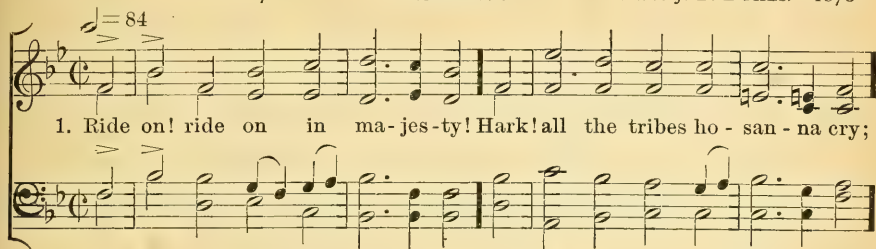
DEAN MILMAN. 1827

FIRST TUNE

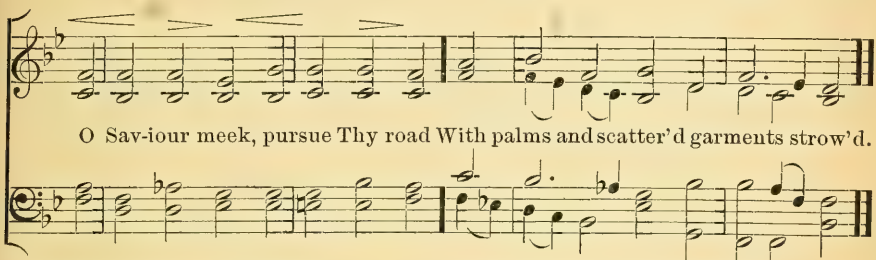
St. Drostan

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;



O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

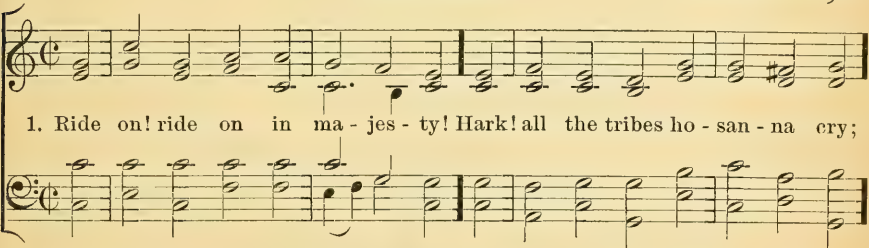
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

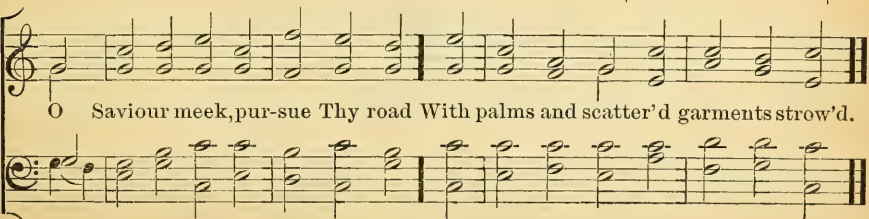
91

SECOND TUNE

Winchester New
GERMAN. 1690



1. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;



O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Holy Week

92

O Thou, Who through this holy week C. M.

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1842

St. Flavian
ENGLISH. 1563

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Thou, Who thro' this ho-ly week Didst suf-fer for us all;

The sick to heal, the lost to seek, To raise up them that fall:

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

3 Thy feet the path of suff'ring trod,
Thy hand the vict'ry won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God, the blessed Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee.

93

Go to dark Gethsemane

7s.

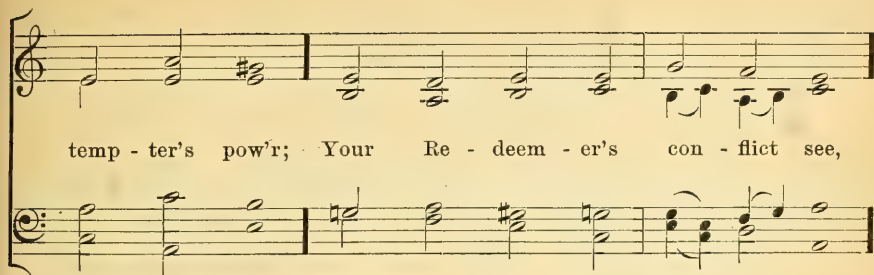
J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

Gethsemane
W. H. MONK. 1861

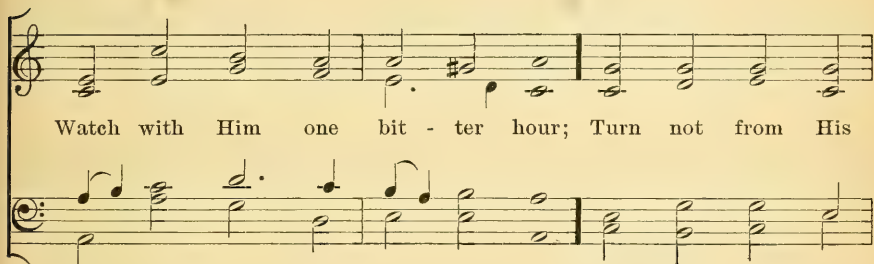
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, Ye that feel the

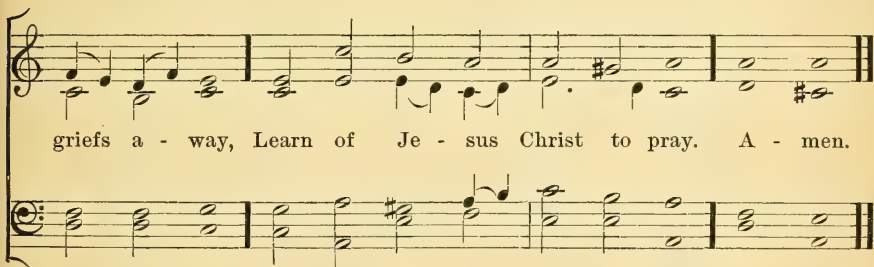
Holy Week



temp - ter's pow'r; Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see,



Watch with Him one bit - ter hour; Turn not from His



griefs a - way, Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A - men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die,

Holy Week

94

The royal banners forward go

L. M.

"Vexilla regis prodeunt."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575
NEALE. Tr.

Breslau
GERMAN. 1630

$\text{♩} = 69$ Unison *ad lib.*

1. The roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The

cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where He in flesh, our

flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid.

- 2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.
- 4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

Holy Week

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

95 Lord Jesus! when we stand afar L. M.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1854

Melchior
M. VULPIUS. 1609

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord Je - sus! when we stand a - far, And
gaze up - on Thy ho - ly . . cross, In love of Thee, and
scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss!

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretch'd arms, in mortal woe see:
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the myst'ry of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

Holy Week

96

Behold the Lamb of God

P. M.

M. BRIDGES. 1848

FIRST TUNE

St. John
REV. DR. DYKES. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not

rit. *tempo.*

be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour let me take,

dim. *p*

My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy pier - cé side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of Thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from ev'ry sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;

Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all Thy blessed saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is He alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All light and love.

96

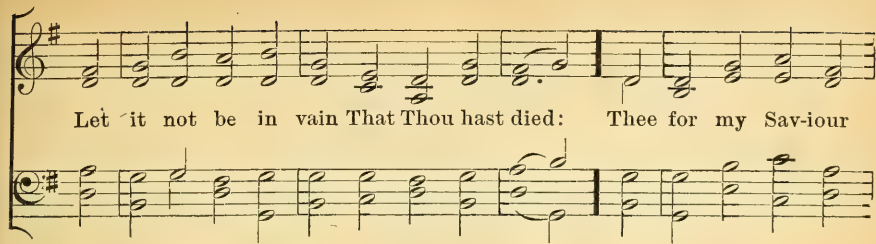
SECOND TUNE

Ecce Agnus
OLD MELODY

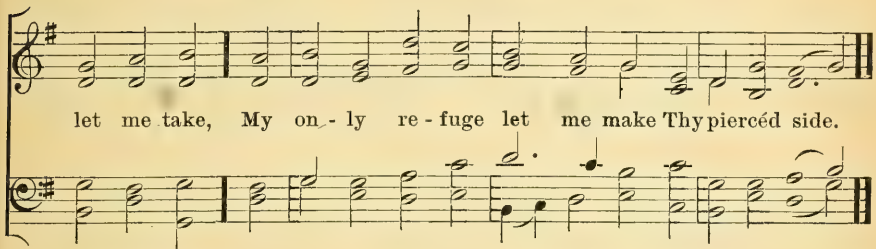
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Be - hold the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain,

Holy Week



Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav-iour



let me take, My on - ly re - fuge let me make Thy piercé side.

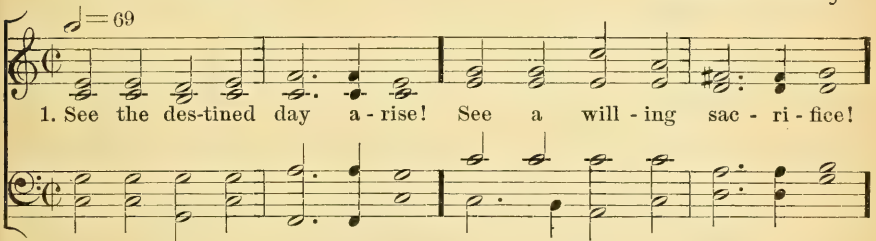
97 See the destined day arise

7s.

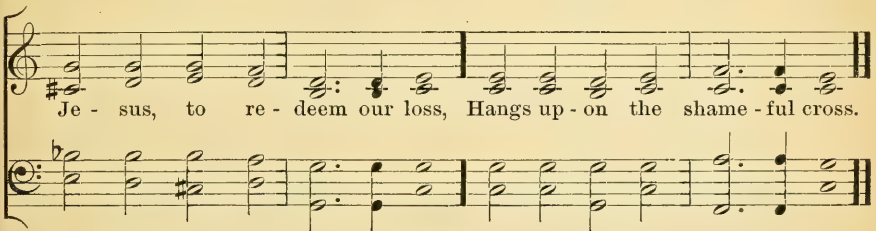
BISHOP MANT. 1800

Redhead 47
R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 69$



1. See the des-tined day a - rise! See a will - ing sac - ri - fice!



Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.

- 2 Jesu, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Ev'ry pang and bitter throe,
Finishing Thy life of woe?
- 3 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesu, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good.

Holy Week

98

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle

8.7.

"Pange, lingua, gloriosi prælium."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575

CASWALL. *Tr.*

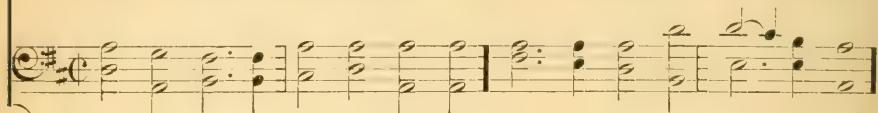
FIRST TUNE

Prælium

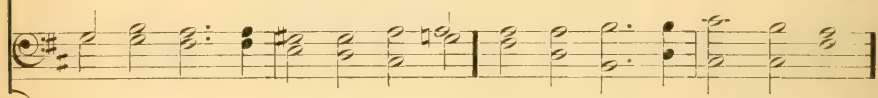
H. LAHEE. 1872



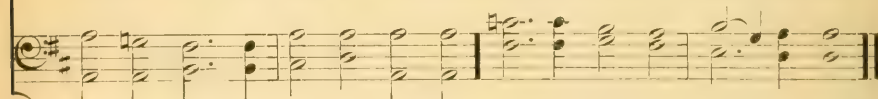
1. Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's bat - tle, Tell His tri-umph far and wide;



Tell a - loud the wondrous sto - ry Of His Bo - dy cru - ci - fied;



How up - on the cross a vic - tim, Vanquish-ing in death, He died.



2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When our pitying Creator
Did this second tree prepare,
Destined, many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

3 So, when now at length the fullness
Of the time foretold drew nigh,
God the Son, the world's Creator,
Left His Father's throne on high,
From the Virgin's womb appearing
Clothed in our humanity.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood
In our mortal flesh attain;
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
He, the Lamb upon the altar
Of the cross, for us was slain.

5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches,
See the thorns upon His brow;
Nails His tender flesh are rending;
See, His side is piercéd now;
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

Holy Week

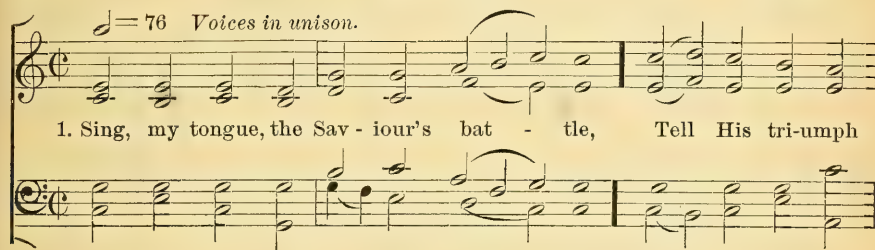
6 Christ, to Thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn and chant and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be:
Honor, glory and dominion
And eternal victory.

98

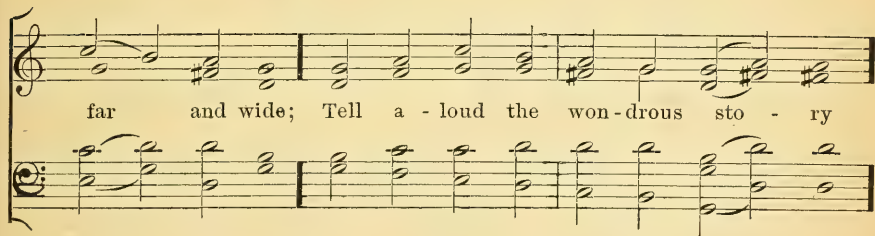
SECOND TUNE

* *Pange lingua*
ANCIENT

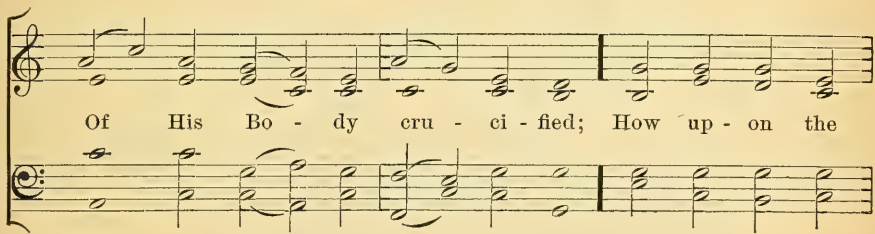
$\text{♩} = 76$ *Voices in unison.*



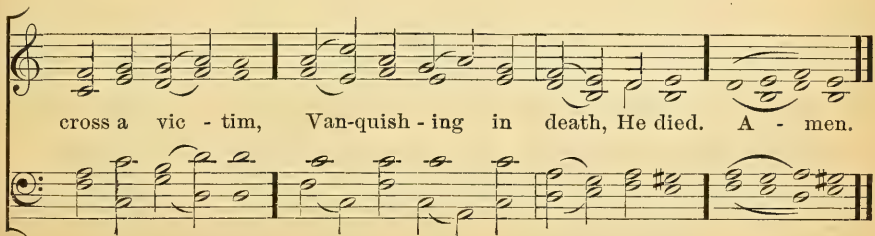
1. Sing, my tongue, the Sav - iour's bat - tle, Tell His tri-umph



far and wide; Tell a - loud the won - drous sto - ry



Of His Bo - dy cru - ci - fied; How up - on the



cross a vic - tim, Van-quish - ing in death, He died. A - men.

Holy Week

99

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising

8.7.

"Promte vocem, mens, canoram."

SANTOLIUS MAGLORIANUS. 1650

BAKER. *Tr.*

St. Denys

W. H. MONK. 1861

$\text{♩} = 82$

1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and
mourn - ful strain How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing
Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain, Free - ly of His
love was of - fered, Sin - less was for sin - ners slain.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury,
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the tree.

Holy Week

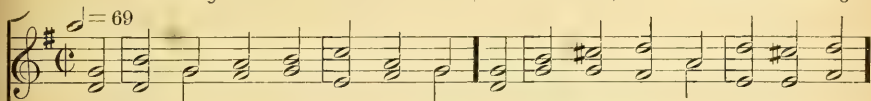
4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,
 Though His foes have seen Him die;
 Blood and water thence are streaming
 In a tide of mystery;
 Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
 Blood to win us crowns on high.

5 Jesu, may those precious fountains
 Drink to thirsting souls afford:
 Let them be our present healing,
 And at length our great reward;
 So a ransomed world shall ever
 Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.

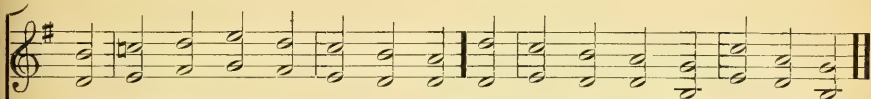
100 PH We sing the praise of Him Who died L. M.

T. KELLY. 1815

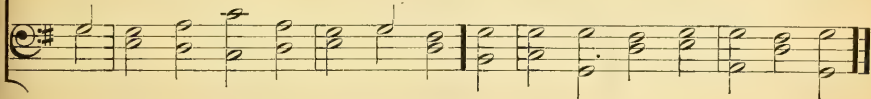
Angels'
 O. GIBBONS. 1623



1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up - on the cross:



The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss.



- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
 In shining letters, God is love:
 He bears our sins upon the tree:
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross — it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens ev'ry bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heav'n above.

Holy Week

101

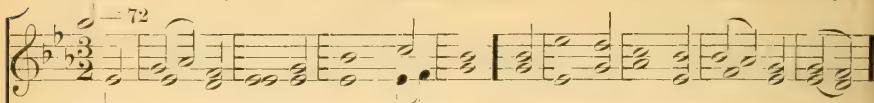
When I survey the wondrous cross

L. M.

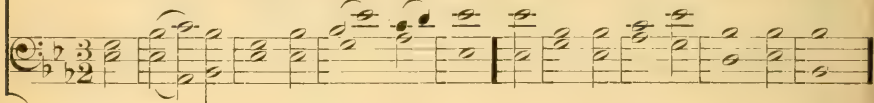
DR. WATTS. 1709

FIRST TUNE

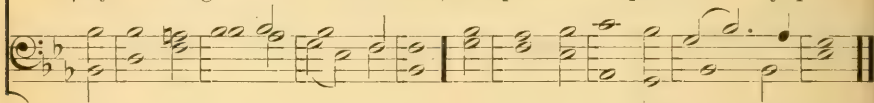
Rockingham
DR. MILLER. 1790



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

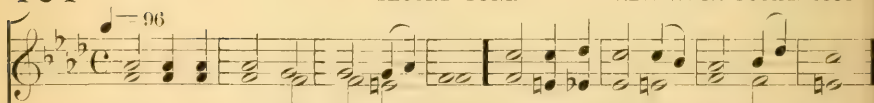
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

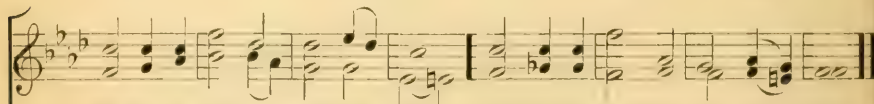
101

SECOND TUNE

Horsley 2
REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.



Holy Week

102

O Sacred Head surrounded

7.6.

ST. BERNARD. 1150
BAKER. Tr.

Passion
H. L. HASSLER. 1613

"Salve, caput cruentatum."

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. { O Sa - cred Head sur - round - ed By crown of pierc - ing thorn! }
 { O bleed - ing Head, so wound - ed, Re - viled and put to scorn! }

Death's pal - lid hue comes o'er Thee, The glow of life de - cays

Yet an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, And trem - ble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
 All fading in the strife,
 And death with cruel rigor,
 Bereaving Thee of life;
 O agony and dying!
 O love to sinners free!
 Jesu, all grace supplying,
 Oh, turn Thy face on me.

3 In this, Thy bitter Passion,
 Good Shepherd, think of me
 With Thy most sweet compassion,
 Unworthy though I be:
 Beneath Thy cross abiding
 Forever would I rest,
 In Thy dear love confiding,
 And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying;
 Oh, show Thy cross to me:
 And to my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free.
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move;
 For he, who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

Holy Week

103

At the cross her station keeping

8.8.7.8.8.7.

"Stabat mater dolorosa."

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS. 1300

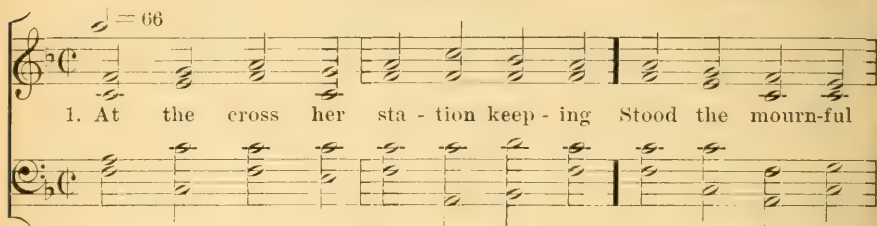
CASWALL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

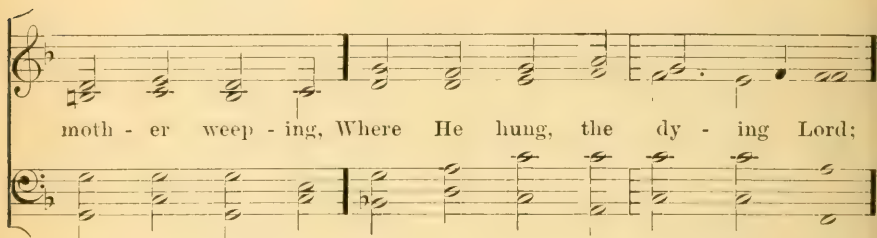
Stabat

MODERN FRENCH

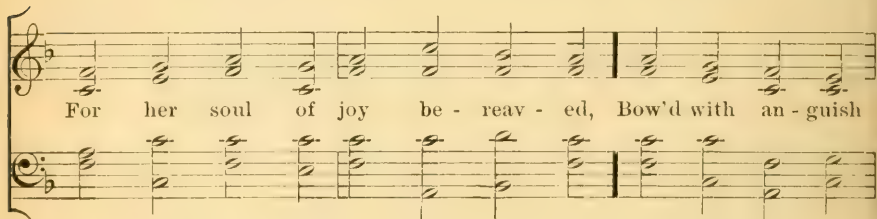
$\text{♩} = 66$



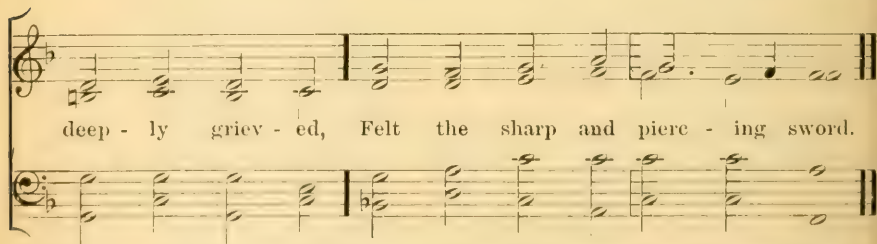
1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing Stood the mourn - ful



moth - er weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord;



For her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Bow'd with an - guish



deep - ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep ?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

Holy Week

4 For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns
entwined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind;
That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

103

SECOND TUNE

Mater
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 52$ *mf* *Slowly, and with expression.* *p*

1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing Stood the

eres.

mourn - ful moth - er weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing

f *dim.*

Lord; For her soul of joy be - reav - ed, Bow'd with

p *rall.*

an - guish deep - ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword.

Holy Week

104

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing

8.7.

HON. & REV. W. SHIRLEY. 1770

Batty
GERMAN. 1735

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing,

Which be - fore the cross I spend; Life and health and

peace pos - sess - ing Through the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.

2 Here I kneel, in wonder viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood;
Precious drops, for pardon suing,
Make and plead my peace with God.

3 Truly blesséd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in His dying eye.

4 Here I find my hope of heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much, and much forgiven,
Let my heart o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation,
And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows I adore Thee,
For the griefs that wrought our peace;
Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,
In my heart Thy love increase.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1849

St. Cross
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Oh come and mourn with me a - while, And tar - ry

here the cross be - side; Oh come, to - geth - er

let us mourn; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
- 4 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For Thou, our Lord, art crucified!

Holy Week

THE STORY OF THE CROSS

106

In His own raiment clad

6.4.6.3.

REV. E. MONRO

Gem
A. H. MESSITER. 1892

PARTS 1, 2

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. In His own rai-ment clad, With His blood dyed; Women walk sorrowing By His side.

PART 3

9. On the cross lift - ed Thy face we scan, Bearing that cross for us, Son of Man.

PART 4

19. Child of My grief and pain, Watch'd by My love; I came to call thee to Realms a - bove.

PART 5

$\text{♩} = 100$

23. Oh, I will follow Thee, Star of my soul, Thro' the deep shades of life To the goal.

holy Week

I.—THE QUESTION

- 1 In His own raiment clad,
With His blood dyed;
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.
- 2 [Heavy that cross to Him,
Weary the weight;
One Who will help Him waits
At the gate.
- 3 See! they are travelling
On the same road;
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.]
- 4 Oh, whither wandering
Bear they that tree?
He Who first carries it,
Who is He?

II.—THE ANSWER

- 5 Follow to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who forever was
Son of God.
- 6 [You who would love Him stand,
Gaze at His face:
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.
- 7 As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Read the great story the
Cross will teach.]
- 8 Is there no beauty to
You who pass by,
In that lone figure which
Marks that sky?

III.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS

- 9 On the cross lifted
Thy face we scan,
Bearing that cross for us,
Son of Man.
- 10 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.
- 11 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.
- 12 [Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side the spear;
No voice is nigh to say
Help is near.
- 13 Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day:
Thy friends and kinsfolk stand
Far away.
- 14 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head
Without rest.

- 15 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?
- 16 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers Thou
Callest Thine own.
- 17 I see Thy title, Lord,
Inscribed above;
"Jesus of Nazareth,"
King of Love.]
- 18 What, O my Saviour!
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

[IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS

- 19 Child of My grief and pain,
Watched by My love;
I came to call thee to
Realms above.
- 20 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for thee;
Do not flee.
- 21 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
For Mine own.
- 22 Weep thou not for My grief
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heav'n above.]

V.—OUR CRY TO JESUS

- 23 Oh, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Through the deep shades of life
To the goal.
- 24 Yea, let Thy cross be borne
Each day by me;
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.
- 25 Lord, if Thou only wilt,
Make us Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.
- 26 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee, when morning breaks
Ever to be.

The hymn can be shortened by omitting the bracketed verses.

Also the following :

- 360 O Jesu, Lord most merciful.
- 361 Christ, the Life of all the living.
- 362 Glory be to Jesus.
- 364 O Jesu, we adore Thee.
- 365 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.
- 530 Jesu, in Thy dying woes.
- 544 There is a green hill far away.

Easter Even

107

Resting from His work to-day

7s.

REV. T. WHYTEHEAD. 1842

St. Bruno
J. HULLAH. 1867



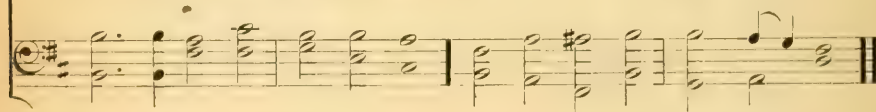
1. Rest - ing from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;



Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,



Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone.



2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalméd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Easter Even

108

The grave itself a garden is

C. M.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1863

Bertha
B. TOURS. 1870

$\text{♩} = 27$

1. The grave it - self a gar - den is, Where

love - liest flow'rs a - bound; Since Christ, our nev - er -

- fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground.

- 2 Oh, give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A Sabbath in the grave.
- 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.
- 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.
- 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies!

Eastertide

109

Welcome, happy morning!

11s.

"Salve, festa dies."

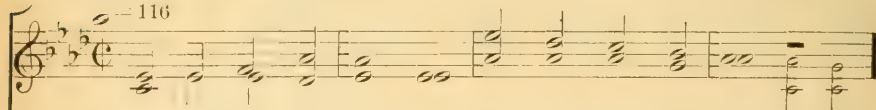
VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. 575

ELLERTON Tr.

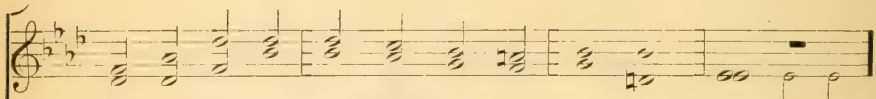
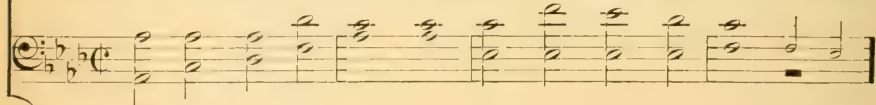
Salve

J. B. CALKIN. 1870

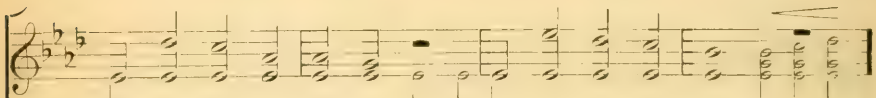
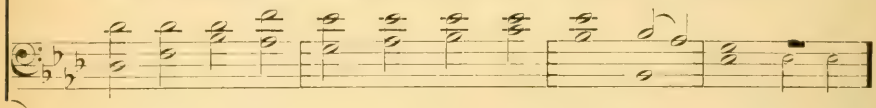
116



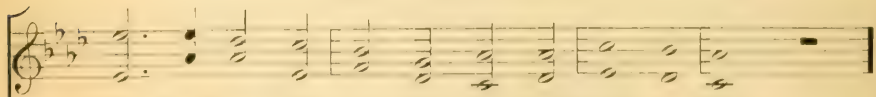
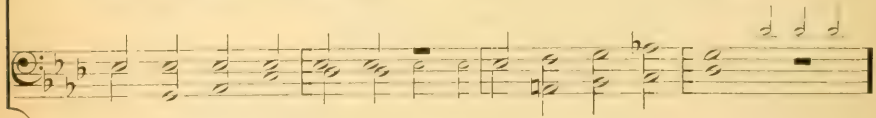
1. "Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;



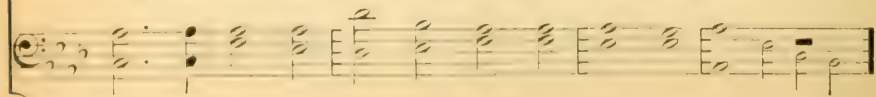
Hell to - day is vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day!



Lo! the dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more!



Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore!



Eastertide

REFRAIN. *Voices in Unison.*

ff
"Welcome, hap - py morn - ing!" age to age shall say;
simile

Hell to - day is van - quish'd, heav'n is won to - day.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in ev'ry meadow, leaves on ev'ry bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of length'ning light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

Both the first and second lines of verse 1 are to be sung as a refrain after each verse.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 750

NEALE. Tr.

Ἀσώμεν πάντες λαοί

FIRST TUNE

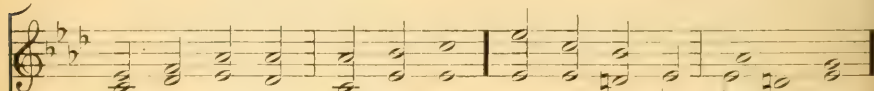
St. John Damascene

A. H. BROWN. 1865

93



1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph - ant glad - ness;



God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;



Loos'd from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;



Led them with un - moistened foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.



- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
 Christ hath burst His prison,
 And from three days' sleep in death
 As a sun hath risen;
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His light, to Whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.
- 3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
 With the day of splendor,
 With the royal feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes in unwearied strains
 Jesus' resurrection.

- 4 Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal;
 But to-day amidst Thine own
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

Eastertide

110

St. Kevin

SECOND TUNE

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

Stately. ♩ = 88

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umphant glad - ness; God hath brought His

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness; Loos'd from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke

Ja - cob's sons and daughters; Led them with unmoisten'd foot Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.

111

Christ the Lord is risen to-day

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739

Redhead. 45
13th CENTURY

♩ = 92

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;

- Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Eastertide

112

Jesus Christ is risen to-day

7s.

C. B. 1749

FIRST TUNE

Worgan
ENGLISH. 1708

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Our tri - umphant ho - ly day, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Who did once up - on the cross, *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. *f* Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

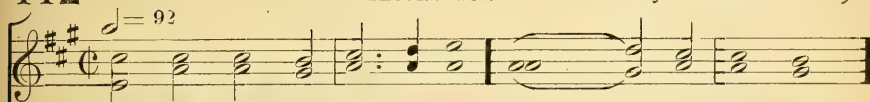
Eastertide

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia!

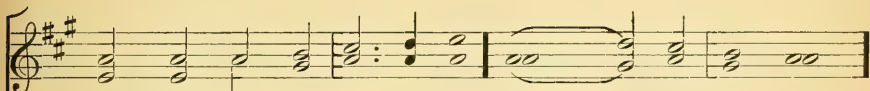
112

SECOND TUNE

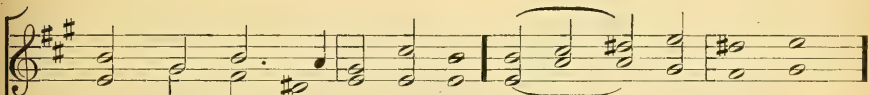
Paschal
REV. J. S. B. HODGES. 1890



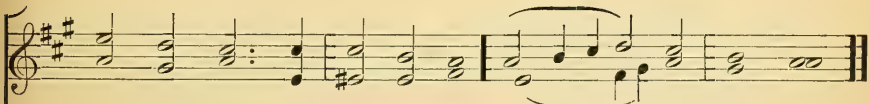
I. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph - ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!



Eastertide

113

Christ is risen! Christ is risen

P. M.

REV. ARCHER GURNEY. 1862

Resurrexit
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His

bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He

suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; . . .

Eastertide

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is

He . . . Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en!

He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en!

Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
 Earth below and heav'n above
 Joy in each amazing token
 Of His rising, Lord of love;
 He for evermore shall reign
 By the Father's side,
 Till He comes to earth again,
 Comes to claim His bride.
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 Alleluia! swell the strain!

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
 Hail the Lord of all the skies;
 Heav'n, with joy and holy longing
 For the Word incarnate, cries,
 "Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
 Gleam, ye starry train!
 All creation, find a voice:
 He o'er all shall reign."
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
 He hath burst His bonds in twain;
 Christ is risen! Christ is risen,
 O'er the universe to reign.

Eastertide

114

Christ the Lord is risen again

7s.

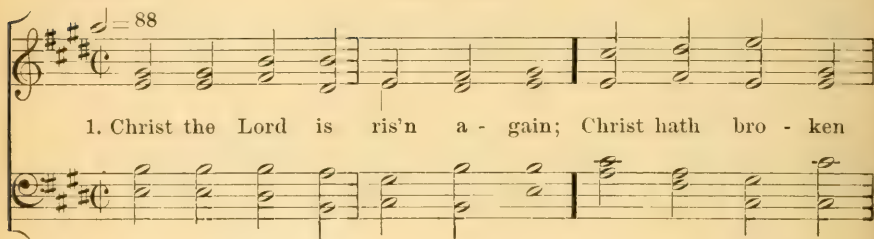
"Christ ist erstanden."

M. WEISS. 1531
WINKWORTH. *Tr.*

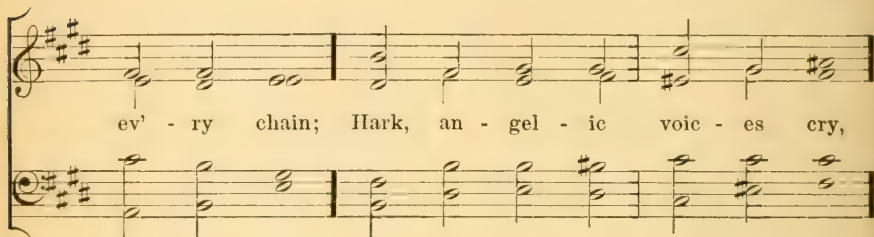
FIRST TUNE

Wirtemberg
J. ROSENMÜLLER. 1650

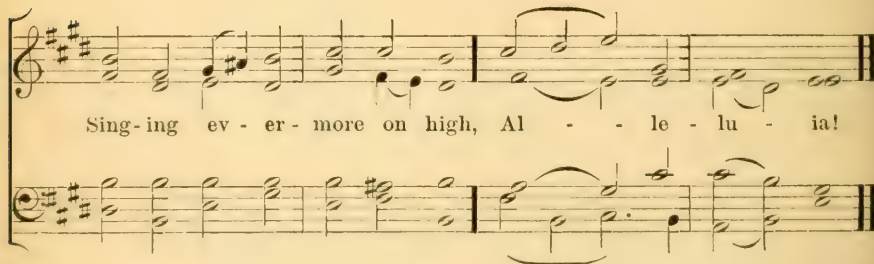
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain; Christ hath bro - ken



ev' - ry chain; Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry,



Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

Eastertide

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing, by night and day,
Alleluia.

114

SECOND TUNE

Redhead 6r
R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia!

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Christ hath bro - ken ev - ry chain; Al - le - lu - ia!

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hark, an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Al - le - lu - ia!

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia!

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Eastertide

115

The day of resurrection

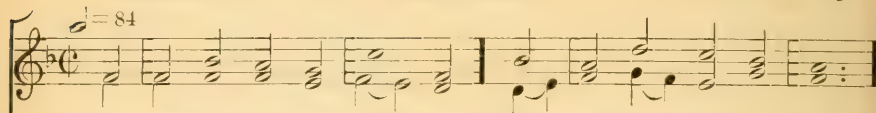
7.6.

Ἀναστάσις ἡμέρα

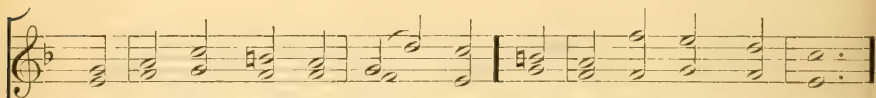
ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 750
NEALE. 77.

FIRST TUNE

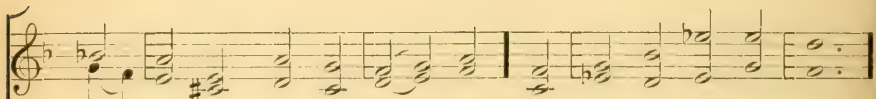
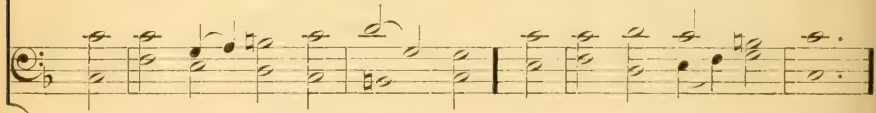
Dorking
G. COOPER. 1850



1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;



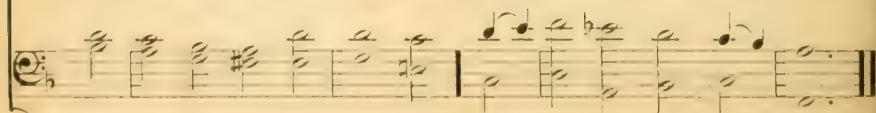
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,



Our Christ hath bro't us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.



Eastertide

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, list'ning to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

115

SECOND TUNE

Lancashire
H. SMART. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. The day of re-sur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad;

The Pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God.

From death to life e-ter-nal, From earth un-to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry.

Eastertide

116

Angels, roll the rock away!

P. M.

T. SCOTT. 1769

* *Brown (St. Austin)*
A. H. BROWN. 1884

— 88

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh - ty Prey!

See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

Al - le - lu - ia! al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia! alleluia!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

117

He is risen, He is risen

8.7.8.7.7.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1846

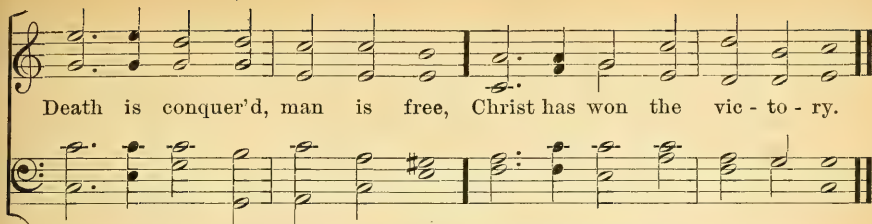
FIRST TUNE

J. NEANDER. 1680

92

1. { He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice: }
{ He has burst His three days' pri - son; Let the whole wide earth re - joice: }

Eastertide



Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

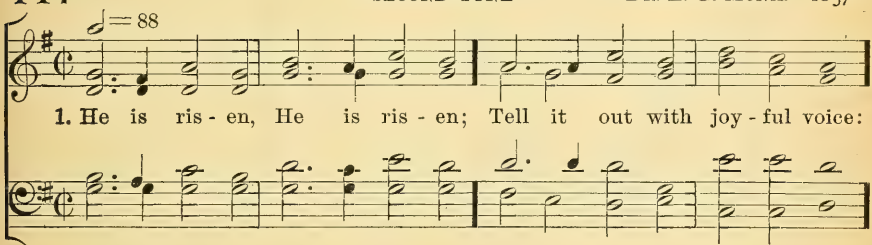
- 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now,
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.
- 3 Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming

- Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple East,
Symbol of our Easter feast.
- 4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
And a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream

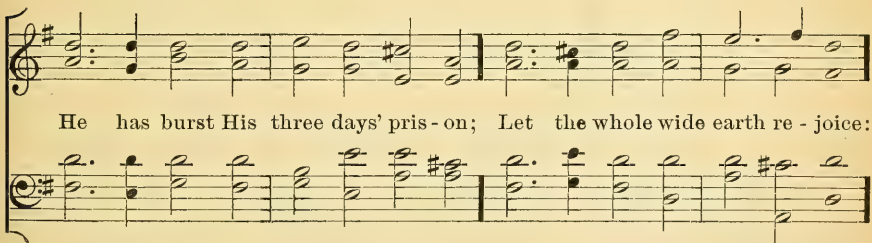
117

SECOND TUNE

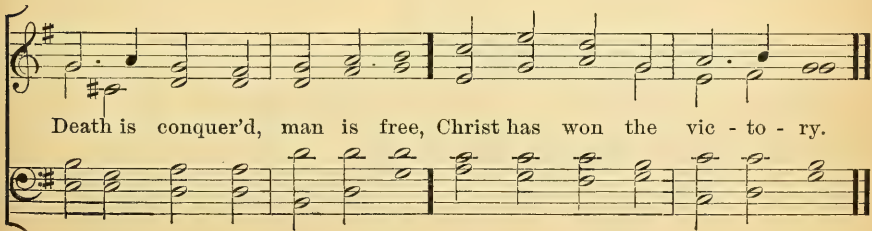
* Aster
DR. E. G. MONK. 1857



1. He is ris - en, He is ris - en; Tell it out with joy - ful voice:



He has burst His three days' pris - on; Let the whole wide earth re - joice:



Death is conquer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.

Eastertide

118

At the Lamb's high feast we sing

7s.

"Ad regias Agni dapes."

AMBROSIAN. 600
CAMPBELL. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

Incarnation
J. B. CALKIN. 1866

88

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '88'. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are: '1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King, Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow - ing from His pier - ed side; Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bo - dy for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest.'

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave entrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise,

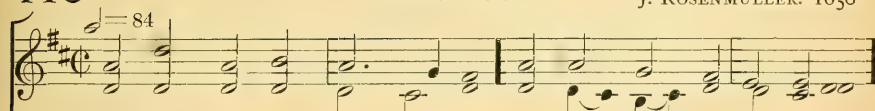
Eastertide


4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's pow'r do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.


118

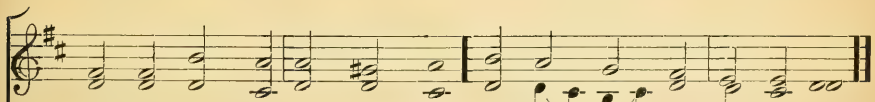
SECOND TUNE

Salzburg 1
J. ROSENMÜLLER. 1650


1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic-torious King,


Who hath wash'd us in the tide Flow-ing from His pierc-ed side;


Praise we Him, Whose love di-vine Gives His sa-cred blood for wine,


Gives His bo-dy for the feast, Christ the vic-tim, Christ the priest.

Eastertide

119

Lift up, lift up your voices now!

L. M.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Redhead 4
R. REDHEAD. 1850

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoice now!

The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come! | And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win. |
| 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heav'n's high portal open flies,
For Christ has ris'n, and man shall rise. | 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead thro' death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God. |
| 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share; | 6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heav'nly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. |

120

Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky

8.8.8.4.

N. LE TOURNEAUX. 1686 "Aurora lucis dum novæ."
COOKE. Tr.

Strand
E. J. HOPKINS. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Morn's roseate hues have deck'd the sky; The Lord has ris'n with victory:

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Alleluia.

Eastertide

2 The Prince of Life with death has striv'n,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:
Alleluia.

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has giv'n a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.

4 Our bodies, mould'ring to decay,
Are sown to rise to heav'nly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia.

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

6 Oh grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia.

7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost,— the Three in One:
Alleluia.

121

The strife is o'er, the battle done

P. M.

"Alleluia! finita jam sunt praelia."

12th CENTURY
PORT. Tr.

* Victory
PALESTRINA. 1550

f *cres.* *ff*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org. *f*

Voices in unison

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

In Harmony.

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!

2 The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heav'n's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!
Alleluia!

5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

Eastertide

122

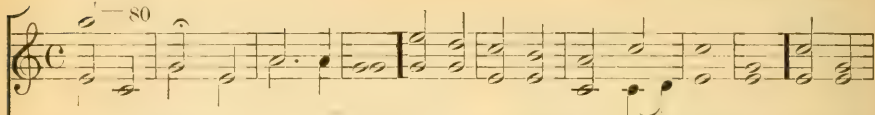
Jesus lives! thy terrors now

7.8.

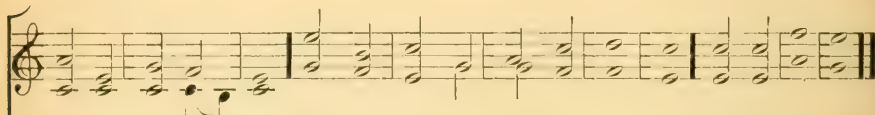
C. F. GELLERT. 1757
Cox. Tr.

St. Albanus
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860

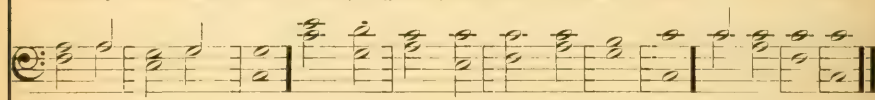
"Jesus lebt, mit Ihm auch ich."



1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no long-er, death, ap - pall us: Je-sus



lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!



2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

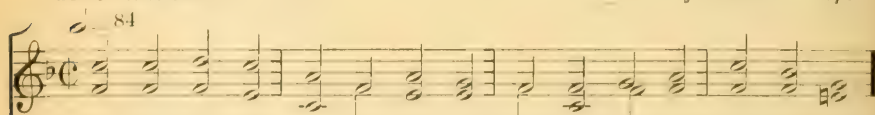
123

Alleluia! Alleluia!

8.7.

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

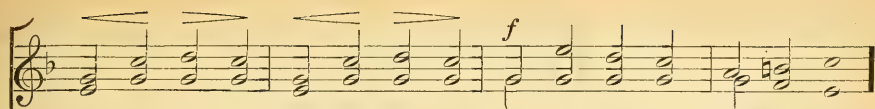
St. Andrew
J. BARNEY. 1870



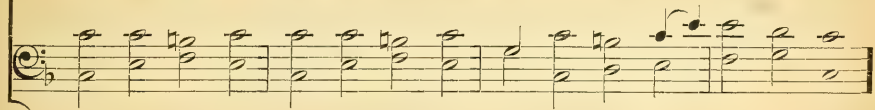
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voic-es heav'n-ward raise;



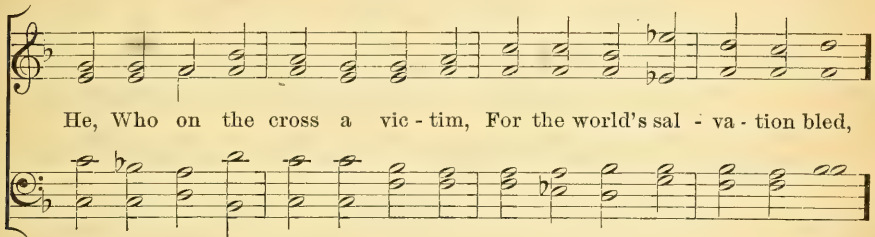
Eastertide



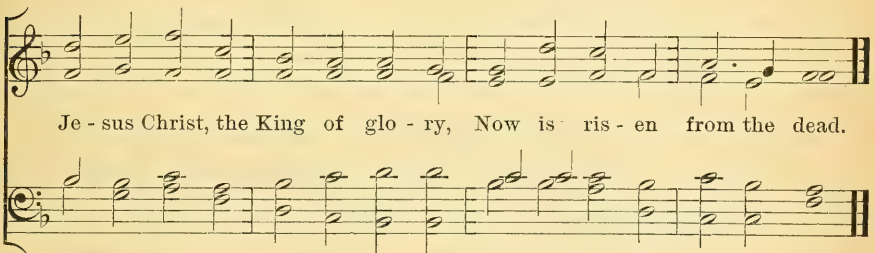
Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:



He, Who on the cross a vic-tim, For the world's sal-va-tion bled,



Je-sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.



2 Now the iron bars are broken,
Christ from death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal,
On this holy Easter morn:
Christ has triumph'd, and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heav'nly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

Eastertide

124

Sing, with all the sons of glory

8.7.

REV. DR. IRONS. 1873

Sponsa
S. NOTTINGHAM. 1885

♩ - 84

1. Sing, with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the re-sur-rec-tion-song!

Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the "for-mer days" be-long.

Ev-en now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,

And, in God's own like-ness wak-ing, Man shall know e-ter-nal peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" Heav'n rejoices;
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

Eastertide

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders
 Crowd on faith — what joy unknown,
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,
 Saints shall stand before the throne!
 Oh! to enter that bright portal,
 See that glowing firmament,
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
 "Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

125

Hark! ten thousand voices sounding

8.7.

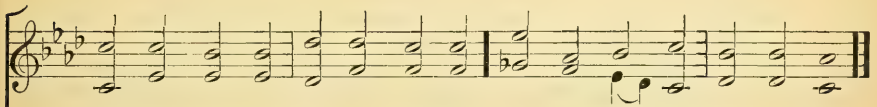
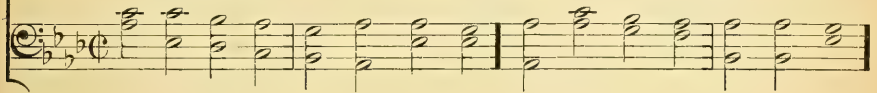
Arundel

REV. THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

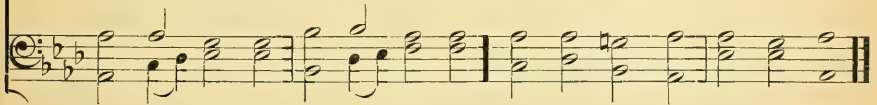
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. Hark! ten thousand voices sound-ing Far and wide throughout the sky;



'Tis the voice of joy a-bounding, Je-sus lives, no more to die!



2 Jesus lives, His conflict over,
 Lives to claim His great reward;
 Angels round the Victor hover,
 Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected
 Now becomes the Victor's seat;
 Lo, the Man on earth rejected,
 Angels worship at His feet!

4 All the pow'rs of heav'n adore Him,
 All obey His sov'reign word;
 Day and night they cry before Him,
 "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

Also the following:

243 On the resurrection morning.
 366 To Him, Who for our sins was slain.
 367 Jesus, our risen King.

368 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
 448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
 455 O God of God! O Light of Light!
 457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

Ascensiontide

126

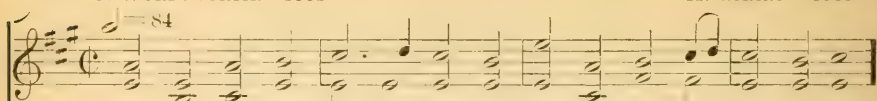
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph

8.7.

Rev. gloria

BP. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

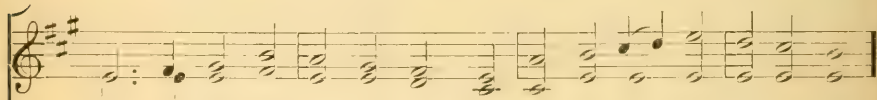
H. SMART. 1868



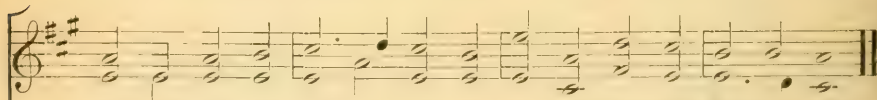
1. See the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in roy - al state,



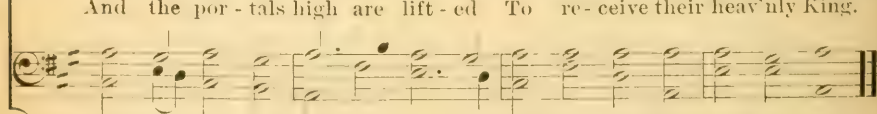
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'nly pal - ace gate!



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'nly King.



- 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He Who on the cross did suffer,
He Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes beheld Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;
He Who walked with God and pleas'd Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

- 4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,
With His blood, within the veil;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.
- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heav'nly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Ascensiontide

127

Christ our King to heaven ascendeth

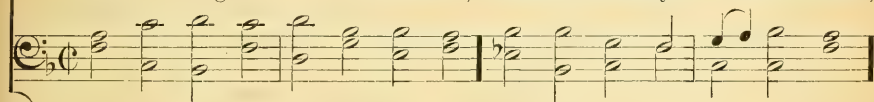
8.7.

Croydon

T. A. WALMSLEY. 1850



I. Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Past the blue sky's ut - most bound;



Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Clouds of an - gels close Him round.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia loud they cry:



Christ our King to heav'n as - cend-eth, Glo - ry be to God on high!



- 2 Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,
On God's throne He lives again;
Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,
Claims the fruit of all His pain:
Our High-Priest to heav'n ascendeth,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
- 3 Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing wind is here!

- Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go:
Christ our Lord to heav'n ascendeth,
He shall reign o'er all below.
- 4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
All His foes before Him fall;
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
He shall triumph over all.
King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore:
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
Bow before Him, and adore!

Ascensiontide

128

Hail the day that sees Him rise

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739

FIRST TUNE

Ascension
W. H. MONK. 1860

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia.

To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia.

Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia.

En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia.

Ascensiontide

2 There for Him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquer'd death and sin;
Take the King of glory in.

Alleluia!

3 Lo! the heav'n its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Alleluia!

4 See! He lifts His hands above;
See! He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

Alleluia!

5 Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race.

Alleluia!

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

Alleluia!

128

SECOND TUNE

St. Salvador
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1865

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. { Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - - le - lu - ia! }
To His throne a - bove the skies; Al - - le - lu - ia! }

Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners giv'n, Al - - le - lu - ia!

En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - - le - lu - ia!

Ascensiontide

129

The eternal gates lift up their heads

C. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

St. Magnus
J. CLARK. 1700

76

1. Th' e-ter-nal gates lift up their heads, The doors are o - pen'd wide;

The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side.

- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepar'd a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the clouds
That veil Thee from our eyes.

- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore with Thee.

130

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious

8.7.8.7.4.7.

T. KELLY. 1809

* *Kensington (new)*
J. TILLEARD. 1860

84

1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious: See the "Man of sor-rows" now;

From the fight re - turn'd vic - to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow;

Ascensiontide

rall.

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of pow'r enthroned Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,

Own His title, praise His name:

Crown Him! Crown Him!

Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

131

O Saviour, Who for man hast trod

L. M.

C. COFFIN. 1736

"Opus peregristi tuum."

Ilseley

J. BISHOP. 1702

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O Sav-iour, Who for man hast trod 'The wine press of the wrath of God,

As-cend, and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us to die.

2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee
sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

4 Our great High-Priest and Shepherd,
Within the veil art entered now, [Thou

To offer there Thy precious blood
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.
5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen
bride,

With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from
Her hidden life of sanctity. [Thee

6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heav'n-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

Ascensiontide

132

Our Lord is risen from the dead

L. M.

C. WESLEY. 1740

Cologne
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1850

♩ = 76

1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high;

The pow'rs of hell are cap - tived, Dragg'd to the por - tals of the sky.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:

- "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless pow'r possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

Also the following :

- 367 Jesus, our risen King.
370 Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.
371 Christ, above all glory seated.
372 The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.
373 Thou art gone up on high
374 Crown Him with many crowns.
450 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
457 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
545 Golden harps are sounding.

Whitsuntide

133

Hear us, Thou that broodedst

6.5.

REV. G. THRING. 1873

Hermas
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871

96

1. Hear us, Thou that broodedst O'er the wat'ry deep, Wak-ing all cre -

Tabitsuntide

a - tion From its pri - mal sleep; Ho - ly Spir - it, breath - ing

Breath of life di - vine, Breathe in - to our spir - its, Blending them with

Thine. Light and Life im - mor - tal! Hear us as we raise

Hearts, as well as voic - es, Ming - ling pray'r and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life immortal! etc.

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life immortal! etc.

4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy,
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life immortal! etc.

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quick'ning life in Thee:
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heav'nly love,
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heav'n above.
Light and Life immortal! etc.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1872

Comforter
ARTHUR E. CROOK. 1889

72

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first line of music corresponds to the first verse of the hymn. The second line of music corresponds to the second verse. The score ends with a double bar line.

1. To Thee, O Com - fort - er di - vine, For

all Thy grace and pow'r be - nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

- 2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wand'ring from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Thee, Whose faithful pow'r doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By ev'ry promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

Whitsuntide

135

Come to our poor nature's night

7.7.7.5.

G. RAWSON. 1854

Lux Vespera
G. W. WHITE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Come to our poor na - ture's night With Thy bless - ed in - ward light,

Ho - ly Ghost the in - fi - nite, Com - fort - er di - vine.

2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Orphan are our souls and poor;
Give us from Thy heav'nly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confest
Comforter divine.

6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high;
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

8 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

ANON: 1774

FIRST TUNE

♩ = 80

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love,

Oh, shed Thine in - fluence from a - bove;

And still from age to age con - vey . .

3d Stanza.

prove;

The won - ders of this sa - cred day.

Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love.

Whitsuntide

2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heav'nly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

136

SECOND TUNE

Cantionale
GERMAN. 1651

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, Oh,

shed Thine in - fluence from a - bove; And still from age to

age con - vey The won - ders of this sa - cred day.

Also the following :

289 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.
375 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.
376 Come, Holy Spirit, come.
377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.
379 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.
380 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.
381 Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.
382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
524 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

Trinity Sunday

137

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord

L. M.

REV. J. W. EASTBURN. 1810

St. Gregory
GERMAN. 1698

76



1. O Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord, Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,



For ev-er be Thy Name ador'd, Thy glo-ries let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our ev'ry thought, our ev'ry song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

138

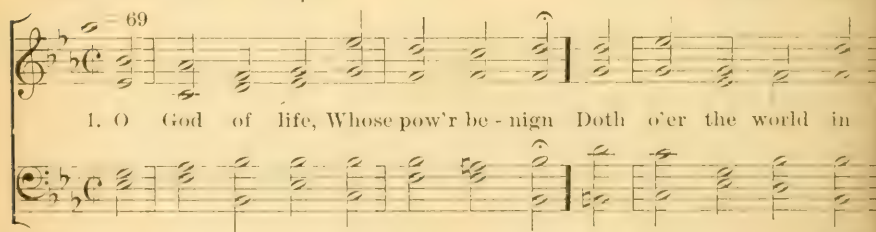
O God of life, Whose power benign

8s.

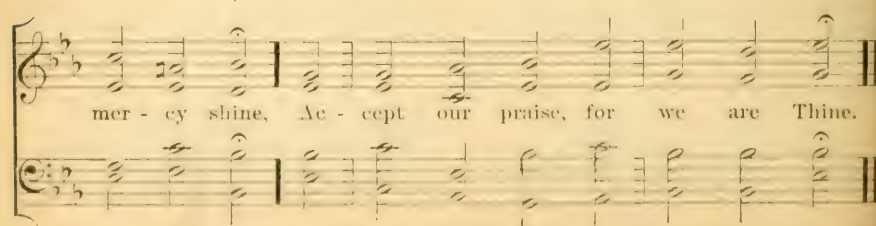
REV. A. T. RUSSELL. 1848

Newport
W. H. LONGHURST. 1866

69



1. O God of life, Whose pow'r be-nign Doth o'er the world in



mer-cy shine, Ac-cept our praise, for we are Thine.

Trinity Sunday

2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in ev'ry land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heav'nly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be.

139 Father of all, Whose love profound L. M.

REV. E. COOPER. 1805

St. Lawrence
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Fa - ther of all, Whose love pro - found A

ran - som for our souls hath found, Be - fore Thy throne we

sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'n-ing love ex - tend.

2-Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Trinity Sunday

140

Hark! the loud celestial hymn

7.8.7.8.7.7.

Tribute

C. A. WALWORTH

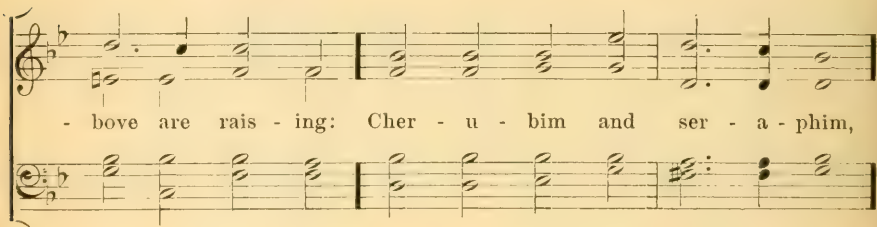
FIRST TUNE

E. J. HOPKINS. 1872

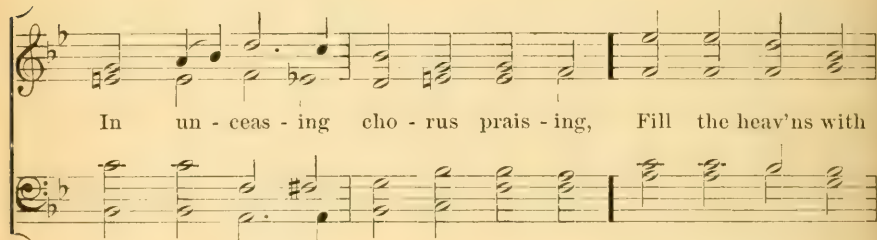
84



1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -



- bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,



In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with



sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!

2 Lo! the apostolic train

Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,

Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

Trinity Sunday

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me.

140

SECOND TUNE

Incarnation
H. SMART. 1875

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -

- bove are rais - ing: Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,

In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with

sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!

Trinity Sunday

141

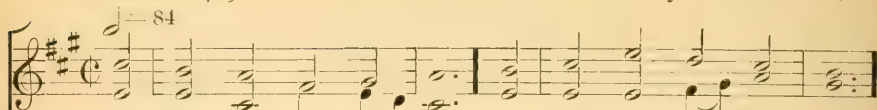
We give immortal praise

6.6.6.6.8.8.

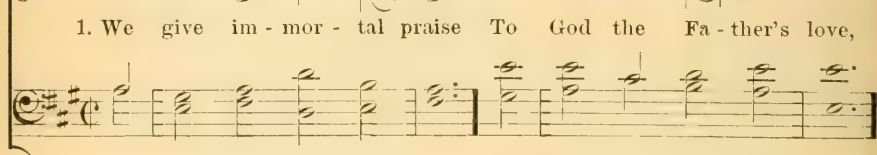

DR. WATTS. 1709

St. Godric
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

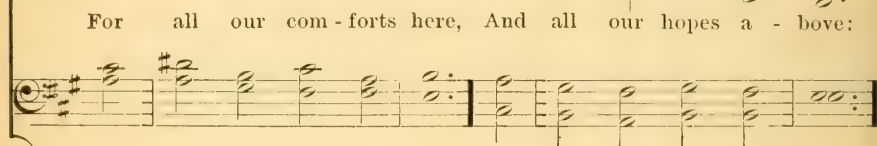

84



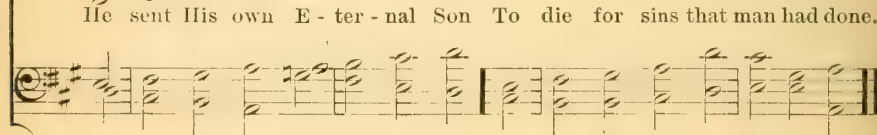
1. We give im - mor - tal praise To God the Fa - ther's love,

For all our com - forts here, And all our hopes a - bove:

He sent His own E - ter - nal Son To die for sins that man had done.



2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One;
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Trinity Sunday

142

Sound aloud Jehovah's praises 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Fides

REV. H. A. MARTIN. 1870

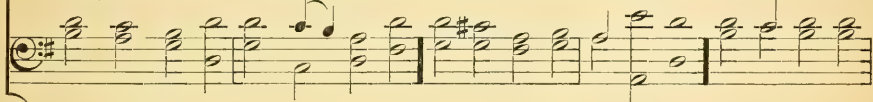
REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1874



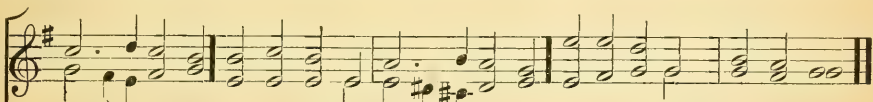
1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's prais-es, Tell a - broad the aw - ful Name;



Heav'n the ceaseless anthem raises, Let the earth her God proclaim: God, the hope of



ev - 'ry nation, God, the source of con-so - la-tion, Ho-ly, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!



2 This the Name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the Name that kings and sages
Pray'd and strove to know aright,
Through God's wondrous Incarnation
Now reveal'd the world's salvation,
Ever blessèd Trinity!

3 Into this great Name and holy,
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heav'nward, bids them
Gathers them from every nation, [rise;
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessèd Trinity!

4 In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
In this Name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare;
Off'ring humble supplication,
Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the blessed Trinity!

5 Glory be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One,
Praise from all in earth and heaven
Unto Thee be ever given
Holy, blessèd Trinity!

'Also the following:

383 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

384 God, my Father, hear me pray.

385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

386 Holy Father, great Creator.

388 Come, Thou Almighty King.

389 Three in One, and One in Three.

546 Great Creator, Lord of all.

617 Glory be to God the Father.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. ANDREW

143

Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult

8.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1853

St. Andrew
E. H. THORNE. 1885

84

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me;"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

ST. THOMAS

144

O Thou, Who didst, with love untold

C. M.

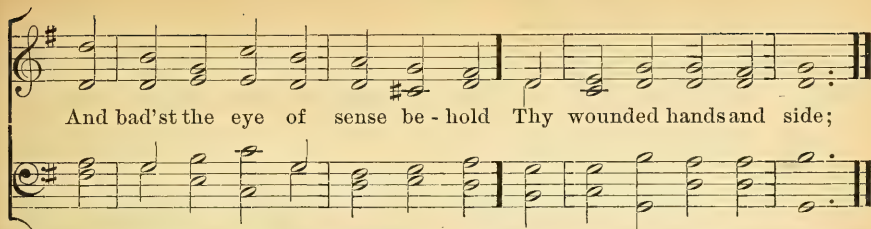
MRS. TOKE. 1851

Abbey
SCOTCH. 1615

76

1. O Thou, Who didst, with love un - told, Thy doubting ser - vant chide,

Other Feasts and Fasts



And bad'st the eye of sense be - hold Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from this hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh, let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe!

Also the following :

426 We walk by faith, and not by sight.

ST. STEPHEN

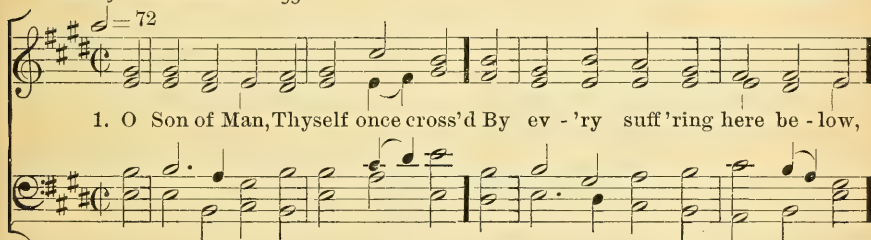
145

O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed

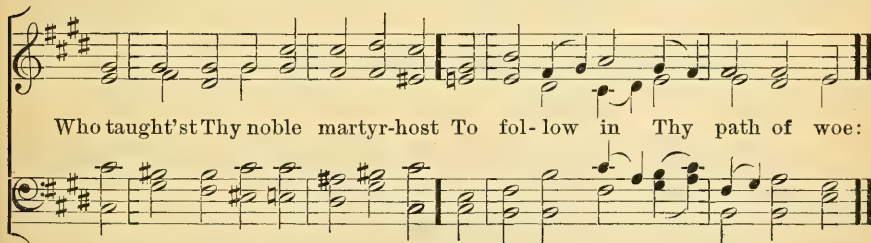
L. M.

REV. J. F. THURPP. 1853

Onward
DR. GAUNTLETT.



1. O Son of Man, Thyself once cross'd By ev - 'ry suff'ring here be - low,



Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host To fol - low in Thy path of woe:

2 O Son of God, Whose glory cast
Its light upon Thy champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the holiest place:

3 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succor with Thy strong right hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in heav'n to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,
Which asks forgiveness for our foes;
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,
And, dying, finds in Thee repose.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

146

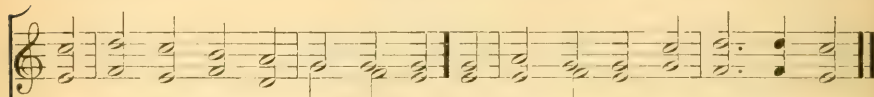
O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace **L. M.**

BISHOP HEBER. 1825

Redhead 4
R. REDHEAD. 1850



1. O Thou, Who gav'st Thy ser - vant grace On Thee the liv - ing Rock to rest,



To look on Thine un - veil - ed face, And lean on Thy pro - tect - ing breast;



2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;

3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

147

Glory to Thee, O Lord

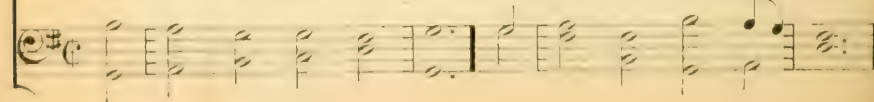
S. M.

MRS. TOKE. 1852

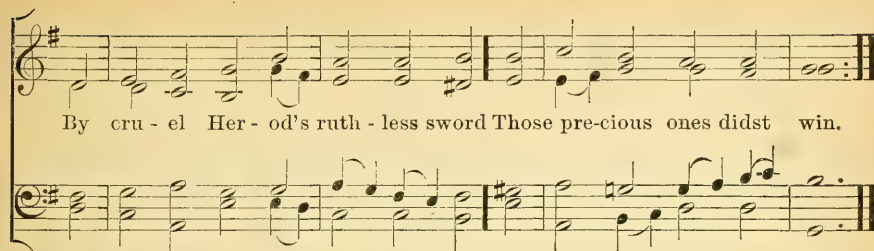
St Ethelwald
W. H. MONK. 1860



1. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord, Who, from this world of sin,



Other Feasts and Fasts



By cru - el Her - od's ruth - less sword Those pre-cious ones didst win.

- 2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.
- 3 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

- 4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.
- 5 Lord, help us ev'ry hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.

THE CIRCUMCISION

148

The ancient law departs

S. M.

"Debilis cessant elementa legi."

ABBE BESNAULT. 1720

St. George
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860



1. The an - cient law de - parts And all its ter - rors cease;



For Je - sus makes with faith - ful hearts A co - ve - nant of peace.

- 2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless child.

- 3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

Other Feasts and Fasts

149

Jesus! Name of wondrous love

7s.

BISHOP W. HOW. 1854

Redhead 45
R. REDHEAD. 1850

♩ = 88

1. Je - sus! Name of won-drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

- 2 Jesus! Name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

- 5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Also the following :

- 321 To the Name of our salvation.
322 Conquering kings their titles take.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

150

We sing the glorious conquest

7.6.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

Munich
GERMAN. 1711

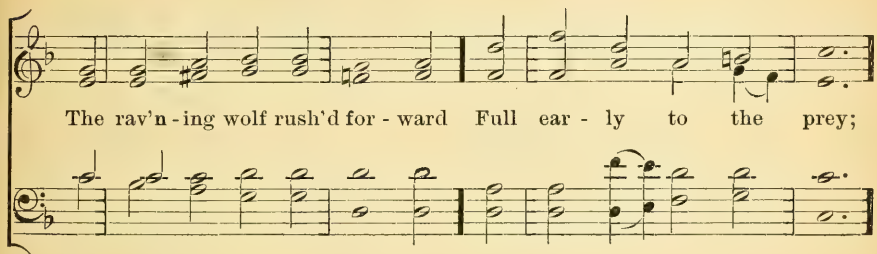
92

1. We sing the glo - rious con - quest Be - fore Da - mas - eus gate,

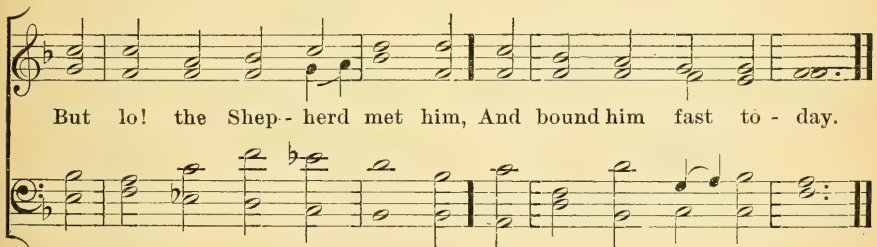
Other Feasts and Fasts



When Saul, the Church's spoil - er, Came breathing threats and hate;



The rav'n - ing wolf rush'd for - ward Full ear - ly to the prey;



But lo! the Shep - herd met him, And bound him fast to - day.

2 Oh, glory most excelling
 That smote across his path!
 Oh, light that pierced and blinded
 The zealot in his wrath!
 Oh, voice that spake within him
 The calm, reproving word!
 Oh, love that sought and held him
 The bondman of his Lord!

3 O Wisdom, ord'ring all things
 In order strong and sweet,
 What nobler spoil was ever
 Cast at the Victor's feet?
 What wiser master-builder
 E'er wrought at Thine employ
 Than he, till now so furious
 Thy building to destroy?

4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
 Still in her darkest hour
 Of weakness and of danger,
 To trust Thy hidden power:
 Thy grace by ways mysterious
 The wrath of man can bind,
 And in Thy boldest foeman
 Thy chosen saint can find.

Other Feasts and Fasts

THE PURIFICATION

In His temple now behold Him

8.7.

151

REV. H. J. PYE. 1851

Simeon
H. E. DIBDIN. 1843

84



1. { In His tem-ple now be-hold Him; See the long ex-pect-ed Lord! }
{ An-cient pro-phets had fore-told Him; God hath now ful-fill'd His word. }



Now to praise Him, His re-deem-ed Shall break forth with one ac-cord.



2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,

Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleans'd and pure.

4 Prince and author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme!

152

Rejoice ye sons of men

6.6.6.6.8.8.

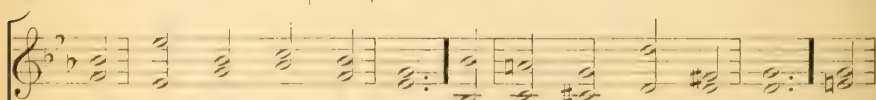
BISHOP W. HOW. 1871

Anna
T. MORLEY. 1880

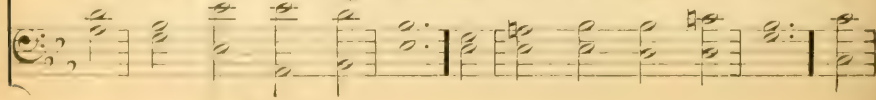
88



1. Re-joice ye sons of men! Your bright-est prais-es yield!



The ev-er-last-ing Son See in the flesh re-veal'd! The



Other Feasts and Fasts

world's Re - deem - er comes to - day His own re-demp-tion's price to pay!

2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms
The holy burden bear;
He sees with raptured eye
His true salvation there.
The weary waiting now is past:
The long-expected comes at last.

3 The aged saint's embrace
The blessed mother saw.
And on his words so strange
She mused with silent awe.
What conflict for her child is stored?
And what for her this piercing sword?

4 O Saviour, in Thy courts
We all our sins confess:
But Thou didst once for us
Fulfill all righteousness.
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be
Presented pure and clean in Thee!

5 And when, O God made Man,
Upon our waiting eye,
In glorious might revealed,
Salvation draweth nigh;
In that great day Thy servants bless,
And be "the Lord our Righteousness"!

153

Behold a humble train

S. M.

REV. E. HARLAND. 1863

St. George
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860

1. Be - hold a hum - ble train The courts of God draw near;

A - vir - gin moth - er and her babe Be - fore the Lord ap - pear.

2 O wondrous, blessed sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord Himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.

5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With pow'r and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine.

Other Feasts and Fasts

154


Hail to the Lord Who comes

6s.

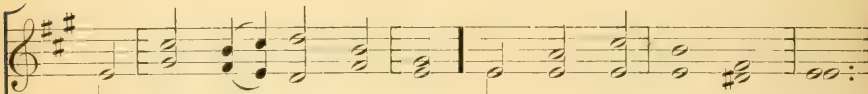
REV. J. ELLERTON. 1880

St. Veronica
DR. CHAMPNEYS. 1880


84



1. Hail to the Lord Who comes, Comes to His tem - ple gate;



Not with His an - gel host, Not in His king - ly state;



No shouts pro - claim Him nigh, No crowds His com - ing wait;

2 But, borne upon the throne
Of Mary's gentle breast,
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavn'ly guest.

3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

4 O Light of all the earth.
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be!

Also the following :

69 Within the Father's house.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. MATTHIAS

155

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom

7.6.

REV J. ELLERTON. 1888

Voice
J. BARNBY. 1885

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Praise to the heav'n - ly Wis - dom Who knows the hearts of all—

The saint - ly life's be - gin - nings, The trai - tor's se - cret fall;

Our own as - cend - ed Mas - ter, Who heard His Church's cry,

Made known His guid - ing pres - ence, And ruled her from on high.

2 Elect in His foreknowledge
To fill the lost one's place;
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace;
Then, by the lot's disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

3 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd;
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;
Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee!

Other Feasts and Fasts

THE ANNUNCIATION

156

The angel sped on wings of light

8.7.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

Aberdeen
REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK. 1870



1. The an-gel sped on wings of light, With wondrous tid-ings la-den;



He came from heav'n's uncloud-ed height To greet a low-ly maid-en:



2 For God upon her low estate
Had looked with royal favor;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty gift He gave her.
3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The great and holy One, for Whom
The world so long had waited.

4 O Son divine! we fain would trace
Thy mother's steps so lowly,
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.
5 But lo! as all too near we press,
A veil the scene enfoldeth!
No tongue may sing its loveliness,
No eye its peace beholdeth!

6 And as we read with kindling eye
This day's all-gracious story,
The blessed mother passeth by,
And Thine is all the glory!

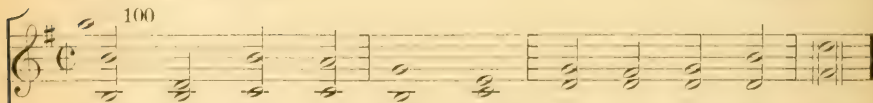
157

Now, the blessed Dayspring

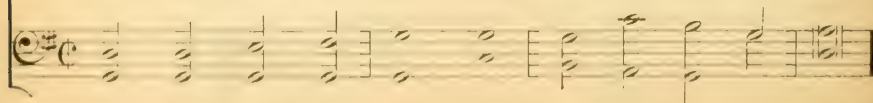
6.5.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1890

David
T. MORLEY



1. Now, the bless-ed Day-spring Com-eth from on high;



Other Feasts and Fasts

Now, the world's Re - deem - er, To her aid, draws nigh;

Bear - er of the tid - ings, From the throne of light,

To a low - ly maid - en, Speeds an an - gel bright.

2 In the chosen daughter,
Of King David's line,
God fulfills the promise
Of King Ahaz' sign:
Gabriel hath spoken;
Mary hath believed;
And, behold a virgin
Hath a Son conceived.

3 Though He take our nature,
Linked to low estate,
Though He stoop to suffer,
Yet shall He be great;
Though His crown and sceptre
Be of thorn and reed,
His shall be the kingdom
Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles
Bending at His throne;
Glory of His people,
When His sway they own;
He shall reign forever,
King of kings, confessed,
And all tribes and kindreds
Shall, in Him, be blest.

Other Feasts and Fasts

158

Praise we the Lord this day

S. M.

ANON. 1846

St. George
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1860

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,

Whose promise shone with cheer-ing ray On wait - ing saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy
Th' incarnate Saviour's birth. [came,

ST. MARK

159

We praise Thy grace, O Saviour

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

Köcher
J. H. KNECHT. 1800

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. We praise Thy grace, O Sav - iour, That bear - eth with us long,

Other Feasts and Fasts



And ev - er out of weak-ness Thy ser-vants mak-eth strong.

2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might!

3 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Saint Mark, hath numbered
Among the blessed Four,

And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesu, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the vict'ry win.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES

160

There is one way, and only one

L. M.

Winchester New
GERMAN. 1690

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1875

84



1. There is one way, and on - ly one, Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,



To that fair land where shines no sun Because the face of God is there.



2 There is one truth, the truth of God,
That Christ came down from heav'n to
show,
One life that His redeeming blood
Has won for all His saints below.

3 The lore, from Philip once concealed,
To us is fully known in Christ;
In Him the Father is revealed,
And all our longing is sufficed.

4 And still unway'ring faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly
down;
Except we labor and endure,
We cannot win the heav'nly crown.

5 O Way divine, through gloom and strife,
Bring us Thy Father's face to see;
O heav'nly Truth, O precious Life,
At last, at last, to rest in Thee.

Also the following :

424 O Light whose beams illumine all.
425 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. BARNABAS

161 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation 11.10.11.10.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

M. L. BRADSHAW. 1877

Consolator

♩ = 100

1. O Son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by
suff - 'ring school'd to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy
sons of con - so - lation, Who fol - low in the steps of Thee their chief.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as 100 beats per minute. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with the first line of the verse starting with '1. O Son of God, our Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thy - self by' and the second line with 'suff - 'ring school'd to hu - man grief, We bless Thee for Thy'. The chorus begins with 'sons of con - so - lation, Who fol - low in the steps of Thee their chief.'

- 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conqu'ring host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;
- 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;
- 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.
- 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through ev'ry Christian nation,
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.
- 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in mem'ry keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, " Comfort ye;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

Other Feasts and Fasts

162

The son of Consolation

7.6.

MRS. COOTE. 1871

Depono
J. B. CALKIN 1867

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. The son of Con - so - la - tion! Of Le - vi's priest - ly line,
Fill'd with the Ho - ly Spir - it And fer - vent faith di - vine,
With low - ly self ob - la - tion, For Christ an off - 'ring meet,
He laid his earth - ly rich - es At the A - pos - tles' feet.

- 2 The son of Consolation!
Oh, name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heav'n's own calm!
And the blest son of comfort,
With fearless, loving hand,
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.
- 3 The son of Consolation!
Drawn near unto his Lord,
He won the martyr's glory,
And passed to his reward.
With him is faith now ended,
For ever lost in sight,
But love, made perfect, fills him
With praise, and joy, and light.

- 4 The son of Consolation!
Lord, hear our humble prayer
That each of us Thy children
Such blessed name may bear!
That we, sweet comfort shedding
O'er homes of pain and woe,
Midst sickness and in prisons,
May seek Thee here below.
- 5 The sons of Consolation!
Oh, what their bliss will be,
When Christ the King shall tell them
"Ye did it unto Me!"
The merciful and loving
The Lord of life shall own,
And as His priceless jewels
Shall set them round His throne.

Other Feasts and Fasts

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

163

The heavenly King must come

S. M.

REV. H. A. MARTIN. 1871

St Michael
ENGLISH. 1562

88

1. The heav-'nly King must come His de-sert realm to see;

Must leave His own e-ter-nal home, And all His ma-jes-ty.

- 2 And lo! before Him sent
His herald, who must cry
And never spare, "Repent, repent!
Your King, your God, is nigh!"
- 3 He, when his work is done,
Must see his light decay,
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
The glorious King of day.
- 4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,
Whose messenger he came,

- Baptize us all, most holy One,
In Thy refining flame.
- 5 Give us Thy grace, that we
All evil may forsake,
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
The lowest place may take.
- 6 So, when Thou com'st again,
Thy realm redeemed to see,
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
A way made straight for Thee.

ST. PETER

164

Thou art the Christ, O Lord

6.6.6.6.8.8.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

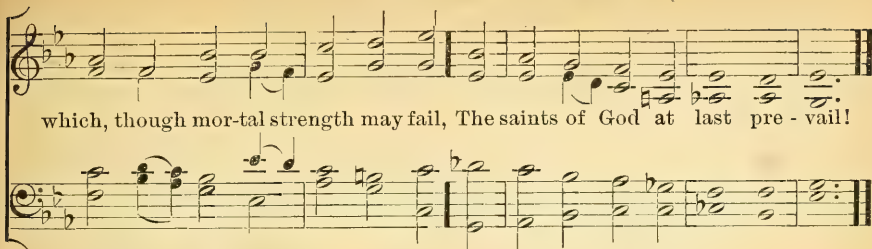
Anna
T. MORLEY. 1880

88

1. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord, The Son of God most high!" For

- ev-er be a-dored That Name in earth and sky, In

Other Feasts and Fasts



which, though mor-tal strength may fail, The saints of God at last pre - vail!

- 2 Oh, surely he was blest
With blessedness unpriced,
Who, taught of God, confessed
The Godhead in the Christ!
For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
Thy saint a true foundation-stone.
- 3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,

With triple ardor burnt.
The cross he took, he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

4 Oh bright triumphant faith!
Oh courage void of fears!
Oh love, most strong in death!
Oh penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call.

ST. JAMES

165 For all Thy saints, a noble throng

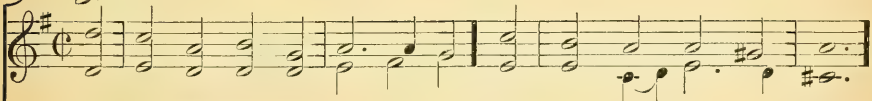
C. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1875

Bristol

ENGLISH. 1621

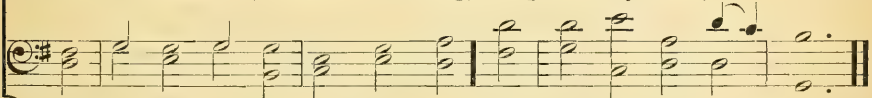
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. For all Thy saints, a no - ble throng, Who fell by fire and sword,



Who soon were call'd, or wait - ed long, We praise Thy Name, O Lord.



- 2 For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltring tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;
- 3 Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;
- 4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,

And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

5 Lord, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So, meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.

Other Feasts and Fasts

THE TRANSFIGURATION

166

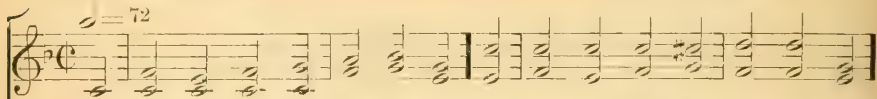
Lord, it is good for us to be

8s.

Hayes

DEAN STANLEY. 1870

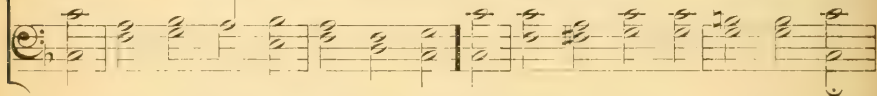
From BEETHOVEN. 1870



1. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the mountain here with Thee;



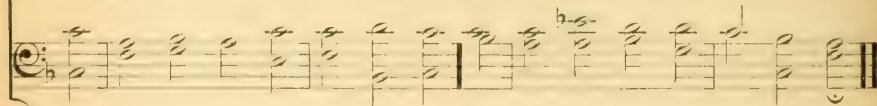
Where stand reveal'd to mor-tal gaze Those glorious saints of oth-er days;



Who once re-ceive'd on Ho-reb's height Th' eter-nal laws of truth and right;



Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.



2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glist'ring raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heav'nly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is My Son; Oh, hear ye Him!"

Other Feasts and Fasts

167

O wondrous type! O vision fair

L. M.

"Cœlestis formam gloriæ."

SARUM. 1500
NEALE. Tr.

Redhead 90
R. REDHEAD. 1850

76

1. O won - drous type! O vi - sion fair Of
 glo - ry that the Church shall share, Which Christ up - on the
 moun - tain shows, Where bright - er than the sun He glows!

- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
 How with the three disciples there,
 Where Moses and Elias meet,
 The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,
 Christ deigns to manifest to-day
 What glory shall be theirs above,
 Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
 By this great vision's mystery;
 For which in joyful strains we raise
 The voice of pray'r, the hymn of praise.
- 5 O Father, with th' eternal Son,
 And Holy Spirit ever One,
 Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
 To see Thy glory face to face.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. BARTHOLOMEW

168

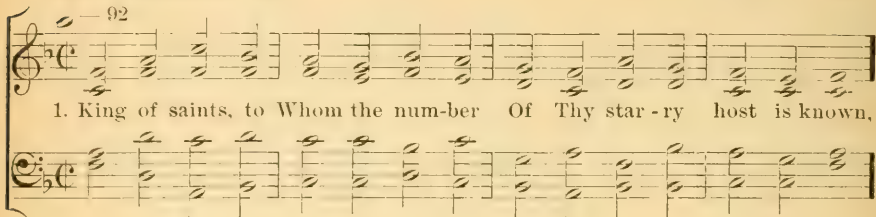
King of saints, to Whom the number

8.7.

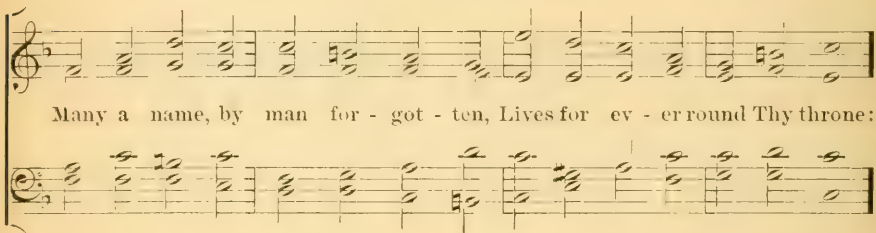
REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

Iona
SIR J. STAINER. 1868

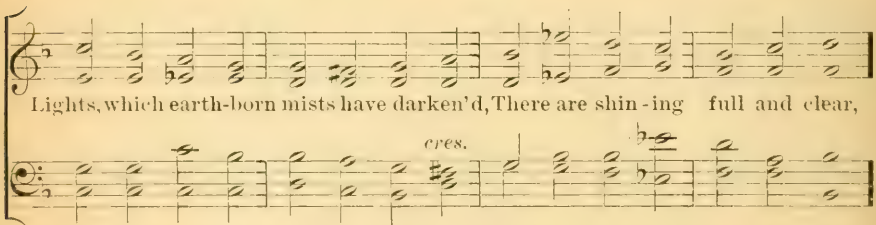
92



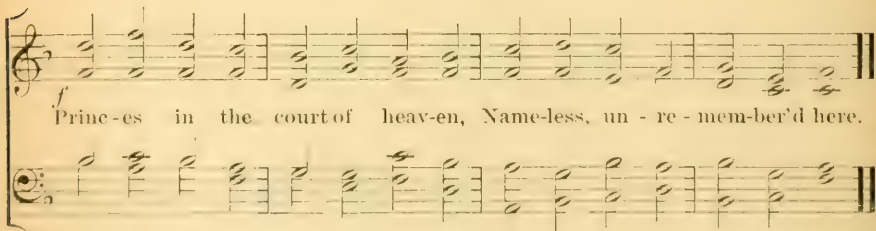
1. King of saints, to Whom the num-ber Of Thy star-ry host is known,



Many a name, by man for - got - ten, Lives for ev - er round Thy throne:



Lights, which earth-born mists have darken'd, There are shin - ing full and clear,



Princ-es in the court of heav-en, Name-less, un - re - mem-ber'd here.

2 In the roll of Thine apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord;

3 None can tell us: all is written
In the Lamb's great book of life,
All the faith, and pray'r, and patience,
All the toiling, and the strife:
There are told Thy hidden treasures;
Number us, O Lord, with them,
When Thou makest up the jewels
Of Thy living diadem.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. MATTHEW

169

Behold, the Master passeth by!

L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

St. Lawrence
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

76.

1. Be - hold, the Mas - ter pass - eth by! Oh,

seest thou not His plead - ing eye? With low sad voice He

call - eth thee, "Leave this vain world, and fol - low Me."

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature, followed by a key signature change to G major. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics starting on the second staff of the first system. The second system continues the melody and harmony, with lyrics starting on the second staff. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line, with lyrics starting on the second staff.

- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
Hast thou no thought for heav'n to spare?
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
Behold, the Master passeth by!
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,
And straightway left all things below,
Counting his earthly gain as loss
For Jesus and His blessed cross.
- 4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear
Seemed ev'ry day afresh to hear:
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God gently calls us ev'ry day:
Why should we then our bliss delay?
He calls to heav'n and endless light,
Why should we love the dreary night?
- 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
At which he rose and left his all:
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

Other feasts and fasts

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

170 Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright 10s.

ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 850
NEALE. Tr.

Trisagion
H. SMART. 1868

84

1. Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright,

Fill'd with ce - les - ti - al splen - dor and light,

These that, where night nev - er fol - low - eth day,

Org.

Raise the "Thrice Ho - ly" song ev - er and aye:

2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

Other Feasts and Fasts

3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

4 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right;
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

171

Where the angel-hosts adore Thee

8.7.

J. B. DE SANTEUIL. 1680
WILLIAMS. Tr.

"Regnator orbis summus."

Merton
W. H. MONK. 1860

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Where the an - gel-hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;

At Thy word they rose around Thee, And Thy word doth them sus - tain.

2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling,
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;
Grant that in our cares and dangers
They may timely succor bring.

4 Praise to Thee Who hast created
Earth and heav'n with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. LUKE

172

What thanks and praise to Thee we owe L. M.

BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1875

Melcombe
S. WEBBE. 1790



1. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe, O

Priest and Sa - cri - fice di - vine, For Thy dear saint through

whom we know So many a gra - cious word of Thine;

- 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
And for a moment lift the veil
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.
- 3 And still the Church through all her days
Uplifts the strains that never cease,
The blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,
The aged Simeon's words of peace.
- 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
So rich in words of truth and love,
Pours on the Church from age to age
This healing unction from above;
- 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
The great apostle's chosen friend
Through weary years of toil and strife,
And still found faithful to the end.
- 6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
Till Thou at last the summons give,
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE

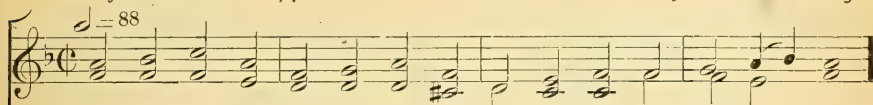
173

Thou Who sentest Thine apostles

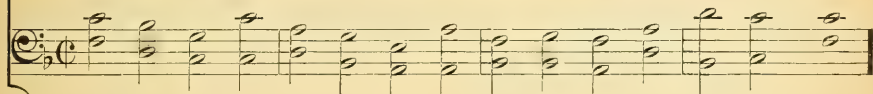
8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1874

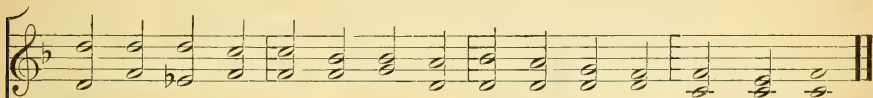
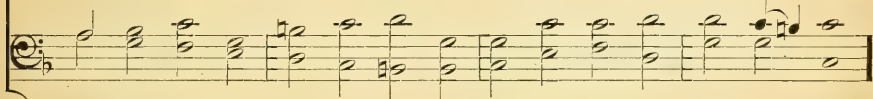
Nikapu
E. J. HOPKINS. 1885



1. Thou Who sent-est Thine a - pos - tles Two and two be - fore Thy face,



Part-ners in the night of toil-ing, Heirs to - geth-er of Thy grace,



Thron'd at length, their la - bors end - ed, Each in his ap - point - ed place;



2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
Burned anew with nobler flame;
One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them
Spake in love, and wrought in power;
Seen in mighty signs and wonders
In Thy Church's morning hour;
Heard in tones of sternest warning
When the storms began to lower.

4 Once again those storms are breaking;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding;

Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:
Save us, Lord, our one Salvation;
Save the faith revealed of old.

5 Call the erring by Thy pity;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear;
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near:

6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed
And the lifelong conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore.

Other Feasts and Fasts

GENERAL FOR SAINTS' DAYS

174

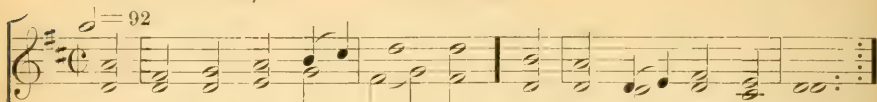
From all Thy saints in warfare

7.6.

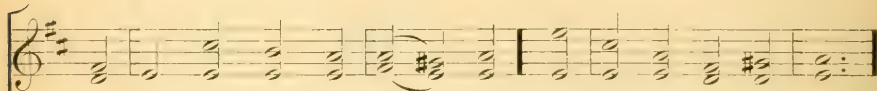
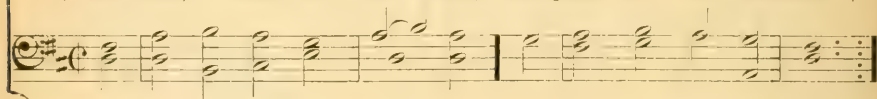
EARL NELSON. 1867

FIRST TUNE

Tune
F. WEBER



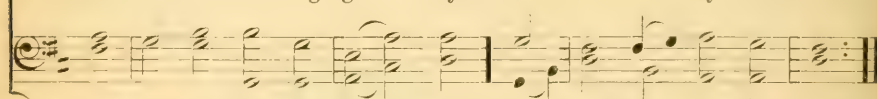
1. { From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest, }
{ To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, all prais - es be address'd. }



Thou, Lord, did'st win the bat - tle that they might conqu'rors be;



Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.



[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be celebrated.]

ST. ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see,
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee resolutely stand,
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Patmos' shore;
Praise for the faithful record, he to Thy God-head bore,
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine elect be sealed.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee with tend' rest love
Called early from the warfare to share the rest above.
O Rachel! cease thy weeping: they rest from pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify to-day;
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true Spirit's ray.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. MATTHIAS.

8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs
the wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful
now rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for
ever-more defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with
her to the end.

ST. MARK.

9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the
weak by grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich
our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find
strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee,
the Vine, abide.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

10 All praise for Thine apostle, blest guide
to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother; keep
us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the
Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors
in the strife.

ST. BARNABAS.

11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy
law of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought
riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let
gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through
the world extend.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, fore-
runner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for
the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw
Thy dawning ray:
Make us the rather blessed, who love
Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager
and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice
charged to keep Thy Fold
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to
guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage,
with humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who,
slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suff'ring, fulfilling
thus Thy word.

Curb we all vain impatience to read
Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought
nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faith-
ful, pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine
eye all-seeing knew.
Like Him may we be guileless, true
Israelites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing
souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel
Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path
of suff'ring shared.
From all unrighteous mammon, oh,
give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise
and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

17 For that "beloved physician," all
praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer
of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised
hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint
us evermore.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who
sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to
tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith
of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at
length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all
the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who
raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Sav-
iour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would
serve Thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and
praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal
Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down
before the throne,
And honor, pow'r, and glory ascribe
to God alone.

Other Feasts and Fasts

174

SECOND TUNE

Patmos
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1878

88

1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, for all Thy saints at rest, . . .

To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, all prais - es be ad - dress'd.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle that they might conqu'rors be;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Trebles and 2 Altos.

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from Thee.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. ANDREW.

- 2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother, the very Christ to see.
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Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

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On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man, true God, adored.

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For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
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And by Thy parting promise be with her to the end.

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Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the Vine, abide.

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And him surnamed Thy brother; keep us Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in the strife.

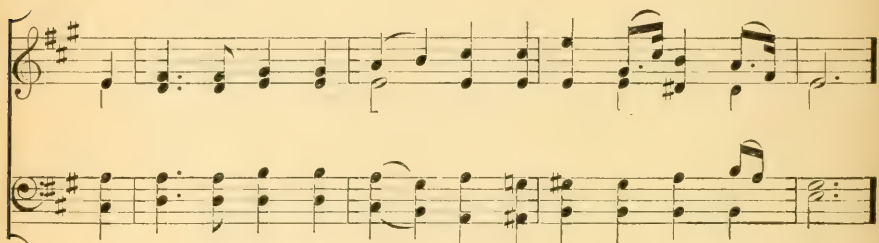
Other Feasts and Fasts

174

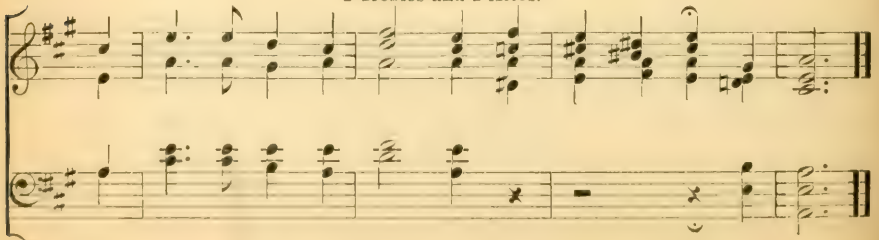
SECOND TUNE

Patmos
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1878

$\text{♩} = 88$



2 Trebles and 2 Altos.



Other Feasts and Fasts

ST. BARNABAS.

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Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through the world extend.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy dawning ray :
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy glorious day.

ST. PETER.

- 13 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and the bold ;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep Thy Fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer Thee.

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Whom underneath the fig-tree Thine eye all-seeing knew.
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That Thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

ST. MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared,
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

ST. LUKE.

- 17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

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One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment, who raise the ceaseless song ;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One ;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honor, pow'r, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Other Feasts and Fasts

ALL SAINTS

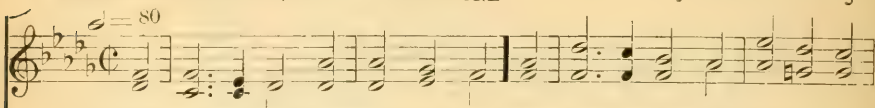
175

The saints of God! Their conflict past 8s.

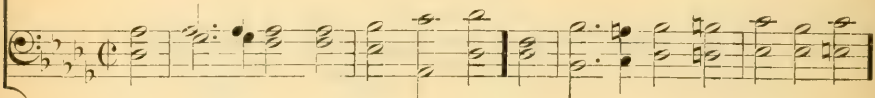
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1870

FIRST TUNE

Beati
SIR. J. STAINER. 1885



1. The saints of God! Their conflict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,



No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down before their Lord:



Voices in Unison.

Harmony



O hap-py saints! for ev - er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest!



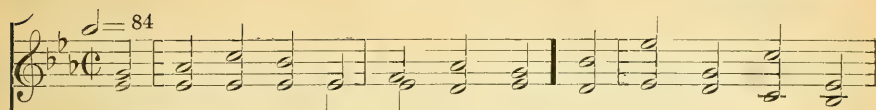
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 The saints of God! Their wand'rings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!</p> | <p>4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!</p> |
| <p>3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!</p> | <p>5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!</p> |

Other feasts and fasts

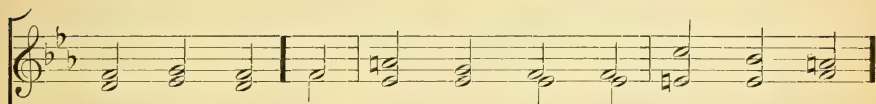
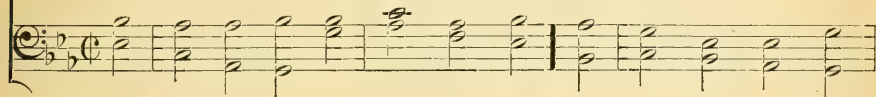
175

SECOND TUNE

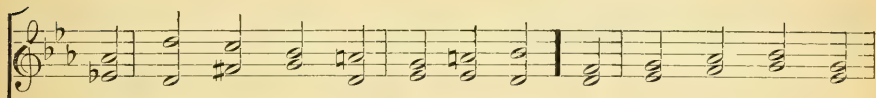
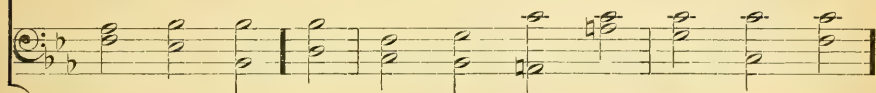
Mitcham
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



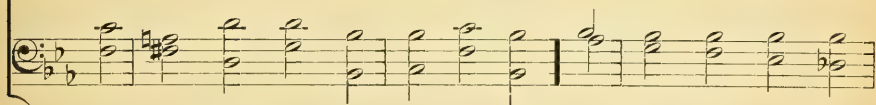
1. The saints of God! Their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle



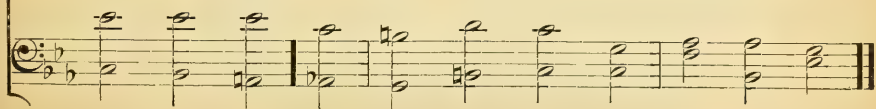
won at last, No more they need the shield or sword,



They cast them down be - fore the Lord: O hap - py saints! for -



- ev - er blest, At Je - sus' feet how safe you rest!



Other Feasts and Fasts

176

For all the saints, who from their labors rest **P. M.**

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1864

For all
J. BARNEY 1868

♩ = 50

1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - su,
be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> | <p>5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> |
| <p>3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> | <p>6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> |
| <p>4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> | <p>7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Alleluia.</p> |
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
- Alleluia!

Other Feasts and Fasts

177 O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glory 11.10.

MRS. LUKE

Cullingworth
E. Moss

$\text{♩} = 104$

1. O King of saints, we give Thee praise and glo - ry For the bright

cloud of wit - ness - es un - seen, Whose names shine forth like

stars, in sacred sto - ry, Guid - ing our steps to realms of light se - rene;

- 2 And for Thy hidden saints, our praise adoring,
Fount of all sanctity, to Thee we yield,
Who in Thy treasure-house on high, art storing
Jewels whose lustre was, on earth, concealed.
- 3 Thine arm sustained them all in conflict mortal
With sin, the world, and all the pow'rs of hell;
Thy hand hath oped for all, the shining portal
To realms where peace and joy forever dwell.
- 4 There are the throned and white-robed elders, casting
Before the King of kings, their crowns of gold;
And there are crowns and mansions everlasting,
And palms and harps for multitudes untold.
- 5 Though, in Thy service, we too oft have slumbered,
Like the ten virgins, foolish ones and wise;
Yet with Thy saints, may we at last be numbered,
And at Thy call with burning lamps arise.

Other Feasts and Fasts

178

Who are these like stars appearing 8.7.8.7.7.7.

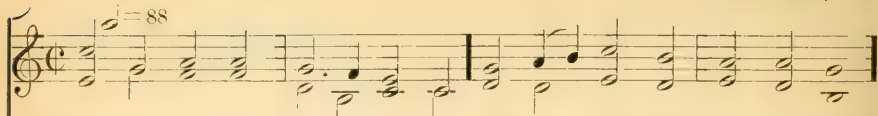
"Wer sind die vor Gottes throne."

TH: SCHENK. 1719

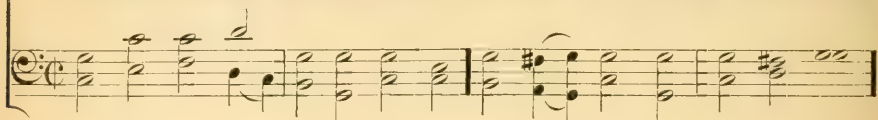
COX. Tr.

All Saints

GERMAN. 1711



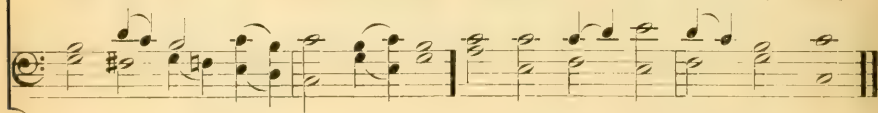
1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These, be - fore God's throne who stand?



Each a gold - en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?



Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n - ly King.



2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in pray'r full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

5 These, like priests, have watched and
waited,
Off'ring up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

Other Feasts and Fasts

179

Hark! the sound of holy voices

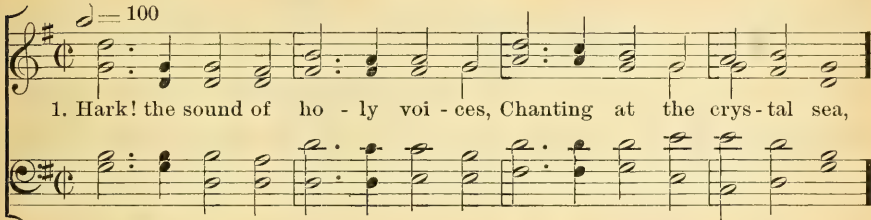
8.7.

Bp. C. WORDSWORTH. 1862

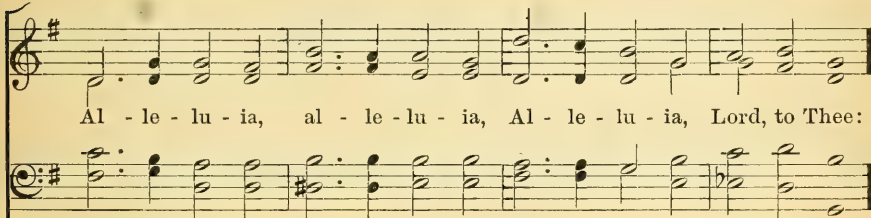
FIRST TUNE

Moultrie
G. COBB.

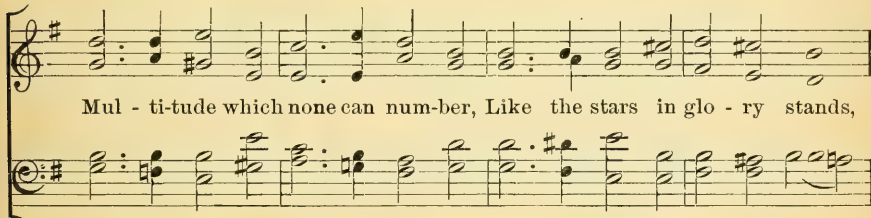
$\text{♩} = 100$



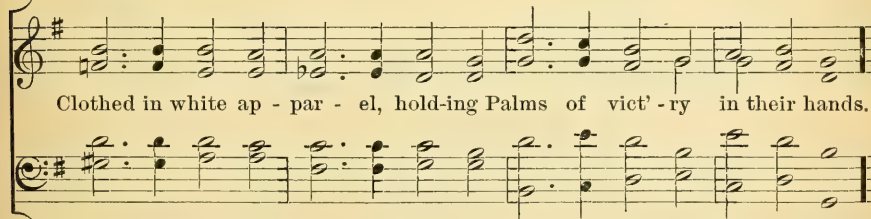
1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,



Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:



Mul - ti-tude which none can num-ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,



Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vict' - ry in their hands.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

- 4 Now they reign in heav'nly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

Other Feasts and Fasts

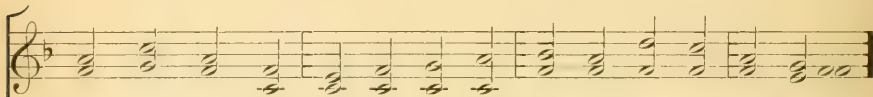
179

SECOND TUNE

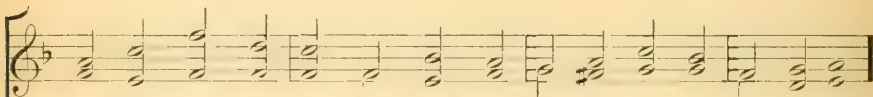
Deerhurst
J. LANGRAN. 1870



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,



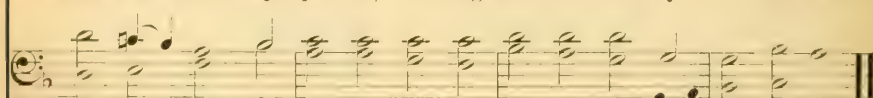
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee.



Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,



Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vict' - ry in their hands.



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Other Feasts and Fasts

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Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

179

THIRD TUNE

Eton
J. BARNBY. 1869

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee:

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vict - 'ry in their hands.

Other Feasts and Fasts

180

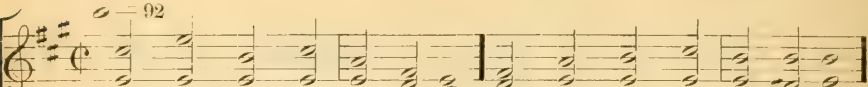
Who are these in bright array

7s.

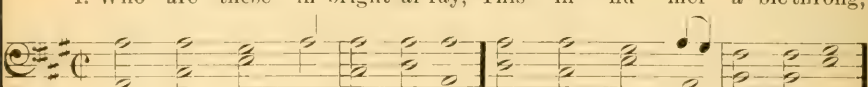

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

St. Edmund
DR. STEGGALL. 1849

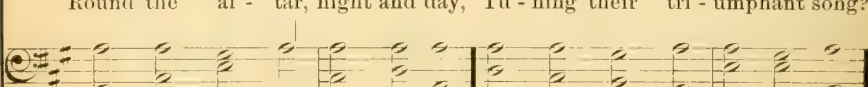
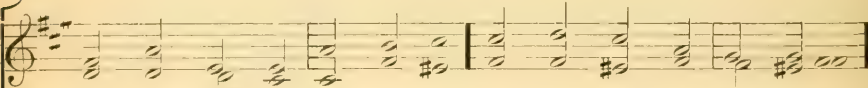
92



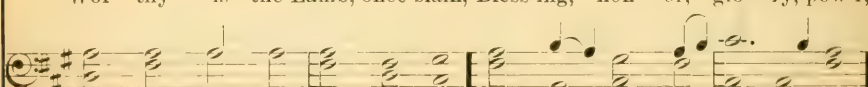

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,

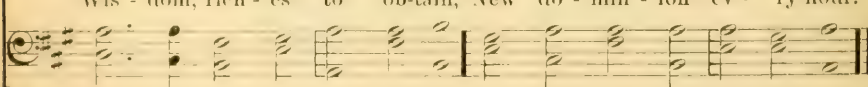
Round the al - tar, night and day, Tu - ning their tri - umphant song?

"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,

Wis - dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do - min - ion ev - 'ry hour."



2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might.
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

Other Feasts and Fasts

181

For all Thy saints, O Lord

S. M.

BISHOP MANT. 1847

Jewel
J. W. ELLIOTT

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,

Who fol-low'd Thee, o - bey'd, a - dor'd, Our grate-ful hymn re - ceive.

2 For Thy dear saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee.

Also the following :

390 Oh, what, if we are Christ's.
391 Let saints on earth in concert sing.
392 Not to the terrors of the Lord.
394 O Paradise, O Paradise.
396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
400 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
401 O heavenly Jerusalem.
404 I heard a sound of voices.
462 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise.
549 King of glory! Saviour dear!

Ember Days

182

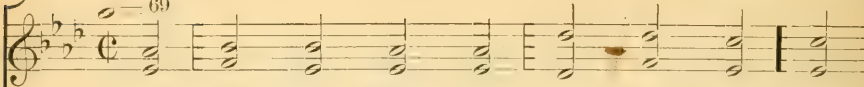
Lord of the Church, we humbly pray **8.8.6.8.8.6.**

E. OSLER. 1836

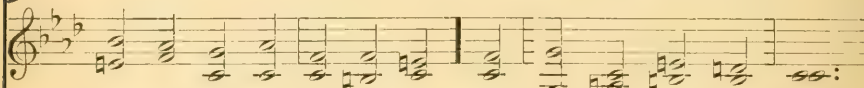
St. Augustin

J. BARNBY. 1861

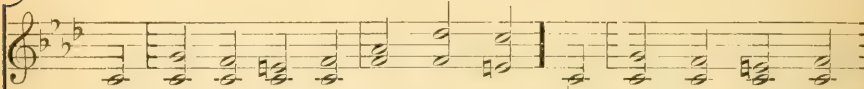
69




1. Lord of the Church, we hum - bly pray For



those who guide us in Thy way, And speak Thy ho - ly word;



With love di - vine their hearts in - spire, And touch their lips with



hal - low'd fire, And need - ful strength af - ford.

- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

Ember Days

183

Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high

L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

Melcombe
S. WEBBE. 1790

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Lord, pour Thy Spir - it from on high, And

Thine or - dain - ed ser - vants' bless; Grac - es and gifts to

each sup-ply, And clothe Thy priests with right - eous - ness.

- 2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.
- 5 So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

Ember Days

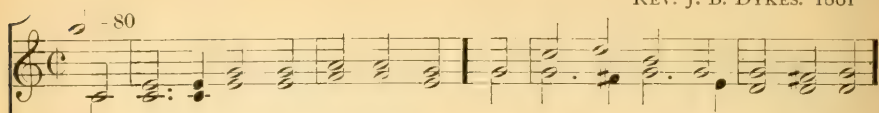
184

Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend

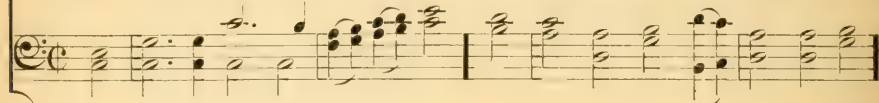
8s.

Melita

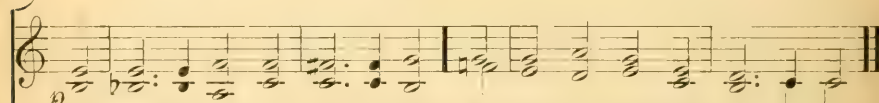
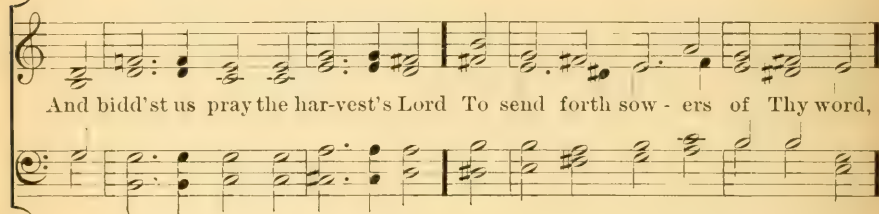
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. Thou Who the night in pray'r didst spend, And then Thy twelve a - pos - tles send;



And bidd'st us pray the har-vest's Lord To send forth sow - ers of Thy word,



Hear, and Thy cho - sen ser-vants bless With seven-fold gifts of ho - li-ness.



2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be,
Not lab'ring for themselves, but Thee;
Give grace to feed with wholesome food
The sheep and lambs bought by Thy
blood;
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove
How dearly they the Shepherd love!

3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,
And with them work, and for them pray,

And gladly Thee in them obey;
Receive the prophet of the Lord,
And gain the prophet's own reward!

3 So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne;
And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

185

Lord of the harvest, hear

S. M.

Rylstone

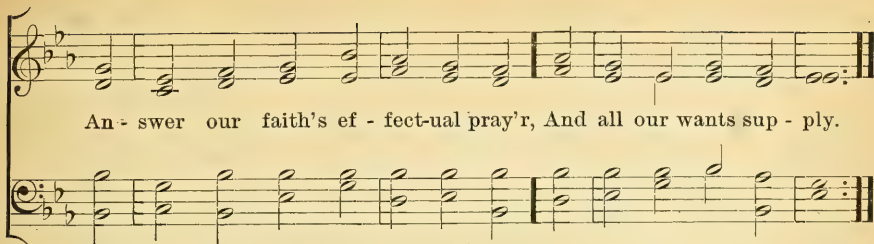
C. H. LLOYD. 1880

C. WESLEY. 1742



1. Lord of the har - vest, hear Thy need - y ser - vants' cry;

Ember Days



An - swer our faith's ef - fect-ual pray'r, And all our wants sup - ply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,

And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name,
Their mission fully prove:
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

186

Ye servants of the Lord

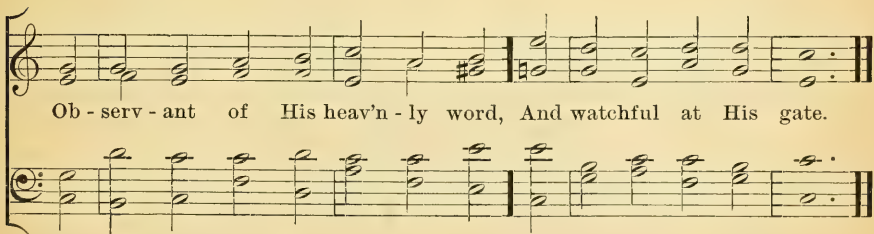
S. M.

Narenza
GERMAN.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755



1. Ye ser - vants of the Lord, Each in your of - fice, wait,



Ob - serv - ant of His heav'n - ly word, And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;

Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Rogation Days

187

To Thee our God we fly

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Christchurch

DR. STEGGALL. 1870

BISHOP W. HOW. 1871

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace;

Oh, hear our low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther-land.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The pow'rs ordained by Thee
With heav'nly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Rogation Days

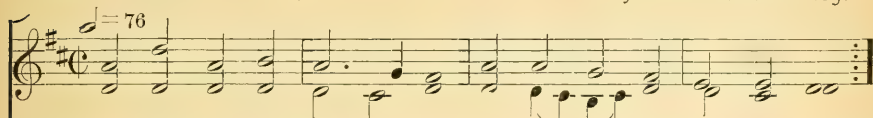
188

Christ, by heavenly hosts adored

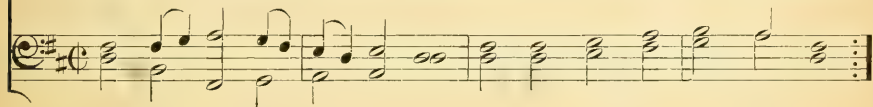
7s.

REV. H. HARBAUGH. 1860

Salzburg 1
J. ROSENMULLER. 1650



1. { Christ, by heav'nly hosts a - dor'd, Gra-cious, migh-ty, sov'-reign Lord, }
{ God of na-tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - a - ted things, }



By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for ev - er blest;



Plead - ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo - ple, bless our land.



2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the pow'rs by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1856

St Luke
J. HEYWOOD. 1885

76

1. Lord, in Thy Name Thy ser - vants plead, And

Thou hast sworn to hear; Thine is the har - vest,

Thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heav'ns and earth
We never may forego.

Thanksgiving Day

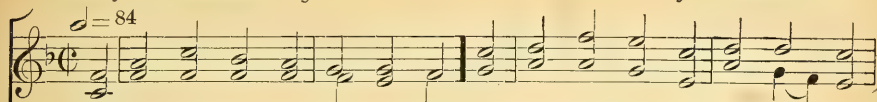
190

Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail! 8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

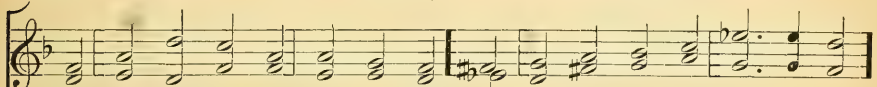
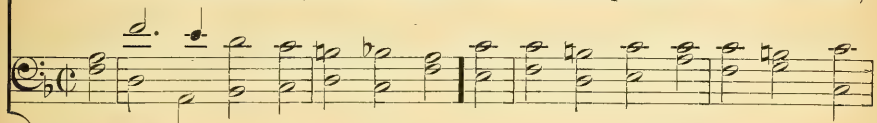
Sydenham

REV. J. H. GURNEY. 1850

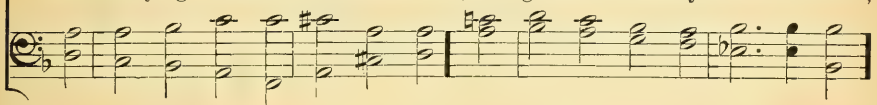
J. COWARD. 1868



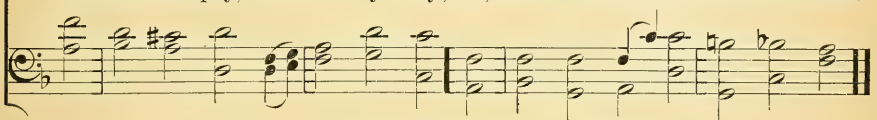
1. Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail! Thine an-cient pro-mise doth not fail;



The varying seasons haste their round; With goodness all our years are crown'd;



Our thanks we pay, This ho - ly day; Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.



2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When autumn yields its ripened grain,
Or winter sweeps the naked plain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Bestows new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New ev'ry year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

Thanksgiving Day

191

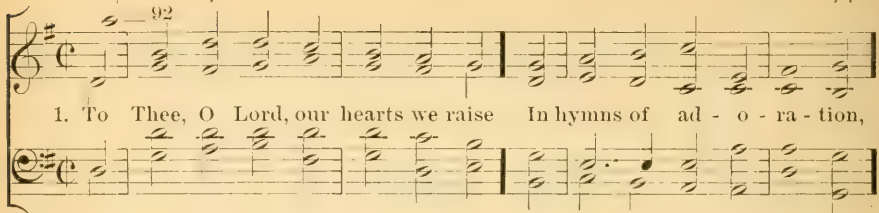
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise

8.7.

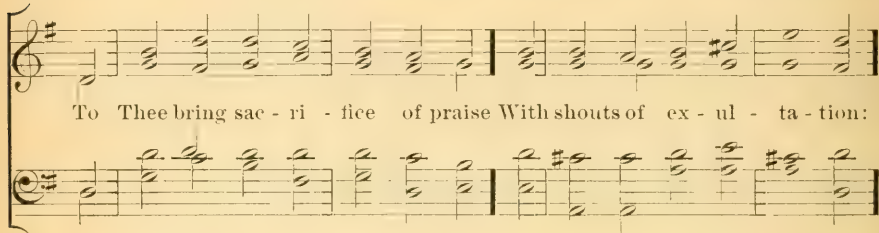
W. C. DIX. 1870

Golden sheaves
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

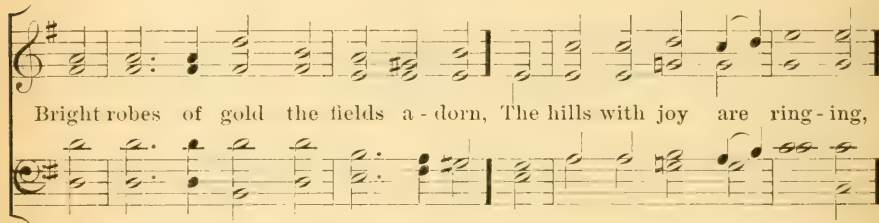
92



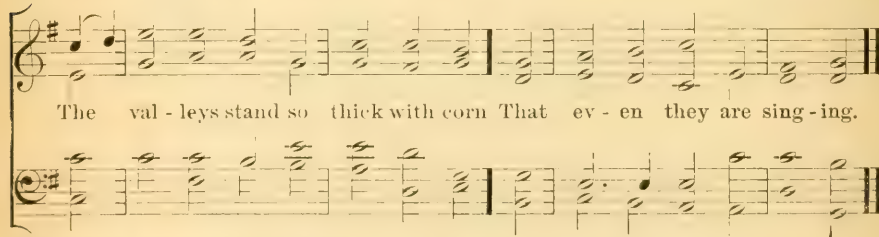
1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,



To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:



Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,



The val - leys stand so thick with corn That ev - en they are sing - ing.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner's bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

Thanksgiving Day

192

Praise to God, immortal praise

7s.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1773

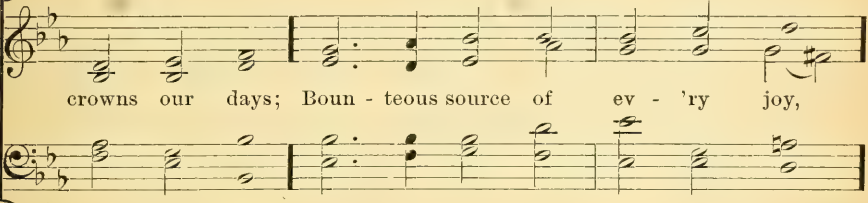
FIRST TUNE

Gloria
C. BUCKNALL. 1885

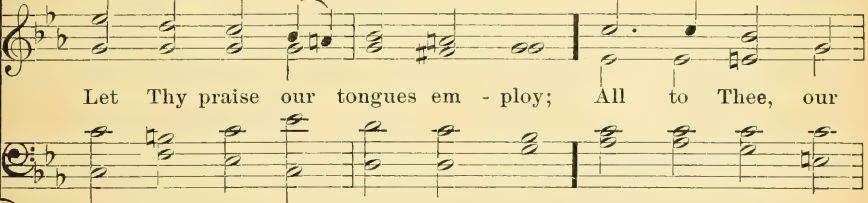
$\text{♩} = 88$



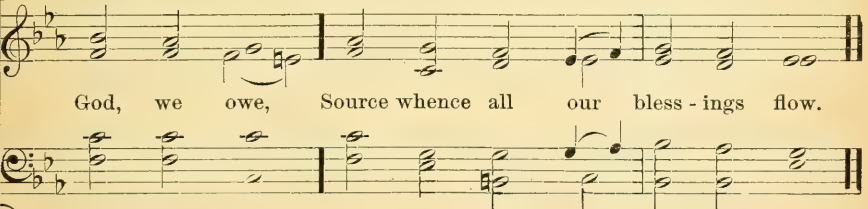
1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that



crowns our days; Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy,



Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy; All to Thee, our



God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

Thanksgiving Day

192

SECOND TUNE

Dix
C. KÖCHER. 1838

96

1. { Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; }
{ Bounteous source of ev-'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ; }

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams,

Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

193

Come, ye thankful people, come

7s.

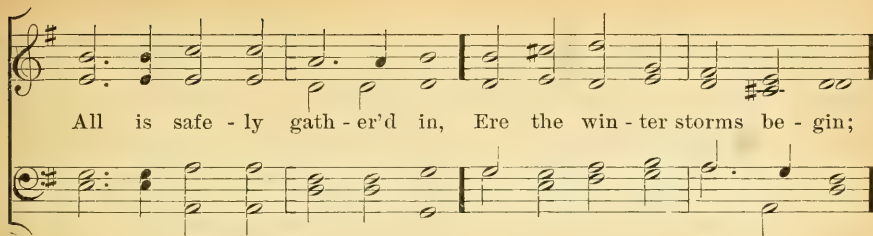
DEAN ALFORD. 1844

St. George 2
SIR G. J. ELVEY. 1855

84

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:

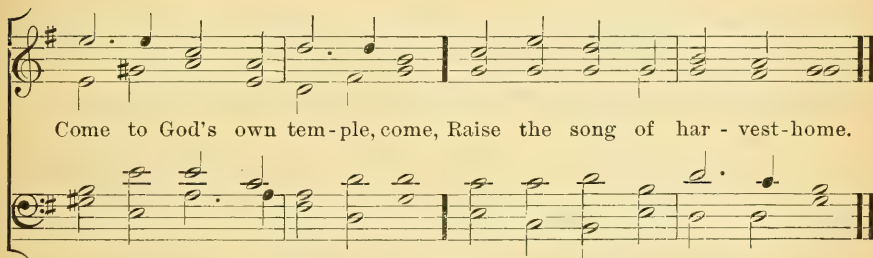
Thanksgiving Day



All is safe - ly gath - er'd in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup - plied;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Also the following :

461 The strain upraise of joy and praise.
466 Now thank we all our God.

472 O come, loud anthems let us sing.
473 Before Jehovah's awful throne.
477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

National Days

194 God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand 10s.

America

REV. D. C. ROBERTS 1876

DR. G. W. WARREN. 1892

Voices alone.

Trumpets.
(before each stanza.) 1. God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand

The first system of music is for voices and trumpets. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked as 60. The music begins with a 3-measure rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'God of our fathers, Whose almighty hand' are written below the staff.

With Organ.

Leads forth in beauty all the star-ry band Of shining worlds in

The second system of music continues the melody. It includes a 3-measure rest and a crescendo marking. The lyrics 'Leads forth in beauty all the star-ry band Of shining worlds in' are written below the staff.

splen-dor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.

The third system of music concludes the first stanza. It features a 3-measure rest and a final double bar line. The lyrics 'splen-dor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.' are written below the staff.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and
stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen
way.</p> <p>3 From war's alarms, from deadly pesti-
lence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;</p> | <p>Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in
peace.</p> <p>4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome
way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-
vine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

195 God of our fathers P. M.

Patria

REV. J. H. HOPKINS

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

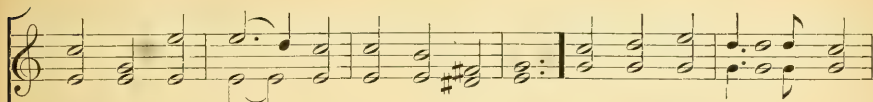
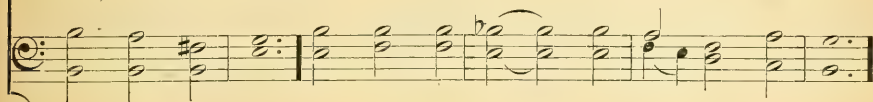
1. God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O - cean to o - cean

The first system of music for 'God of our fathers' (195) is in 3/2 time. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The tempo is marked as 72. The music begins with a 3-measure rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics '1. God of our fa - thers, Bless this our land; O - cean to o - cean' are written below the staff.

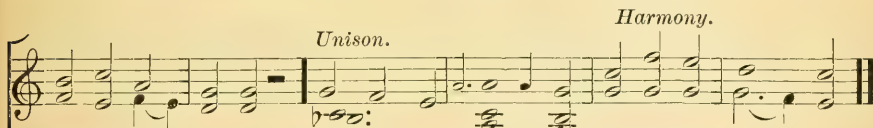
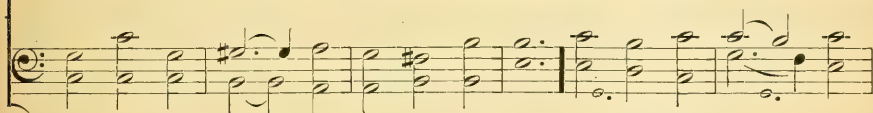
National Days



Own - eth Thy hand. Home of all na - tions From far and near,



Give, to u - nite us, Thy faith and fear. God of our fa - thers



Fail - ing us nev - er, God of our fa - thers, Be ours for - ev - er.



2 Lord God of Sabaoth,
Mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless
Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth
All that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,
Smite down our foes;
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Fight for us ever.

3 Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,

Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee;
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou for ever.

4 Spirit of unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place
Under Thy wings;
By Thine own presence
Thy will be done,
Millions of free men
Banded as one.
Lord God almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and for ever.

NOTE.—In second stanza, the slurs and ties must be disregarded: as also occasionally in third and fourth stanzas.

National Days

196

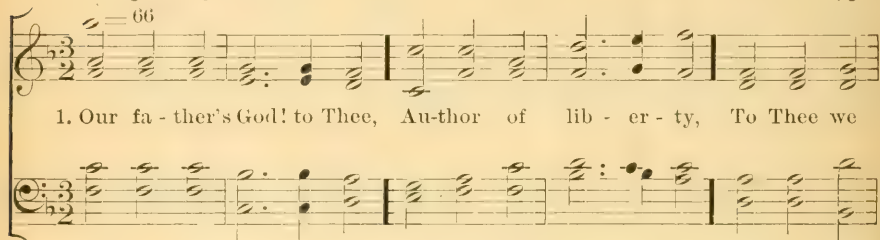
Our father's God! to Thee

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Stanza 1 REV. S. F. SMITH. 1832
Stanza 2 REV. C. T. BROOKS 1835
Stanza 3 REV. J. S. DWIGHT. 1844

Leyden
J. G. BRAUN. 1675

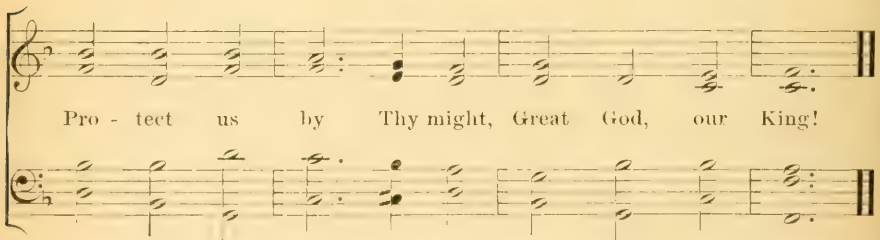
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we



sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;



Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

2 Bless Thou our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

3 For her our pray'r shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

National Days

197

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King

L. M.

DR. O. W. HOLMES. 1861

Woolmers
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1861

$\text{♩} = 76$



1. O Lord of Hosts! Al-might-y King! Be -

- hold the sac - ri - fice we bring: To ev - 'ry arm Thy

strength im - part; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart.

2 Wake in our breast the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sov'reign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!

National Days

198 God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken 11.10.11.9.

Stanza 1, 4 H. F. CHORLEY. 1842

Stanza 2, 3. REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

Ullor

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

f $\text{♩} = 84$

1. God the all - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en

Thy ways of bless - ed - ness, slight - ed Thy word;

Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en;

p

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;

Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,

Falseness and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chas'tning,

Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;

Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hast'ning;

Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

National Days

4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

199

O God of love, O King of peace

L. M.

Pax

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1861

SIR R. P. STEWART. 1862

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make
wars throughout the world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful
man re - strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heav'nly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

National Days

200

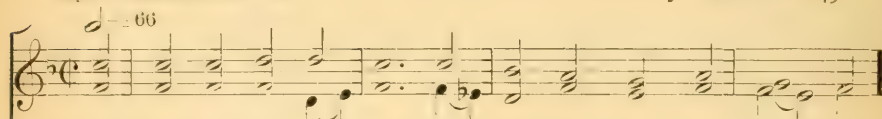
Lord God, we worship Thee!

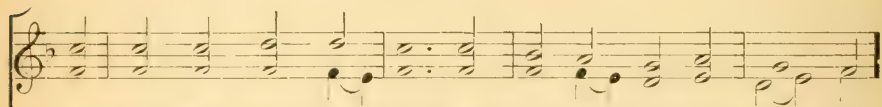
P. M.

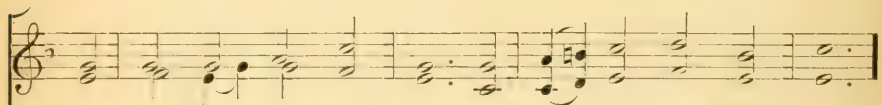
“Herr Gott, dich loben wir.”


J. FRANCK. 1653
MISS WINKWORTH. Tr.

Nun danket
J. CRUGER. 1649


1. Lord God, we wor - ship Thee! In loud and hap - py cho - rus


We praise Thy love and pow'r, Whose good-ness reign - eth o'er us.


To heav'n our song shall soar, For - ev - er shall it be


Re - sound - ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor - ship Thee!

National Days

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 For Thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And strife and war Thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God; we worship Thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us:
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land:
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

201

Dread Jehovah, God of nations

8.7.

Cherubini

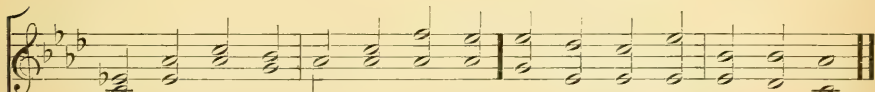
C. F. 1804

W. SHELMEKDINE. 1855

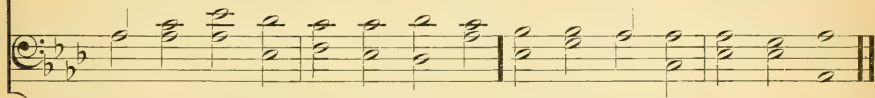
$\text{♩} = 66$



1. Dread Je-ho-vah, God of na-tions, From Thy tem-ple in the skies,



Hear Thy peo-ple's sup-pli-ca-tions, Now for their de-liv-'rance rise.



- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface:
 Save Thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

The Old Year

202

Across the sky the shades of night

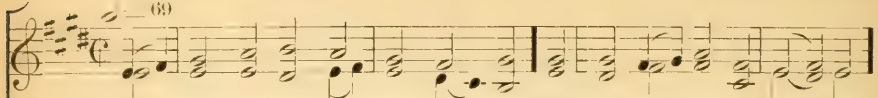
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

Attolle

GERMAN. 1540

REV. J. HAMILTON. 1882

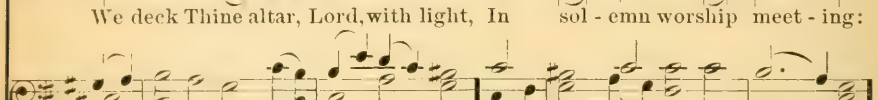
(69)



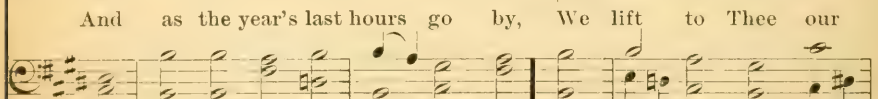
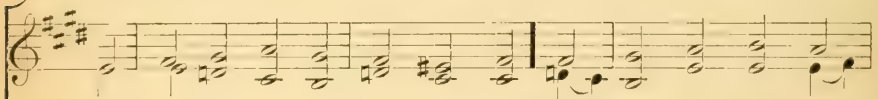
1. A - cross the sky the shades of night This win - ter's eve are fleet - ing:



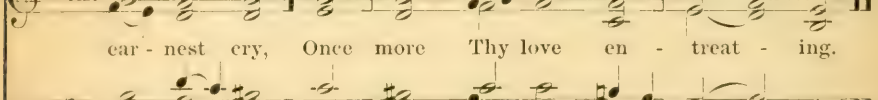
We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light, In sol - emn worship meet - ing:



And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our



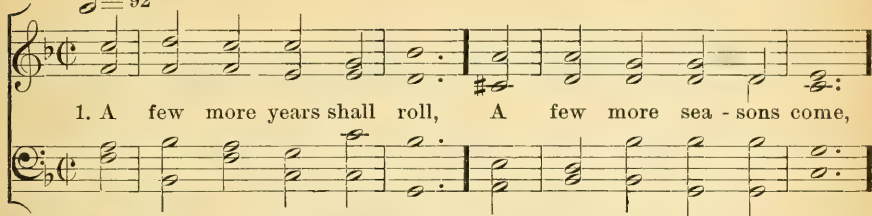
ear - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing.



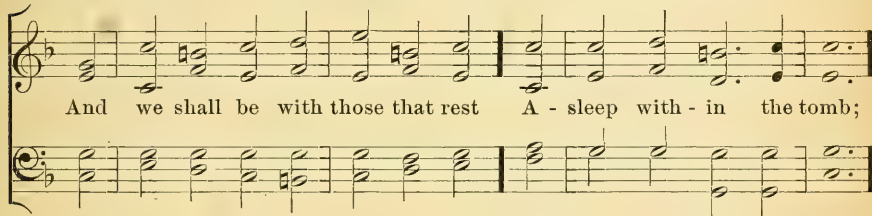
- 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our pray'rs addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 3 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us,
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise:
Whose peace descendeth o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To reunite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.
- 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The mem'ry of Thy mercies:
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:

For Thou hast been our strength and stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

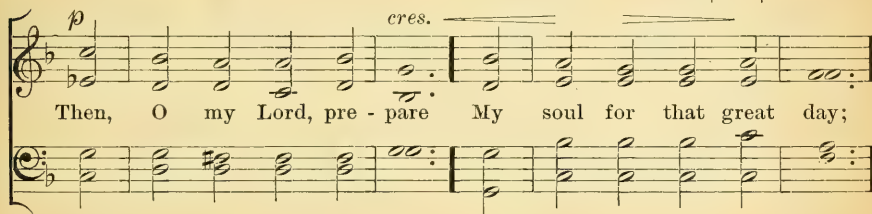
- 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gath'ring overhead,
Thy providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.
- 6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us;
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heav'n shall unfold and hide us.

$\text{♩} = 92$ 

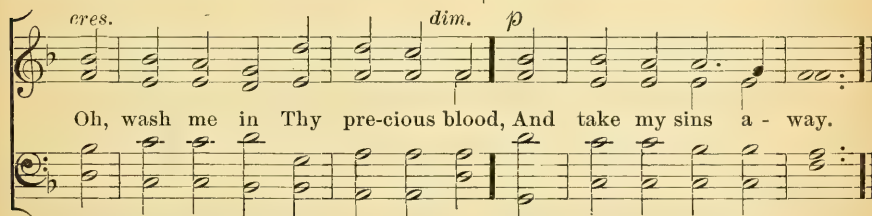
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,



And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;



Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

- Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Also the following :

- 417 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.
418 O God, our help in ages past.
420 Jesu, still lead on.
422 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.
621 Days and moments quickly flying.
623 I'm but a stranger here.

The New Year

204

For Thy mercy and Thy grace

7s.

REV. H. DOWNTON. 1841

Glebe
REV. J. B. DYKES.

84

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful thro' an - oth - er year,

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear.

2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh, help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

205

From glory unto glory!

7.6.

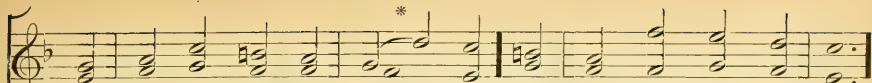
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL 1873

Dorking
G. COOPER. 1850

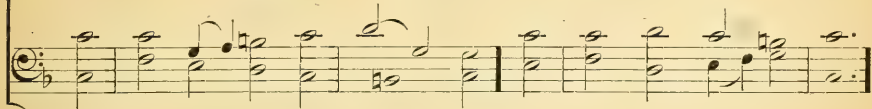
84

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

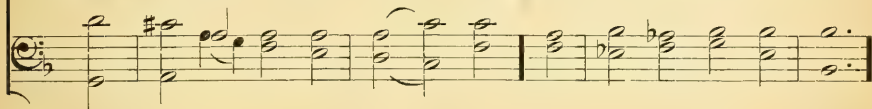
The New Year



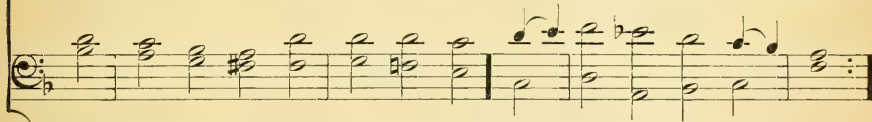
As on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long.



From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,



As dawns the sol - emn brightness of an - oth - er glad New Year.



- 2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!
- 3 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright'ning day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.
- 4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.
- 5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.
- 6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

Also the following :

510 Go forward, Christian soldier.
541 Now a new year opens.

626 My times are in Thy hand.
628 Though faint yet pursuing.
666 Jesus, I live to Thee.

* Disregard slurs in 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th verses. † Omit slurs in 4th verse.

III. THE CHURCH

HOLY BAPTISM

206

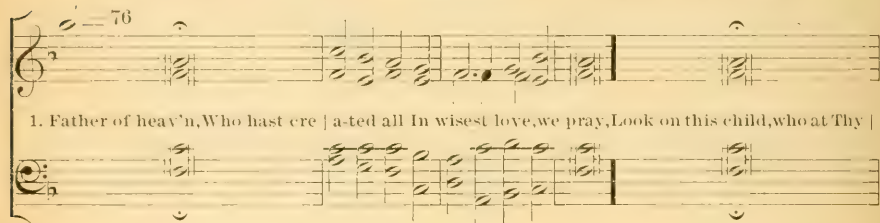
Father of heaven, Who hast created all 10.6.10.6.8.8.4.

A. KNAPP, 1841
WINKWORTH, Tr.

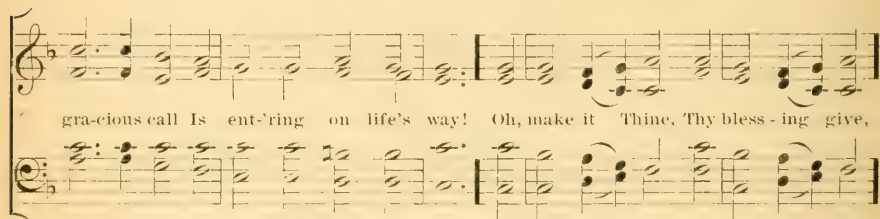
"O Vaterherz."

St Francis
SIR A. SULLIVAN, 1874

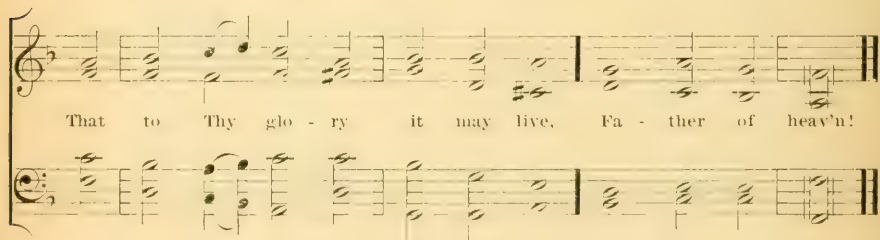
76



1. Father of heav'n, Who hast cre | a-ted all In wisest love, we pray, Look on this child, who at Thy |



gra-cious call Is ent-ring on life's way! Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless-ing give,



That to Thy glo-ry it may live, Fa-ther of heav'n!

2 O Son of God, atoning | Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd | to Thy fold,
For ever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broadest | o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give it undying life, its | spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

Holy Baptism

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast | willed is done;
 We speak: but Thine the might;
 This child hath scarce yet seen our | earthly sun,
 Yet pour on it Thy light
 Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
 Thou Sun of all below, above,
 O Triune God.

207

Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding

8.7.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG. 1826

Sharon
 DR. BOYCE. 1765

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Sav - iour, Who Thy flock art feed - ing,
 With the shep - herd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
 gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share;

2 Now, *these* little ones receiving,
 Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
 There we know, Thy word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving
 Let *them* be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
 Let *them* find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Holy Baptism

208

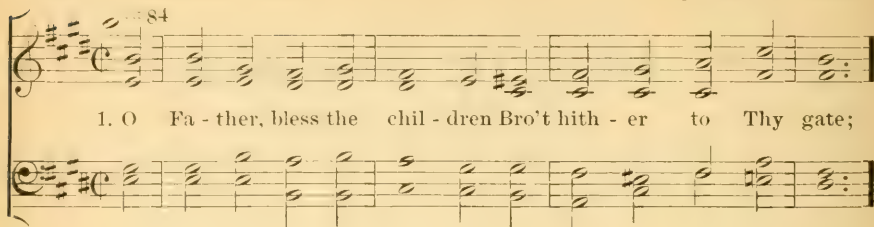
O Father, bless the children

7.6.

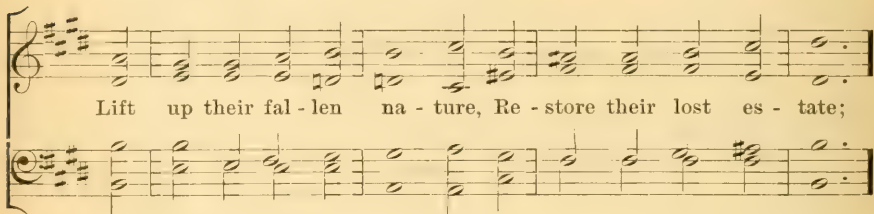
REV. J ELLERTON. 1886.

St. Anselm
J. BARNEY. 1868

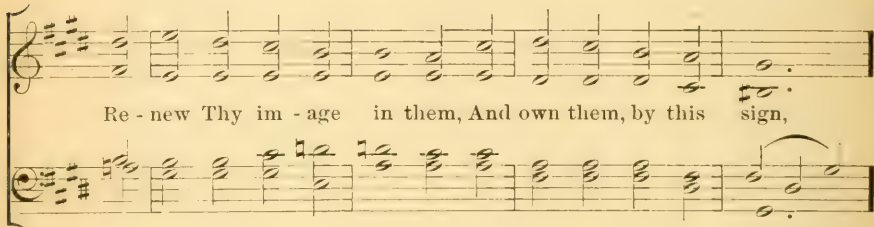
84



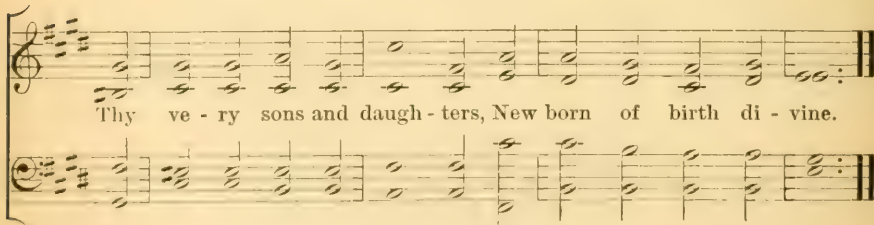
1. O Fa - ther, bless the chil - dren Bro't hith - er to Thy gate;



Lift up their fal - len na - ture, Re - store their lost es - tate;



Re - new Thy im - age in them, And own them, by this sign,



Thy ve - ry sons and daugh - ters, New born of birth di - vine.

2 O Jesu, Lord, receive them;
Thy loving arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold;
Let these, baptized, and dying,
Then rising from the dead,
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee, their living Head.

Holy Baptism

3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each,
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour!
We name upon the children
The Threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine.

209

In token that thou shalt not fear

C. M.

DEAN ALFORD. 1832

Tallis
T. TALLIS. 1560

♩ = 80

1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,

We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own:
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

Holy Baptism

ADULTS

210

Stand, soldier of the cross

S. M.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1870

Crucis
DR. GARRETT. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Stand, sol - dier of the cross, Thy high al - legiance claim, And

vow to hold the world but loss For thy Re - deem - er's Name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 Thine is our country now,
Our Lord and Master thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His Passion's awful sign.

Also the following

278 O Lord, our strength in weakness.

4 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.

5 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

509 Soldiers of Christ, arise.

510 Go forward, Christian soldier.

Confirmation

211

O God, in Whose all-searching eye

D. L. M.

BP. CH. WORDSWORTH. 1862

Darmstadt
J. SCHOP. 1641

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. O God, in Whose all-searching eye Thy servants stand, to ra - ti - fy

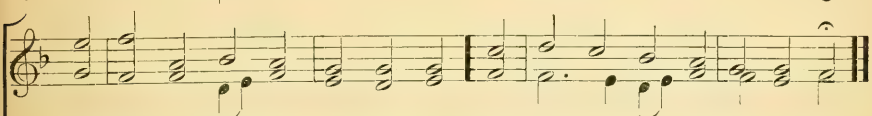
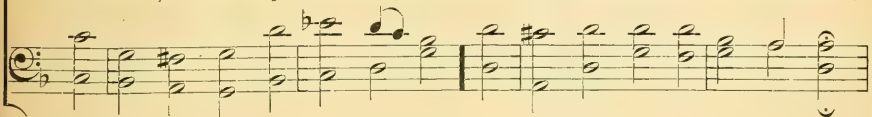
Confirmation



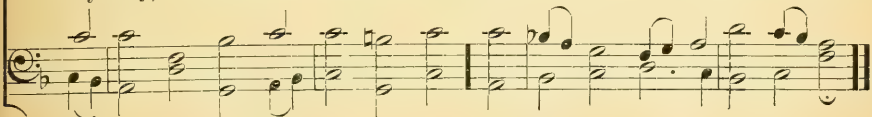
The vow bap - tis - mal, by them made When first Thy hand was on them laid;



Bless them, O Ho - ly Fa - ther, bless, Who Thee with heart and voice confess;



May they, acknowledged as Thine own, Stand ev - er - more before Thy throne.



- 2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost
Send down from heav'n the Holy Ghost;
And at Samaria baptize
Those whom Thou didst evangelize;
And then on Thy baptized confer
The best of gifts, the Comforter,
By apostolic hands, and prayer;
Be with us now, as Thou wert there.
- 3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.
- 4 Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
May each a living temple be.
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sev'nfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

Confirmation

212

The cross is on our brow

S. M.

Crux

W. C. DIX. 1869

J. BARNEY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. The cross is on our brow, Re - demption's aw - ful sign:

Come Thou, O Ho - ly Spir - it, now, To seal the work di - vine.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy sev'nfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.</p> | <p>4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought:
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.</p> |
| <p>3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel:
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.</p> | <p>5 No earth-forged arms we bear:
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity divine.</p> |

213

Holy Spirit, Lord of love

7s.

Herbert


BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1873

H. S. IRONS. 1867

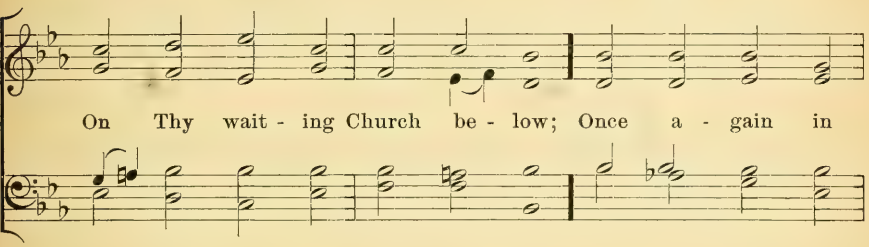
$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of love, Thou Who cam - est

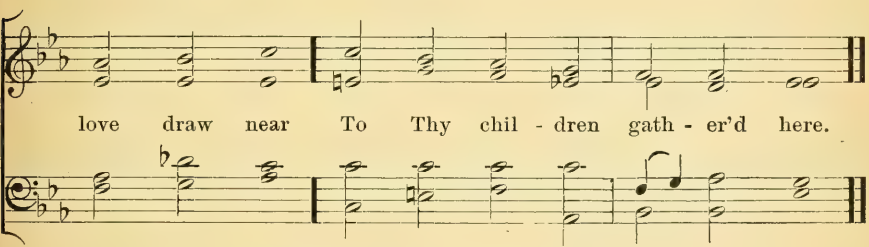
Confirmation



from a - bove, Gifts of bless - ing to be - stow



On Thy wait - ing Church be - low; Once a - gain in



love draw near To Thy chil - dren gath - er'd here.

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their friend.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily pow'r to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sev'nfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home.

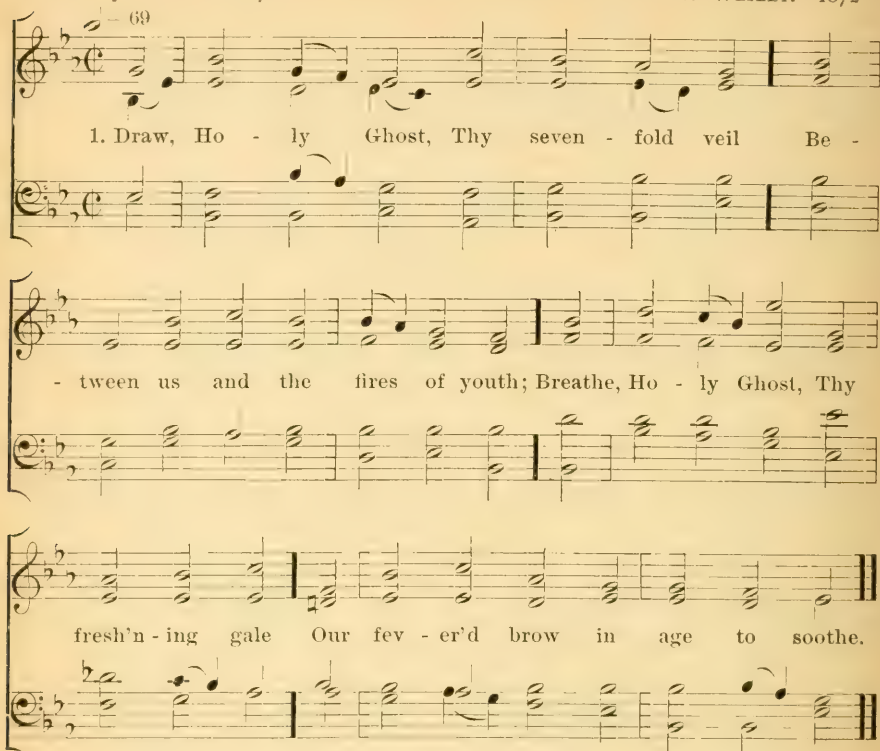
Confirmation

214 Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil L. M.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1827

Sebastian
DR. WESLEY. 1872

69



1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy seven - fold veil Be -
- tween us and the fires of youth; Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, Thy
fresh'n - ing gale Our fev - er'd brow in age to soothe.

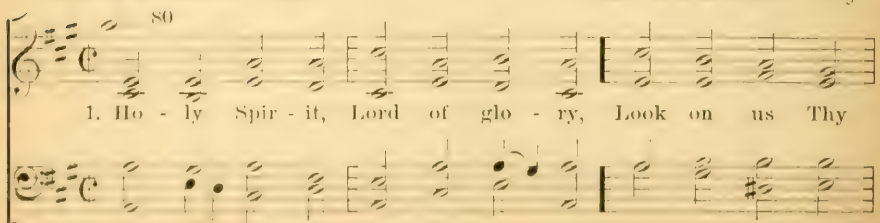
2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A shelt'ring rock in mem'ry's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

215 Holy Spirit, Lord of glory 8.7.

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1868

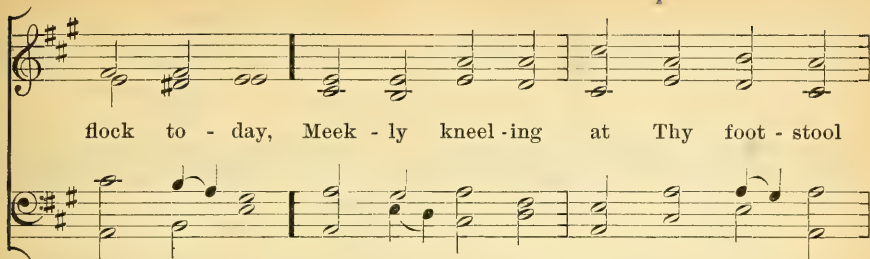
Second Advent
REV. C. I. LATROBE. 1825

80

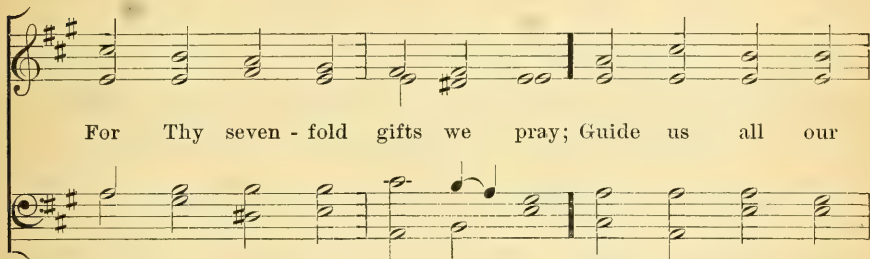


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy

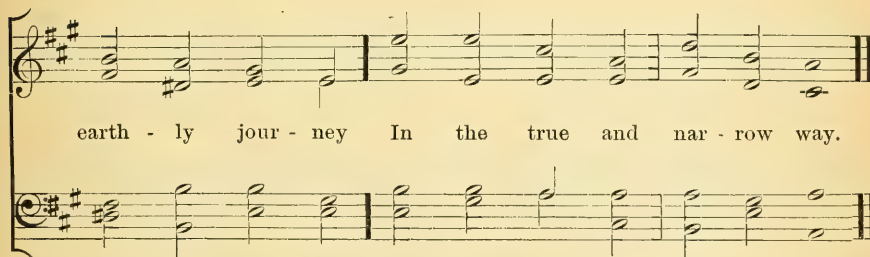
Confirmation



flock to - day, Meek - ly kneel - ing at Thy foot - stool



For Thy seven - fold gifts we pray; Guide us all our



earth - ly jour - ney In the true and nar - row way.

2 Foes on ev'ry hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heav'nly armor;
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us vict'ry in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.

3 Blessèd Jesus, draw Thou near us,
As before Thy cross we bow;
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.

4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heav'nly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,
From the living well of life.

5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him for ever
In the Paradise of God.

Confirmation

216

Thine forever! God of love

7s.

MRS. MAUDE. 1847

FIRST TUNE

Evermore
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1868

♩ = 69

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;

Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

- 2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heav'nly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

- 4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep
These Thy weak and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let them all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

216

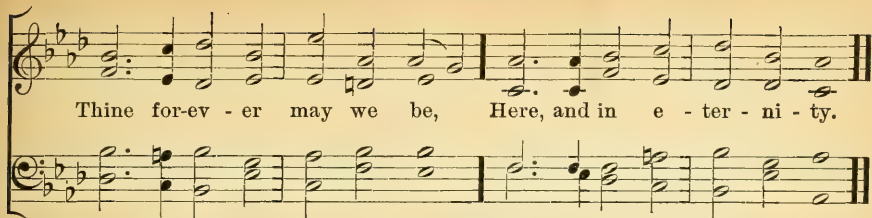
SECOND TUNE

Newington
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1880

♩ = 69

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;

Confirmation



Thine for-ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

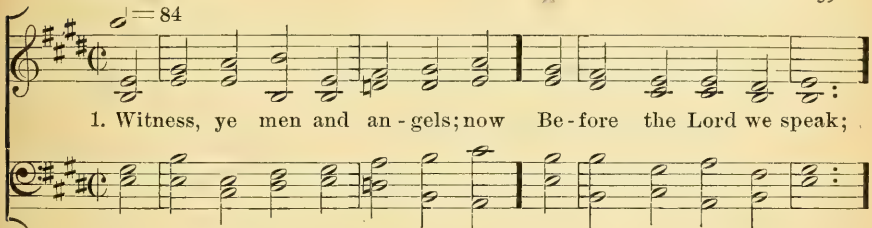
217

Witness, ye men and angels; now

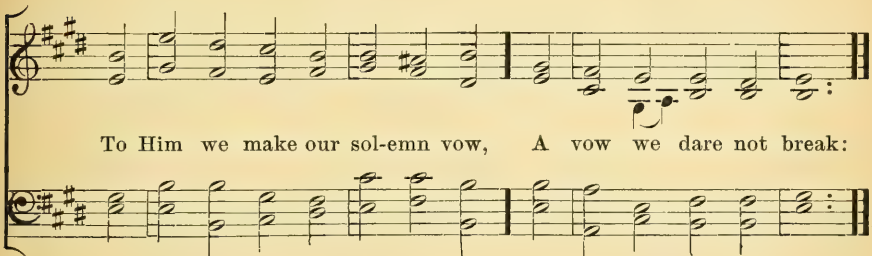
C. M.

B. BEDDOME. 1817

Dundee
SCOTCH. 1592



1. Witness, ye men and an - gels; now Be - fore the Lord we speak;



To Him we make our sol-emn vow, A vow we dare not break:

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers
Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise.

Confirmation

218

O happy day, that stays my choice

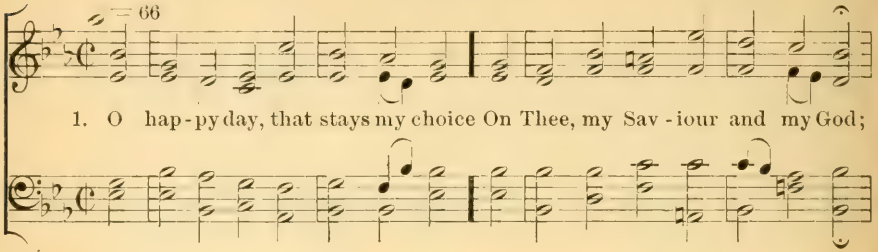
L.M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

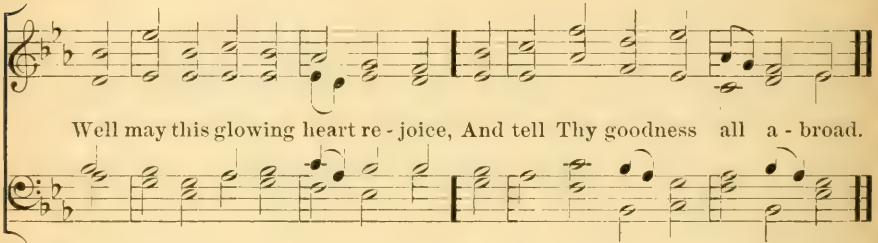
FIRST TUNE

* *Kent*
J. F. LAMPE. 1745

66



1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;



Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell Thy goodness all a-broad.

2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When called on angels' food to feast?

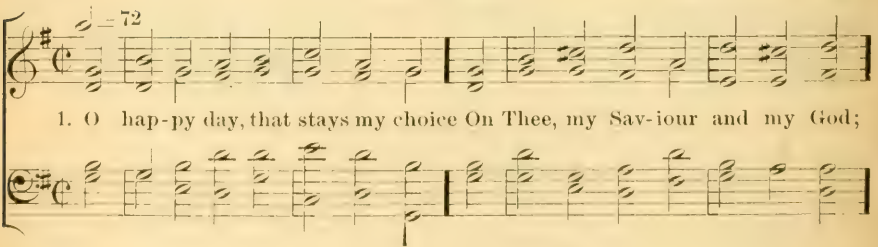
3 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

218

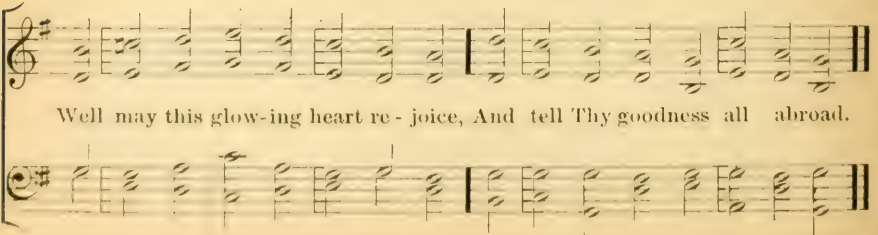
SECOND TUNE

Angels'
O. GIBBONS. 1623

72



1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God;



Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

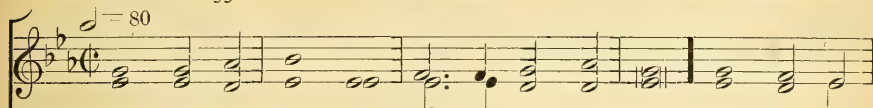
Holy Communion

219 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face 10s.

DR. BONAR. 1855

FIRST TUNE

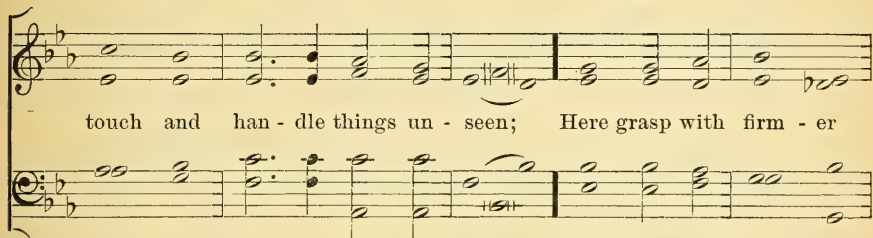
Penitential
DR. DEARLE. 1880



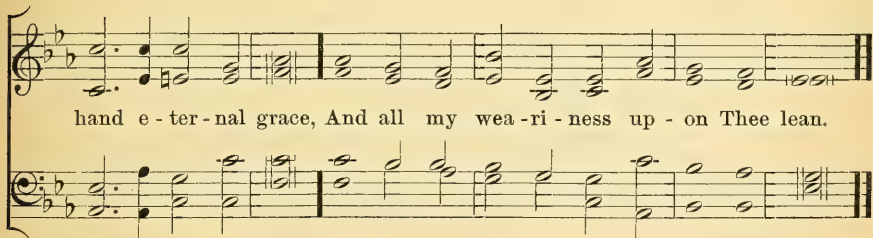
1. Here, O my-Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I



touch and han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er



hand e-ter-nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean.



2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

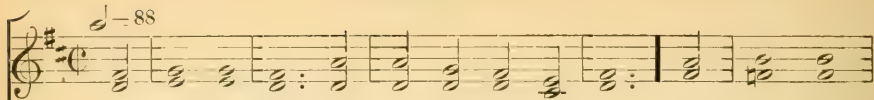
Holy Communion

219

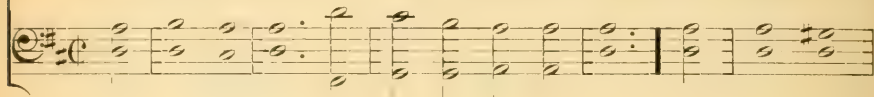
SECOND TUNE

Lento
J. ADCOCK, 1879

$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I



touch and han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand e-ter-nal



grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on Thee lean.



2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

Holy Communion

220

Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord

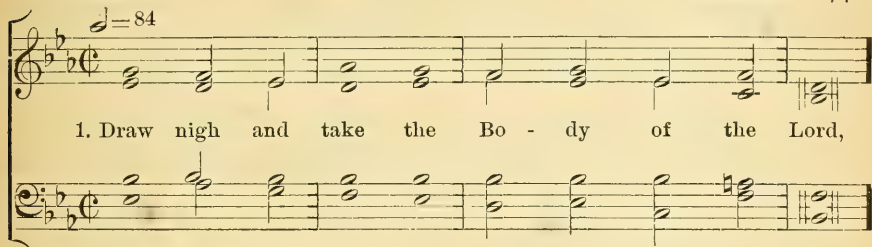
10s.

7th CENTURY
NEALE. Tr.

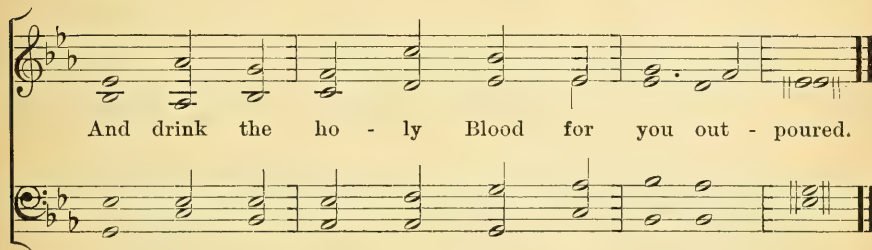
"Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite."

Cena
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. Draw nigh and take the Bo - dy of the Lord,



And drink the ho - ly Blood for you out - poured.

- 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That in a type celestial myst'ries told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;
- 9 With heav'nly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Holy Communion

221

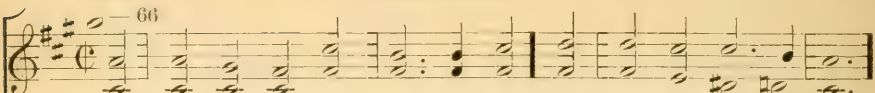
O God, unseen yet ever near

C. M.

E. OSLER. 1836

FIRST TUNE

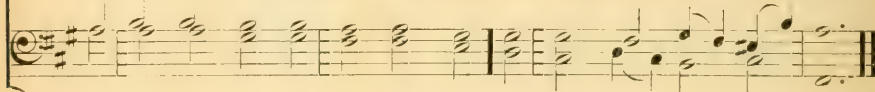
Jerusalem
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



1. O God, un-seen yet ev - er near, Thy presence may we feel;



And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel.



2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heav'nly food;

Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious Blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

221

SECOND TUNE

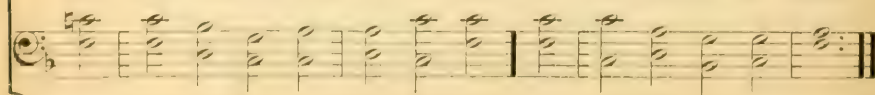
St. Flavian
ENGLISH. 1563



1. O God, un-seen yet ev - er near, Thy presence may we feel;



And thus in-spired with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel.



Holy Communion

222

Jesu, to Thy table led

7s.

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1864

FIRST TUNE

Lacrymæ
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. Je - su, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wav'ring faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

222

SECOND TUNE

St. Basil
GERMAN

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Je - su, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.

Holy Communion

223

O Bread of Life from heaven

7.7.6.7.7.6.

"O esca viatorum."

ANON. 1661
SCHAEFF. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

Esca
J. BARNBY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels

giv - - en; O man - na from a - bove!

The souls that hun - ger, feed Thou, The hearts that seek Thee,

lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

Holy Communion

3 Jesu, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heav'n ascended,
May see Thee evermore.

223

SECOND TUNE

St. Ulric
A. H. BROWN. 1884

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Bread of Life from heav - en, To saints and an - gels

giv - en; O man - na from . . . a - bove!

The souls that hun - ger, feed Thou, The hearts that seek Thee,

lead Thou, With Thy sweet, ten - der love.

Holy Communion

224

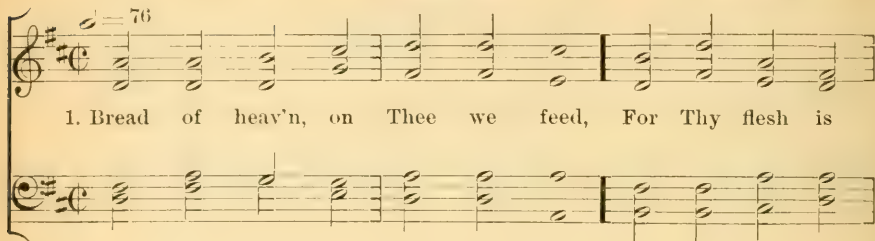
Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed

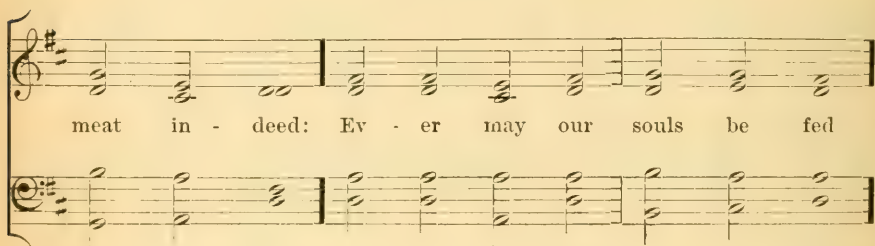
7s.

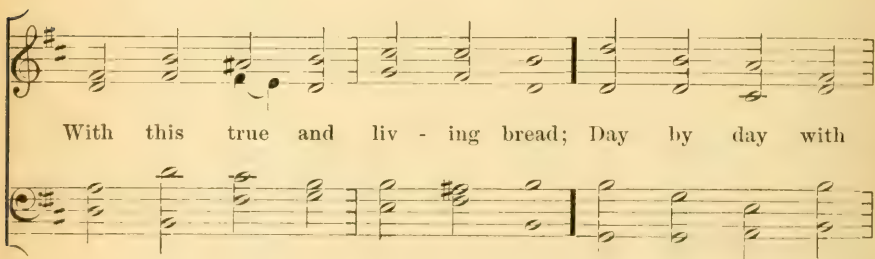
J. CONDER. 1824.

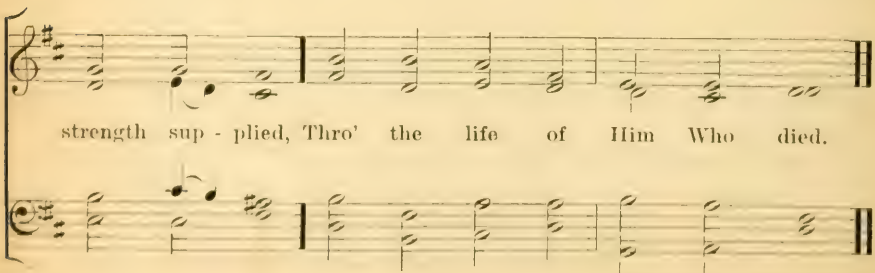
FIRST TUNE

Ratisbon
GERMAN. 1815


1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is


meat in - deed: Ev - er may our souls be fed


With this true and liv - ing bread; Day by day with


strength sup - plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died.

Holy Communion

2 Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesu, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

224

SECOND TUNE

Bread of Heaven
BISHOP MACLAGAN. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is

meat in - deed: Ev - er may our souls be fed

With this true and liv - ing bread; Day by day with

strength sup - plied, Thro' the life of Him Who died.

Holy Communion

225

Bread of the world, in mercy broken P. M.

BISHOP HEBER. 1827

FIRST TUNE

Panis
REV. DR. HODGES. 1869

72

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the

soul, in mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of

life were spo - ken, And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

225

SECOND TUNE

Vox Domini
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1875

52

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in

Holy Communion

mer - cy shed, By Whom the words of life were spo - ken,

And in Whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

226

Saviour, Who didst come to give

7s.

REV. F. W. BARTLETT. 1890

Buckland
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sav-iour, Who didst come to give Liv - ing bread, that all might live;

Grant me grace on Thee to feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed.

2 Hungry, thirsty, faint, I pray,
Help me on the heav'nward way;
Vine of strength, supply my need,
For Thy blood is drink indeed.

Holy Communion

227

O Saving Victim, opening wide

L. M.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS. 1263
CASWALL. *Tp.*

"O salutaris Hostia."

FIRST TUNE

* *Custodes*
C. GOUNOD. 1855

p $\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Sav - ing Vic - tim, open - ing wide

The gate of heav'n to man be - low,

Our foes press on from ev' - ry side, Thine aid sup -

pp

- ply, Thy strength be - stow. A - men, A - men.

Holy Communion

2 All praise and thanks to Thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three;
Oh, grant us life that shall not end,
In our true native land with Thee.

227

SECOND TUNE

* *Salutaris*
ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. O Sav ing Vic - tim, open - ing wide

The gate of heav'n to man be - low,

Our foes press on from ev' - ry side,

Thine aid sup - ply, Thy strength be - stow.

Holy Communion

228

And now, O Father, mindful of the love 10s.

Unde

REV. W. BRIGHT. 1874

W. H. MONK. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. And now, O Fa - ther, mind - ful of the love

That bought us, once for all, on Cal - vary's tree,

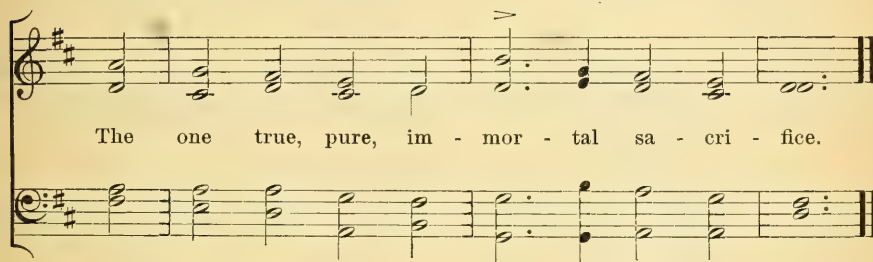
And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,

We here pres - ent, we here spread forth to Thee,

Holy Communion



That on - ly off' - ring per - fect in Thine eyes,



The one true, pure, im - mor - tal sa - cri - fice.

- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our pray'r so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal!
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4 And so we come; oh, draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still!
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from ev'ry touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Holy Communion

229

O Thou, before the world began

8s.

Faber

REV. C. WESLEY. 1745

REV. R. R. CHOPE

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. O Thou, be - fore the world be - gan Ordained a sa - cri -

- fice for man, And by th' e - ter - nal Spir - it made

An off' - ring in the sin - ner's stead; Our ev - er - last - ing

Priest art Thou, Plead - ing Thy death for sin - ners now.

2 Thy off'ring still continues new
Before the righteous Father's view;
Thyself the Lamb forever slain,
Thy priesthood doth unchanged remain;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Nor Thy blest work within the veil.

3 Oh, that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as Thy love!
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My Lord, my God, Who dies for me.

Holy Communion

230 Thou, who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray 10s.

CAPTAIN TURTON. 1881

Sacramentum
C. H. LLOYD. 1885

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Thou, Who at Thy first Eu-cha-rist didst pray, That all Thy Church might

be for - ev - er one, Grant us at ev-'ry Eu - char - ist to say

With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done." Oh, may we all one

pp Unison. cres. *dim.*

Bread, one Bo - dy be, Thro' this blest Sa - crament of U - ni - ty.

2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

3 We pray Thee, too, for wand'ers from Thy fold;
Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of old,

Back to the Church which still that faith doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

Holy Communion

231

My God, and is Thy table spread

L. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

FIRST TUNE

Rockingham

DR. MILLER. 1790

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy

cup with love o'er - flow, Thith - er be all Thy

chil - dren led, And let them Thy sweet mer - cies know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
 In countless numbers let them come;
 And gather from their Father's board
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

Holy Communion

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

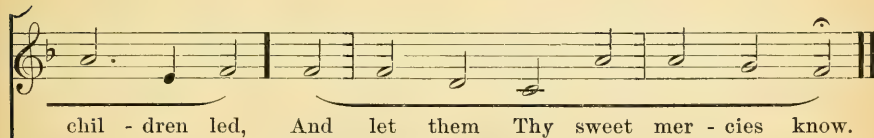
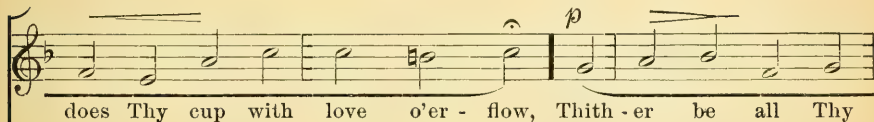
231

The first setting, 2d

SECOND TUNE

Mensa
DR. GARRETT. 1860

66 Voices in Unison.



Holy Communion

232

O Holy Jesu, Prince of Peace!

P. M.

St. Catherine

REV. J. BROWN-BORTHWICK. 1870

J. NAYLOR. 1874

52

1 O Ho - ly Je - su, Prince of Peace! Thy peace be with us
gath'ring round Thy board, Here, where the pre - sence of an unseen Lord
Waits to be gra-cious, charg'd with full re - lease To ev - 'ry
heav - y - la - den soul Which here re - mem-bers Thee.

2 Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,
Thou Whose dear voice to ev'ry sorrowing friend
Spoke the great promise through the deep'ning gloom,
Thou bid'st us, Master of the feast,
To-day remember Thee!

3 And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,
Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,
A fount of grace and life to all;
We do remember Thee!

Holy Communion

4 Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each;
That love whose ever-length'ning cords can reach
From the white choir around Thy heav'nly shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

5 Thy banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us do,
Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee!

233

According to Thy gracious word

C.M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. 1825

St Agatha

T. GAMBIER PARRY. 1867

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In

meek hu - mi - li - ty, This will I do, my

dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

Holy Communion

234

I am not worthy, holy Lord

C.M.

REV. SIR H. BAKER. 1875

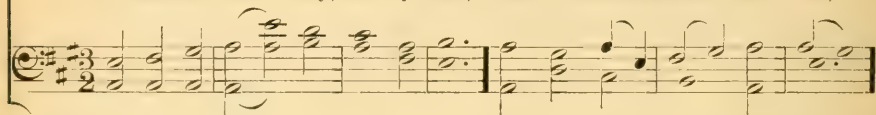
FIRST TUNE

Gerontius

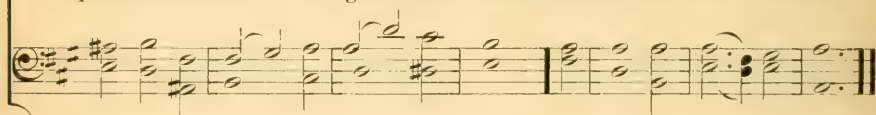
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868



1. I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;



Speak but the word: one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.



2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;

Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

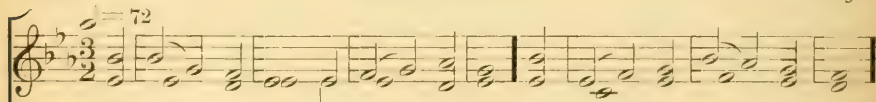
4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

234

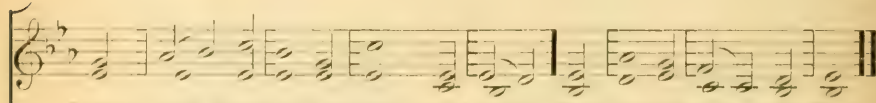
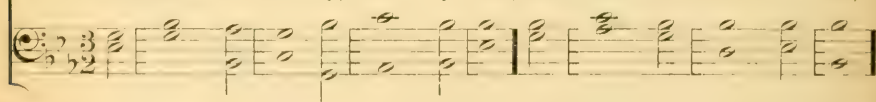
SECOND TUNE

Leicester

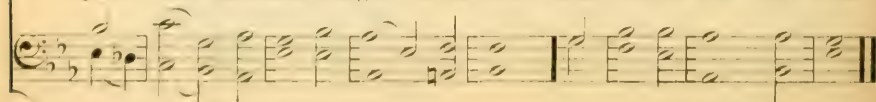
W. HURST. 1885



1. I am not wor-ty, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;



Speak but the word: one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.



Holy Communion

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless C. M.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

FIRST TUNE

St. Agnes
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,

With man - na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heav'nly wine,
Be our immortal food.

SECOND TUNE

Burford
ENGLISH. 1709

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,

With man - na in the wil - der-ness, With wa - ter from the rock.

Holy Communion

236

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored

8.8.8.4.

G. RAWSON. 1857

Sarum
J. HULLAH. 1867

72

1. By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.
Un - til He come.

Un - til He come.

2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last Advent we unite—

The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until He come.

5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

Holy Matrimony

237

Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast

D.C.M.

ADELAIDE THURPE. 1853

Cana
S. REAY. 1872

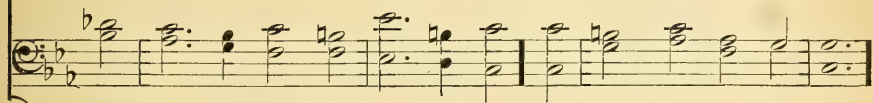
76

1. Lord, Who at Ca - na's wedding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,

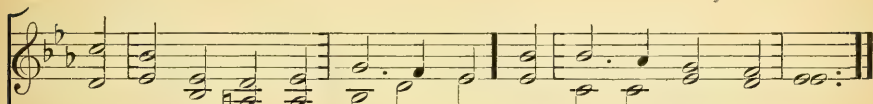
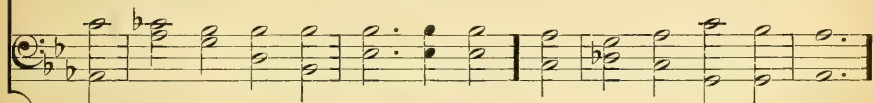
Holy Matrimony



Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch-safe Thy presence here;



For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,



Proclaim - ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee.



2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles ev'ry joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above!

Holy Matrimony

238

O perfect Love, all human thought transcending

11.10.

* *Fife*

DOROTHY F. BLOMFIELD. 1883

J. BARNBY. 1889

p 84

1. O per - fect Love, all human thought transcending, Low - ly we

kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne, 'That their's may be the

love that knows no end - ing, Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.

mf

2. O per - fect Life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance

Of ten - der char - i - ty and stead - fast faith,

Holy Matrimony

p

Of pa - tient hope, and qui - et, brave en - dur - ance,

With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.

pp

3. Grant them the joy which bright-ens earth - ly sor - row;

cres.

Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,

f
And to life's day . . the glo - rious un-known mor - row

dim.

rall.

That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life. A - - men.

Holy Matrimony

239

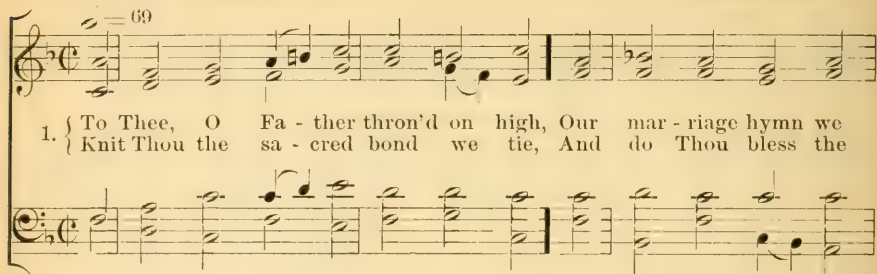
To Thee, O Father throned on high

8s.

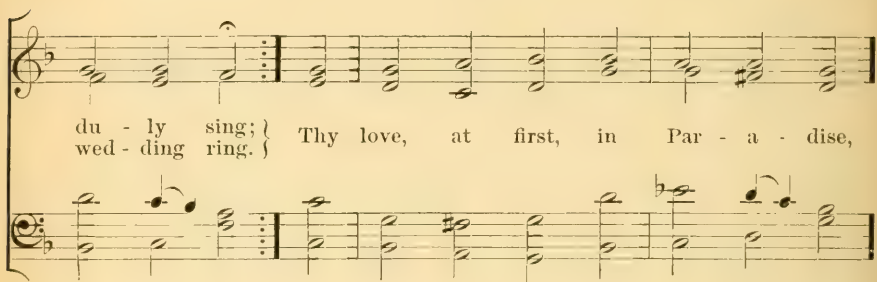
BISHOP W. C. DOANE. 1881

Darmstadt
J. SCHOP. 1641

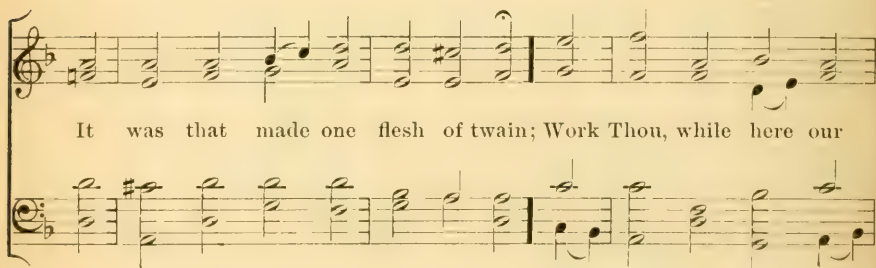
$\text{♩} = 69$



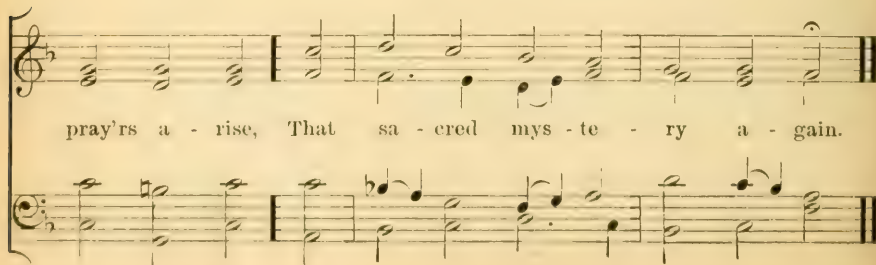
1. { To Thee, O Fa - ther thron'd on high, Our mar - riage hymn we
Knit Thou the sa - cred bond we tie, And do Thou bless the



du - ly sing; { Thy love, at first, in Par - a - dise,
wed - ding ring. }



It was that made one flesh of twain; Work Thou, while here our



pray'rs a - rise, That sa - cred mys - te - ry a - gain.

Holy Matrimony

2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
 Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
 True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,
 With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
 Our human nature, Thy divine
 Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
 As Cana's water turned to wine,
 Its lost godlikeness is restored.

3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
 Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
 And honor Thee, with praises meet,
 One with the Father and the Word.
 Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,
 Come, sanctify, and bless, and guide,
 Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
 The life of bridegroom and of bride.

4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host
 Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song;
 O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 To Whom all worship doth belong;
 Hear, in these echoes faint and dim
 Of chant and pray'r and holy psalm,
 Their songs, the heav'nly feast who hymn,
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

240

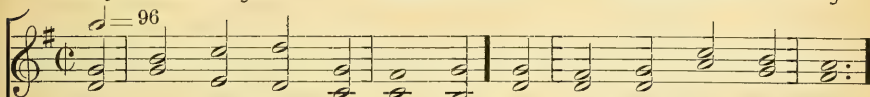
The voice that breathed o'er Eden

7.6.

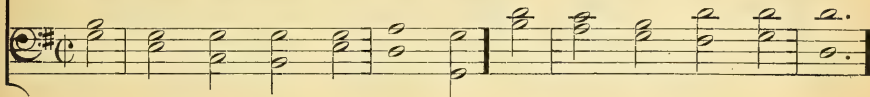
REV. J. KEBLE. 1856

FIRST TUNE

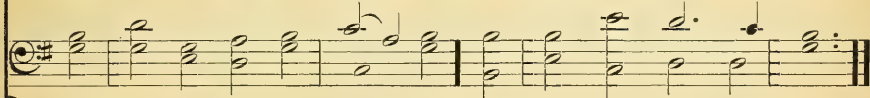
St Alphege
 DR. GAUNTLETT. 1852



1. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,



The pri - mal marriage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.



2 Still in the pure espousal
 Of Christian man and maid,
 The holy Three are with us,
 The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, awful Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their loving hands,
 As Thou didst bind two natures
 In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
 To bless them as they kneel,
 As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
 The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!

6 Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
 Let no ill pow'r find place,
 When onward to Thine altar
 Their hallowed path they trace,

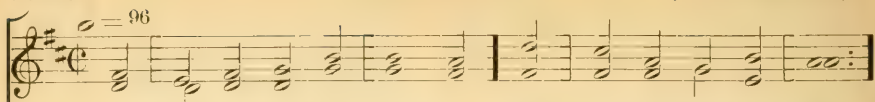
7 To cast their crowns before Thee
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With Christ's own Bride they rise.

holy Matrimony

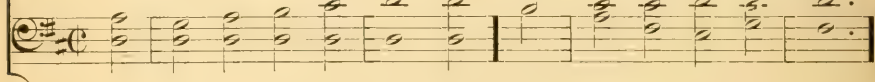
240

SECOND TUNE

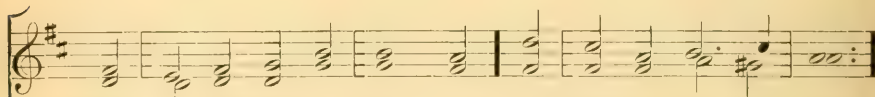
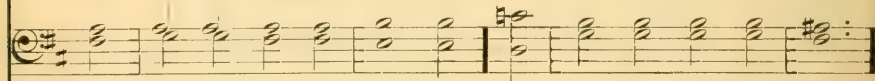
Bentley
J. HULLAH. 1867



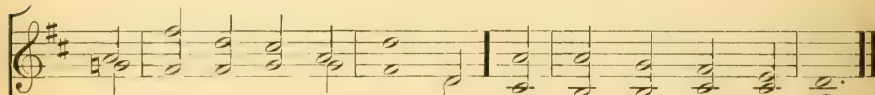
1. The voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,



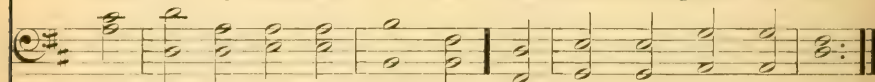
The pri - mal marriage bless - ing, It hath not passed a - way.



2. Still in the pure es - pou - sal Of Christian man and maid,



The ho - ly Three are with us, The three - fold grace is said.



3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heav'nly Spouse dost seal!

6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill pow'r find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

* 7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

• Repeat 2nd Part of Tune.

Burial of the Dead

241

Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

Salzburg 1
J. ROSENMULLER. 1650

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Bless-ing, hon - or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gra - cious God, to Thee:

Thou in Thine a - bundant grace Giv - est us the vic - to - ry.

True and faith - ful to Thy word, Thou hast glo - ri - fied Thy Son:

Je - sus Christ, our dy - ing Lord, Has for us the vict - 'ry won.

2 Happy are the faithful dead,
Blessèd who in Jesus die;
They from all their toils are freed,
In God's keeping safely lie.
These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song;
Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory!

Burial of the Dead

242

Now the laborer's task is o'er 7.7.7.7.8.8.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

Requiescat
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1889

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Now the la-b'r'er's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;

Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last.

pp *poco rall.* *cres.*

Father, in Thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now Thyser-vant sleep-ing.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the penitents, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Burial of the Dead

- 4 There no more the pow'rs of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.
- 5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

243

On the resurrection morning

8.7.8.3.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1866

Mansfield
E. H. TURPIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. On the re - sur - rec - tion morn - ing Soul and bo - dy meet a - gain;

No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain!

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody and the second two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 88. The lyrics are written below the staves.

- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the dawn;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.
- 4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.
- 5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,

- Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.
- 6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!
- 7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.
- 8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last;
To Thy cross, through death and judg-
Holding fast. [ment,

Burial of the Dead

244

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep

L. M.

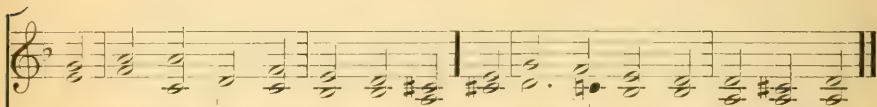
MARGARET MACKAY. 1832

FIRST TUNE

Bamberg
GERMAN. 1628



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;



A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.



2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be,
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

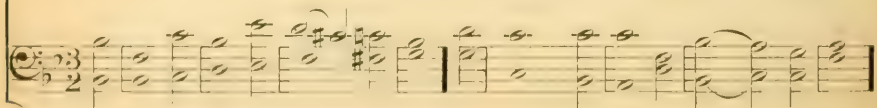
244

SECOND TUNE

Walton
From BEETHOVEN. 1831



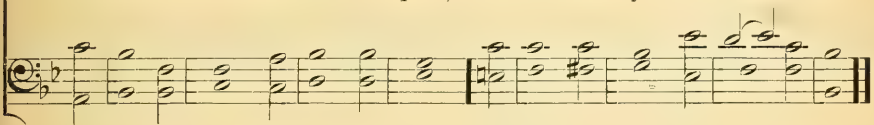
1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep;



Burial of the Dead



A calm and un - disturb'd re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes.



FOR A CHILD

245

Let no hopeless tears be shed

7s.

J. B. DE SANTEUL. 1689
LITTLEDALE. Tr.

"Funeri ne date planctum."

Vita
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1885

$\text{♩} = 60$



1. Let no hope - less tears be shed, Ho - ly is this



nar - row bed. Al - le - lu - ia.



2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.
Alleluia.

3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past.
Alleluia.

4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run:
Alleluia.

5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia.

6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia.

7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one;
Alleluia.

8 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia.

Burial of the Dead

FOR A CHILD

246

Safely, safely gathered in

7s.

MRS. DOBREE. 1881

Cicely
C. BOWDLER. 1881

mf $\text{♩} = 76$

I. Safe - ly, safe - ly ga - thered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,
No more childish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair Now hath pass'd from earth - ly care;
pp
God Him - self the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed, sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

Burial of the Dead

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

FOR A CHILD

247

Saviour, for the little one

7s.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1890

Glastonbury
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

72

1. Sav-iour, for the lit-tle one, Safe-ly gathered in Thine arms,
Ere the bat-tle had be-gun, Vic-tor, spared from war's a-larms,
We who toil and struggle sing Praise to Thee, the children's King.

2 First of all Thy martyr-band,
Infants for Thy sake were slain;
Day by day, from ev'ry land,
Infants swell the guileless train,
Who, this vale of tears untrod,
Stand before the throne of God.

3 Thou dost give and take away,
Full of love, in all Thy ways:
Be each mourner's heart to-day
Full of loving trust and praise,
In the midst of grief to bring
Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

Burial of the Dead

FOR A CHILD

248

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled

7.8.7.8.7.7.

J. W. MEINHOLD. 1833 "Guter Hirt, du hast gestillt."

WINKWORTH. 77.

Meinhold

GERMAN. 1700

63

1. } Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing: }
 } Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing! }

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
 To the sunny heav'nly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive it;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Also the following :

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heav'nly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

108 The grave itself a garden is.
 119 Lift up, lift up your voices now.
 120 Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.
 121 The strife is o'er, the battle done.
 122 Jesus lives! thy terrors now.
 124 Sing, with all the sons of glory.
 176 For all the saints, who from their labors rest.
 181 For all Thy saints, O Lord.
 348 When our heads are bowed with woe.
 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
 399 Light's abode, celestial Salem.
 404 I heard a sound of voices.
 406 Brief life is here our portion.
 419 It is not death to die.
 626 My times are in Thy hand.
 627 O Love divine that stooped to share.
 667 My God, my Father, while I stray.
 668 What'er my God ordains is right.
 679 There is a blessed home.

Missions

249

O Sion haste, thy mission high fulfilling

P. M.

MRS. THOMPSON. 1891

Tidings

A. H. MESSITER. 1892

58

1. O Si - on haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To

Missions

tell to all the world that God is Light; That He Who made all
nations is not will - ing One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of
night: Pub - lish glad ti - dings; Ti - dings of
peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re - demp - tion and re - lease.

2 Behold how many thousands still are
lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house
of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's
dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish, etc.

3 'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life
laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfil thy
mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck
His crown.
Publish, etc.

4 Proclaim to ev'ry people, tongue and
nation
That God, in Whom they live and
move, is love:

Tell how He stooped to save His lost
creation,
And died on earth that man might
live above.
Publish, etc.

5 Give of thy sons to bear the message
glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on
their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r
victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish, etc.

6 He comes again—O Sion ere thou meet
Him,
Make known to ev'ry heart His saving
grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to
greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His
Publish, etc. [face

Missions

250

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening 8.7.8.7.4.7.

MRS. MAXWELL. 1849

Star!
J. G. C. STÖRL. 1744

69

1. Saints of God! the dawn is brightening, To-ken of our com-ing Lord;

O'er the earth the field is whitening; Louder rings the Mas-ter's word:

Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord!

2 Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gath'ring sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heav'n and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home,
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great Harvest Home.

Missions

251

Look from Thy sphere of endless day **L.M.**

W. C. BRYANT. 1840

St. Gregory
GERMAN. 1698

$\text{♩} = 76$

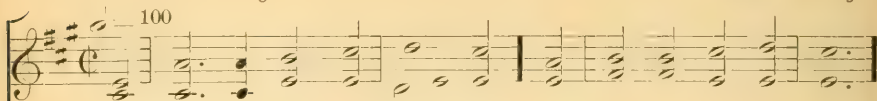
The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff for the voices and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano. The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O
God of mer - cy and of might! In pi - ty look on
those who stray, Be - night - ed in this land of light.

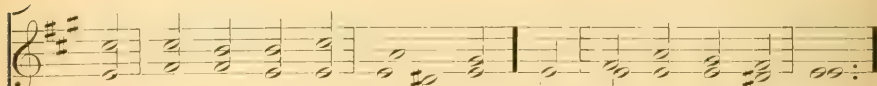
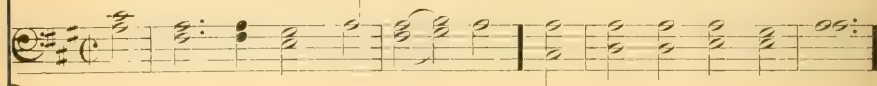
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heav'n the voice of praise.

DR. S. F. SMITH. 1832

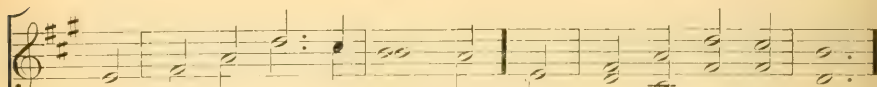
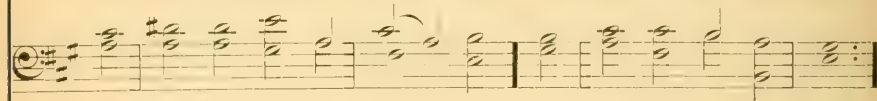
Come, sing
T. L. FORBES. 1885



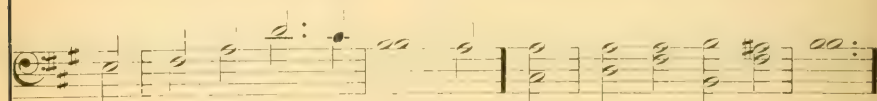
1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears;



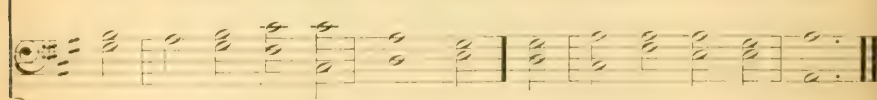
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,



Of na-tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

Missions

253

Fling out the banner! let it float

L. M

Camden

BP. G. W. DOANE. 1848

J. B. CALKIN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky -

ward and sea - ward, high and wide; The sun, that lights its

shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

Missions

254

From Greenland's icy mountains

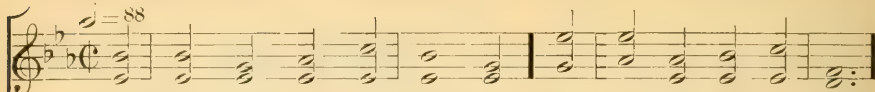
7.6.

BISHOP HEBER. 1819

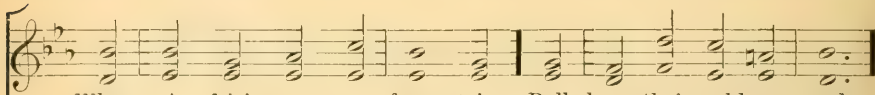
FIRST TUNE

Lancashire

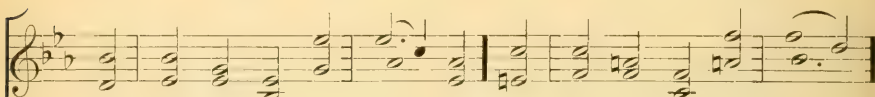
H. SMART. 1870



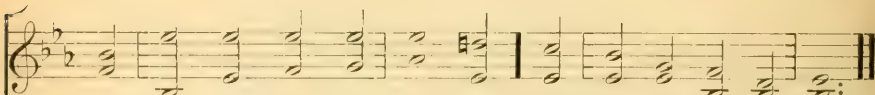
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



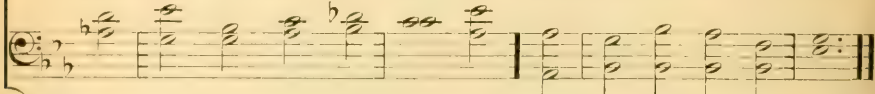
Where A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;



From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

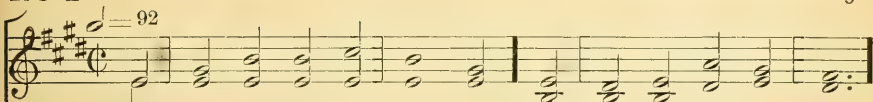
Missions

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

254

SECOND TUNE

Missionary
DR. LOWELL MASON. 1823



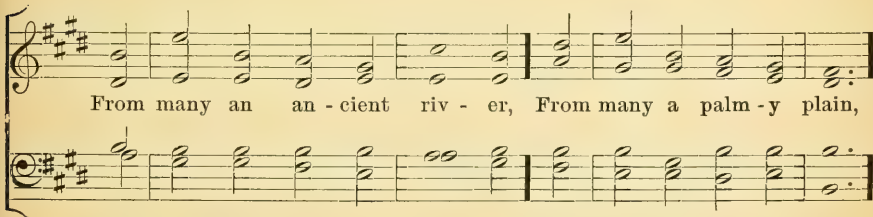
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



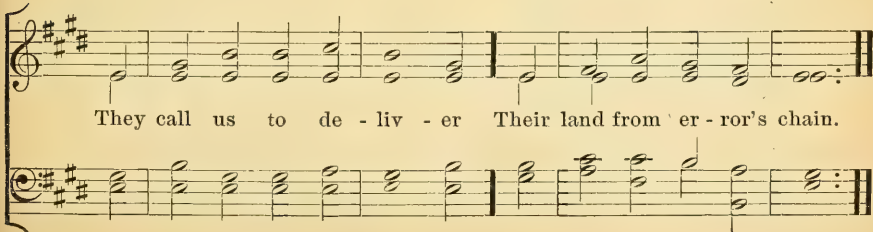
Where A - frie's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from 'er - ror's chain.



JANE BORTHWICK. 1859

India
L. SCHROETER.

♩ - 84

1. Has - ten the time ap - point - ed, By pro - phets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one Fold.

Let ev 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,

And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fer'd To God in Christ a - lone.

2 Let Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore.
Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.

3 Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Missions

256

Souls in heathen darkness lying

8.7.8.7.4.7.

St. Osmund

H. S. IRONS

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Souls in heathen dark-ness ly - ing, Where no light has broken through,

Souls that Je - sus bought by dy - ing, Whom His soul in tra - vail knew:

Thou - sand voi - ces Call us, o'er the wa - ters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, Oh haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the Judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before.

BISHOP COXE. 1851

Falfield
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

80

1. Sav-iour, sprinkle ma - ny na-tions; Fruit-ful let Thy sor - rows be;

By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee!

2. Of Thy cross the wondrous sto - ry, Be it to the na-tions told;

Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry And Thy mer - cy ma - ni - fold.

3 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

4 Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Missions

5 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
 Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit, new creating,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

6 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by ev'ry creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung!

258

Lord, a Saviour's love displaying

8.7.

REV. E. HAWKINS. 1851

Merton
 W. H. MONK. 1860



1. Lord, a Sav-iour's love dis - play - ing, Show the heathen lands Thy way;



Thousands still like sheep are stray - ing In the dark and cloud-y day.



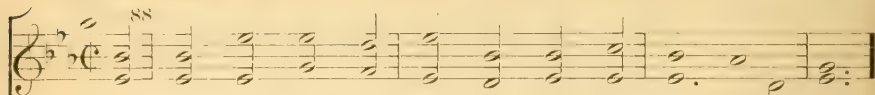
2 Shades of death are gath'ring o'er them,
 Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
 Let Thine angel go before them;
 Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3 Fetch them home from ev'ry nation,
 From the islands of the sea;
 By the word of Thy salvation
 Call the wand'ers back to Thee.

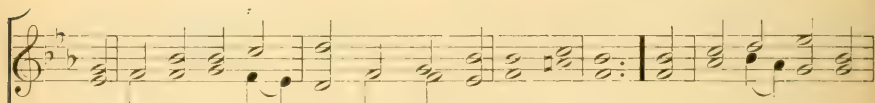
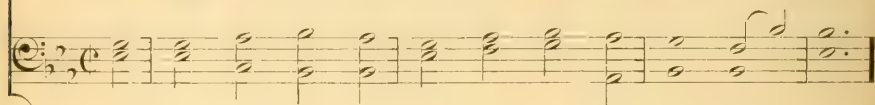
4 Thou their pasture hast provided,
 Grant the blessing long foretold;
 Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
 Find at last the one true fold.

REV. W. HURN. 1813

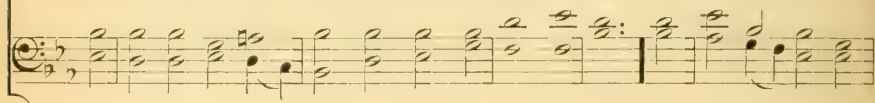
Harvey
DR. STANFORD. 1885



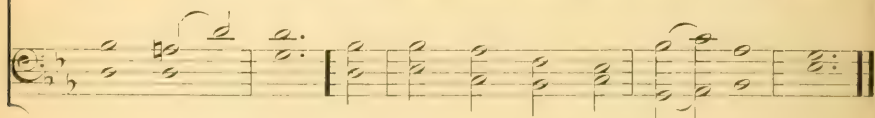
1. A - rise, O Lord, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might,



And prosper each de - sign To spread Thy glorious light: Let heal-ing streams of



mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy truth may know.

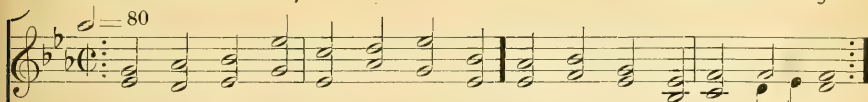


2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

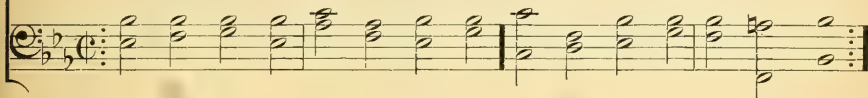
3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

REV. H. DOWNTON. 1867

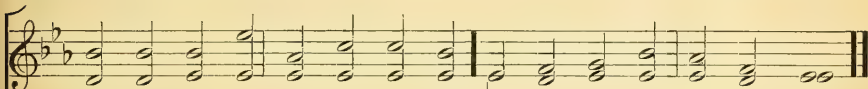
Everton
H. SMART. 1865



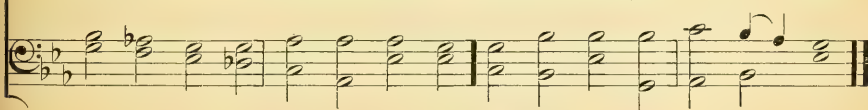
1. { Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping: When shall earth Thy rule o - bey? }
{ When shall end the night of weeping? When shall break the promis'd day? }



See the whitening har-vest lan-guish, Wait-ing still the laborer's toil;



Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the Strong re - tain the spoil?



2 Tidings, sent to ev'ry creature,
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in ev'ry nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin;
Gone forever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

Missions

261

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

L. M.

Hilderstone

DR. WATTS. 1719

FIRST TUNE

P. HART. 1710



1. Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.



2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

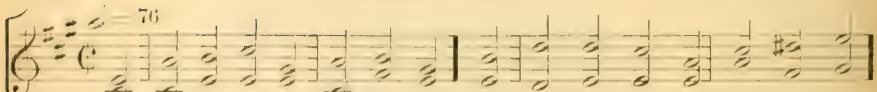
4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

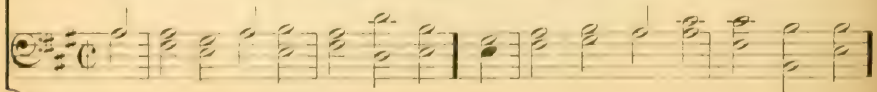
261

SECOND TUNE

Brockham
DR. CLARKE. 1700



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;



Missions

His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

The first system of the musical score for 'Missions' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

261

THIRD TUNE

* Duke Street
J. HATTON. 1790

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -

The second system of the musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- ces - sive jour-neys run; His kingdom stretch from shore to

The third system of the musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

shore, Till moons shall wax . . . and wane no more.

The fourth system of the musical score is in G major and 2/4 time. It concludes the piece with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

REV. S. J. STONE. 1871

Harvest
C. J. FROST. 1889

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Lord of the har - vest, it is right and meet

That we should lay ob - la - tions at Thy feet,

With joy - ful Al - le - lu - ia!

- 2 Sweet is the praise that follows toil and prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heav'n we share,
Who sing the Alleluia!
- 3 We toiled and prayed and Thou hast heard on high;
Hast cheered our hearts and changed our suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia!
- 4 So sing we now in tune with that great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers giv'n the word,
We sing our Alleluia!
- 6 O Christ, Who in the wide world's fallow lea,
Hast sown in blood the precious seed, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, O Holy Ghost, Whose gracious rain
And living breath hath fed the ghostly grain,
We sing our Alleluia!

Missions

8 Yea, West and East, the Harvest men went forth:
 "We come" has sounded to the South and North.
 At morn sing Alleluia!

9 In fields of home, in fields the far away,
 Toilers for Jesus hail the golden day.
 At noon sing Alleluia!

10 The winds of God have blown with living breath,
 His dews have fallen on the plains of death.
 At eve sing Alleluia.

11 Yea, for sweet hope fulfilled, new hope begun,
 Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
 Adoring Alleluia!

12 Glory to God! the Church in patience cries;
 Glory to God! the Church in bliss replies,
 With endless Alleluia!

263

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim

L. M.

B. H. DRAPER. 1805

Winchester new
 GERMAN. 1690



1. Ye Christian her - alds, go, pro-claim Sal - va - tion in Em-manuel's Name:



To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.



2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then may we meet to part no more,
 Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

264 Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them 8.7.8.7.4.7.

THOMAS KELLY. 1820

Second Advent
REV. C. I. LATROBE. 1800

76

1. Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them; Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them, Be Thou with them: 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain:
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heav'n they see:

6 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone.

Missions

265

Arm of the Lord, awake! awake!

L. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE. 1795

FIRST TUNE

Truro
DR. BURNEY. 1760

$\text{♩} = 116$

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Put on Thy

strength! the na - tions shake! And let the world a -

- dor - ing see Tri - umphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name;
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Missions

265

SECOND TUNE

Broughton
ANON. 1880

♩ = 80

1. Arm of the Lord, a - wake! a - wake! Put on Thy strength! the na - tions shake!

And let the world a - dor - ing see Triumphs of mer - cy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone;
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Sion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' Fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name;
Let adverse pow'rs before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Also the following :

62 From the eastern mountains.
288 O Spirit of the living God.
323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
327 Thou, Whose almighty word.
328 Lord of all power and might.

329 Thy kingdom come, O God!
330 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
332 God of mercy, God of grace.
468 From all that dwell below the skies.
579 O brothers, lift your voices.
580 Christ for the world we sing.
581 Soldiers of the cross, arise!

FOR THE JEWS

266

Oh, that the Lord's salvation

7.6.

St. Finbar
A. H. BROWN. 1868

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

♩ = 88

1. Oh, that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Si - on come,

Missions



To heal His an-cient na - tion, To lead His out - casts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

FOR THE JEWS

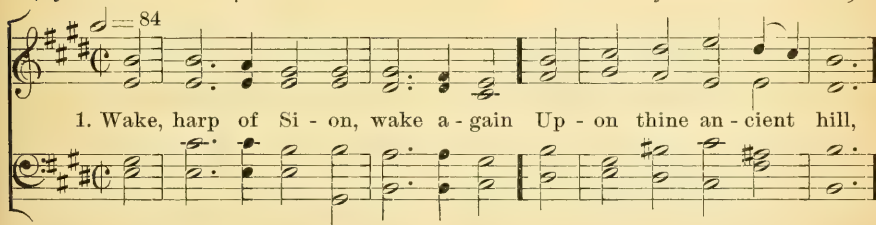
267

Wake, harp of Sion, wake again

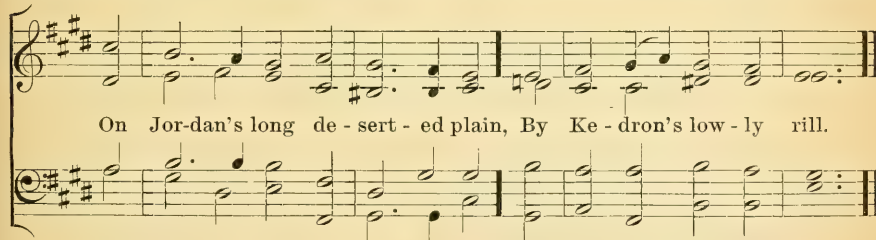
C.M.

J. EDMESTON. 1846

Semper
J. H. CASSON. 1889



1. Wake, harp of Si - on, wake a - gain Up - on thine an - cient hill,



On Jor-dan's long de - sert - ed plain, By Ke - dron's low - ly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King,
For her salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

4 Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice!

Almsgiving

268

We give Thee but Thine own

S. M.

Br. W. W. How. 1858

FIRST TUNE

St Ethelwald

W. H. MONK. 1860

♩ = 84

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the Fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

268

SECOND TUNE

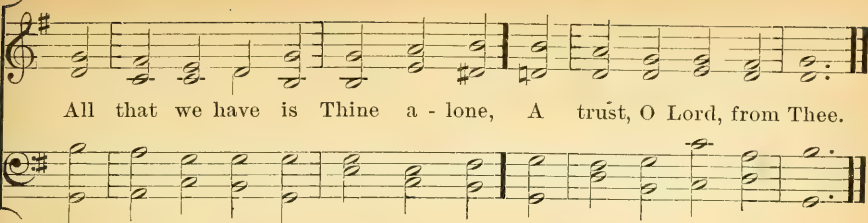
St. Michael

ENGLISH. 1562

♩ = 84

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:

Almsgiving



All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.


269

Fountain of good, to own Thy love

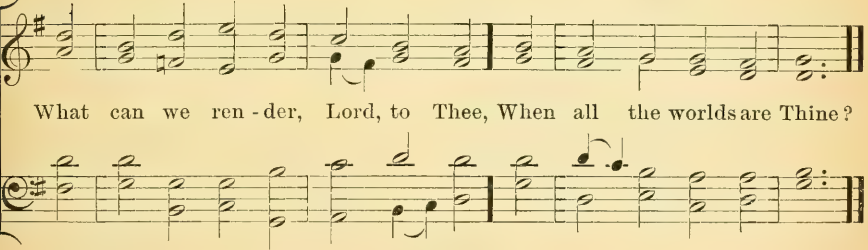
C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

Southam
ENGLISH. 1621



1. Foun-tain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in - cline:



What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfill.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

Almsgiving

270

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went C.M.

REV. W. CROSWELL. 1831

Horsley 1
W. HORSLEY, 1828

♩ = 80

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,

And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress, 4 Mean are all off'rings we can make,
Who bore the world's sad weight, But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
We, in their crowded loneliness, If given for the Saviour's sake,
Would seek the desolate. They lose not their reward.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Also the following :

477 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.
478 Holy offerings, rich and rare.

Charities

271

O God of mercy, God of might 8.8.8.6.

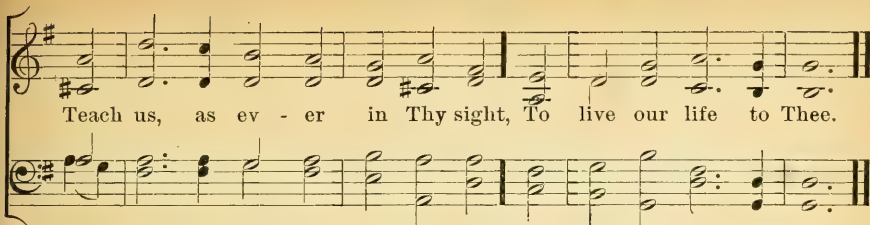
REV. G. THRING. 1877

Derry
REV. J. B. DYKES

♩ = 76

1. O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pi - ty in - fi-nite,

Charities



Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That ev'ry word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;

Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

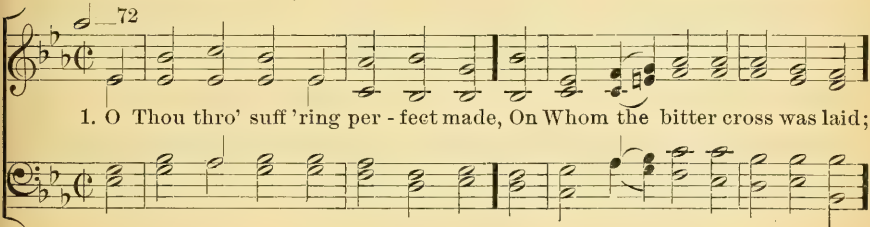
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heav'n above
All those who give to Thee.

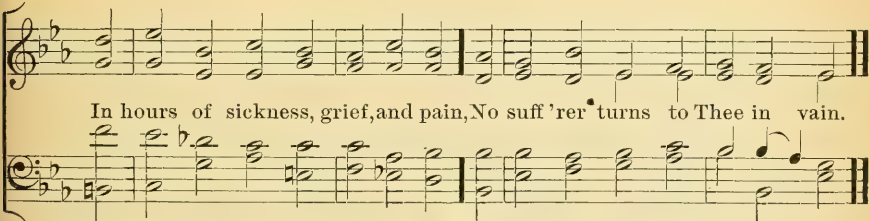
272 O Thou through suffering perfect made L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1871

St. Sepulchre
G. COOPER. 1868



1. O Thou thro' suff'ring per - feet made, On Whom the bitter cross was laid;



In hours of sickness, grief, and pain, No suff'rer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heav'nly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wand'rer nearer God!

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within!
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin!
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore!

Charities

273

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old **D.C.M.**

REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865.

St. Matthew
DR. CROFT. 1708

92

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It triumph'd o'er dis - ease and death, O'er darkness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,

The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health;	3 Though love and might no longer heal
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;	By touch, or word, or look;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed	Though they who do Thy work must read
Ow'd Thee, the Lord of light.	Thy laws in nature's book:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,	Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Almighty as of yore,	Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
In crowded street, by restless couch,	Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
As by Gennesareth's shore,	And strength, where all is faint.

Charities

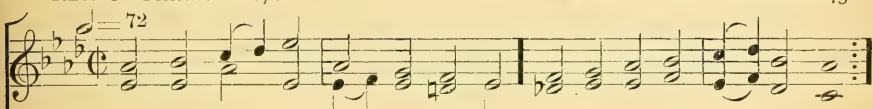
4 Be Thou our great deliv'rer still,
 Thou Lord of life and death,
 Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
 With Thine almighty breath.
 To hands that work and eyes that see,
 Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
 May praise Thee evermore.

274

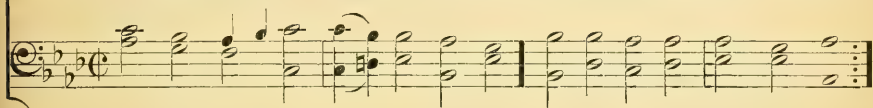
Thou to Whom the sick and dying 8.7.8.7.7.7.

REV. G. THRING. 1870

Waltham 1
 H. ALBERT. 1643



1. { Thou to Whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain, }
 { Still with heal-ing words re-ply-ing To the wearied cry of pain; }



Hear us Je-sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer-cy seat.



2 Ev'ry care, and ev'ry sorrow,
 Be it great, or be it small,
 Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
 When, where'er, it may befall,
 Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our off'rings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart;
 Ever bringing off'rings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
 To Thy healing virtue yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Charities

275

O God of mercy! hearken now

L. M.

EMILY V. CLARK. 1890

Ludborough
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS. 1880

76

1. O God of mer - cy! heark - en now: Be -
- fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow; With heart and voice to
Thee we cry For all on earth who suff' - ring lie.

- 2 We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high,
Beyond the glitt'ring, starry sky:
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below
Beside the beds of want and woe.
- 3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
Bid dying souls arise and live.
- 4 Oh, let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing,
With quick'ning pow'r new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.
- 5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suff'ring children cry,
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor, Thyself to see.
- 6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth contest!
Echo Thy praise from ev'ry shore
Forever and for evermore.

Orphans

276

O Thou, Who madest land and sea

8s.

REV. G. THRING. 1881

Melita
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O Thou, Who madest land and sea, And guid - est all, in all their ways,

Who hearest those who bring to Thee Their sac - ri - fice of pray'r and praise;

Oh, hear Thy chil-dren as they bring Themselves a low - ly of - fer-ing!

2 Great God, Who with a Father's love
Dost watch o'er all created things,
And gath'rest all, below, above,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings;
Protect, we pray Thee, now, and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

3 Thou hearest still the eagle's cry,
And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,
Thy list'ning ear doth heed on high,
And hearken to the raven's call;
Then, heav'nly Father, hear and bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

4 Come, heav'nly Father, come to-day,
For we Thy children come to Thee,
And Thou wilt never say us, nay,
If come we in humility;
New-born in Thee, O Father, bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

5 Cast forth upon the barren strand
Of this lone world, to Thee we fly;
In faith and hope, we fain would stand
Beneath Thy shelt'ring arm for aye;
Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless
Thy children who are fatherless.

6 And may we all with joyful mind
Our hearts as living off'rings bring,
The first-fruits of our life, to find
A Father in our heav'nly King;
And learn in life and death to bless
Thee, "Father of the fatherless."

E. WIGLESWORTH. 1871

Beechcroft
T. GERMAN REED. 1880

76 Voices in Unison.



1. Thou Who with dy - ing lips Thy moth - er didst com - mend



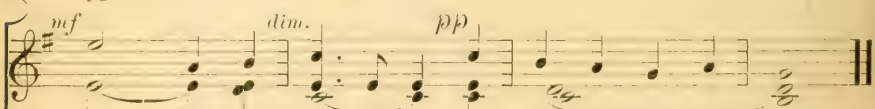
Un - to the ten - der care Of Thy be - lov - ed friend;



Thou Who by Laz' - rus' grave In human grief didst groan,



Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those Left in the world a - lone.



- 2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve
Their home and friends to leave,
And in Thy kingdom all,
Yea, more than all, receive,
To those bereft of all,
Thy pitying love extend,
And let them find in Thee
Father, and home, and friend.
- 3 Thou Who didst say of old,
"Thine orphans lend to Me;
Unto the fatherless
I will a Father be,"

- Thy promises are sure;
Help us to trust Thee still;
To those who need Thee sore,
That faithful word fulfill.
- 4 Thou Who in Thy still rest
Our dear ones safe dost keep;
Thou Who shalt bring them back
One day from their long sleep,
Oh, keep us by Thy grace,
That we at last may be,
When that bright morning dawns,
At home with them and Thee.

Temperance

278

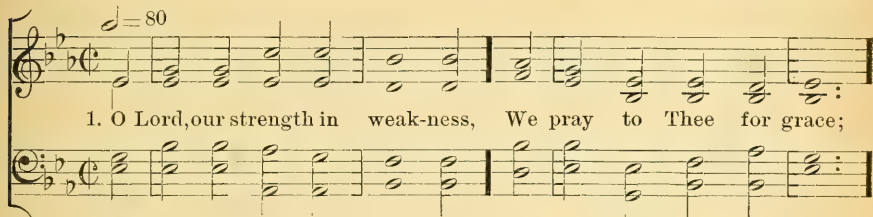
O Lord, our strength in weakness

7.6.

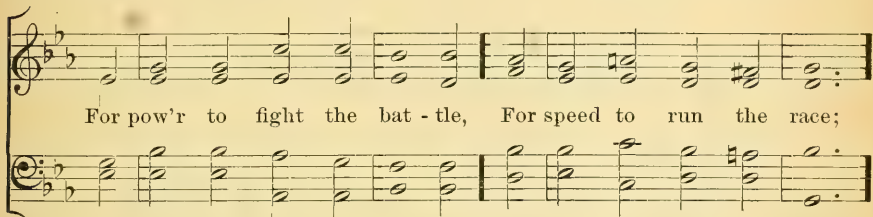
BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1881

Intercessor
SIR A. SULLIVAN.

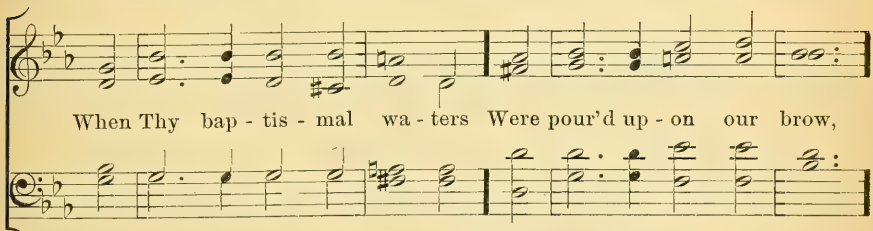
$\text{♩} = 80$



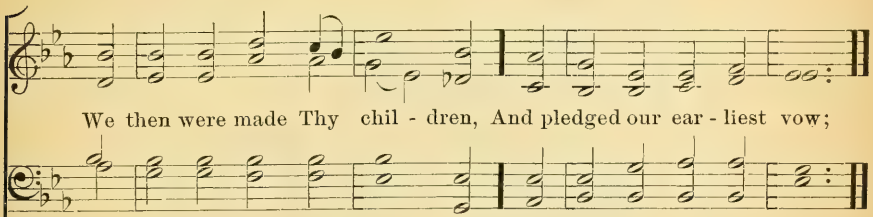
1. O Lord, our strength in weak-ness, We pray to Thee for grace;



For pow'r to fight the bat-tle, For speed to run the race;



When Thy bap-tis-mal wa-ters Were pour'd up-on our brow,



We then were made Thy chil-dren, And pledged our ear-liest vow;

2 We then were sealed and hallowed
By Thy life-giving word;
Were made the Spirit's temples,
And members of the Lord;
With His own blood He bought us,
And made the purchase sure;
His are we: may He keep us
Sober, and chaste, and pure.

3 Conformed to His own likeness
May we so live and die,
That in the grave our bodies
In holy peace may lie;

And at the resurrection
Forth from those graves may spring,
Like to the glorious body
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessed,
For they shall see the Lord
Forever and forever
By seraphim adored;
And they shall drink the pleasures,
Such as no tongue can tell,
From the clear crystal river,
And life's eternal well.

Temperance

279

When, doomed to death, the apostle lay **L. M.**

W. C. BRYANT. 1869

Ely
BISHOP TURTON

80

1. When, doomed to death, th' a - pos - tle lay At

night in Her - od's dun - geon cell, A light shone round him

like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

- 2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.
- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.
- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high!
- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

280 God of the prophets! Bless the prophets' sons 10s.

REV. DR. WORTMAN. 1884

Hezekiah
O. GIBBONS. 1623

♩ = 100

1. God of the pro-phets! Bless the prophets' sons: E - li - jah's

man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn

task may claim but once: Make each one no - bler, stronger than the last!

- 2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attend
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and ev'ry evil break.
- 3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!
- 4 Anoint them kings! Aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son:
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.
- 5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross,
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.
- 6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn:
A weary world awaits Thy reign-sublime!

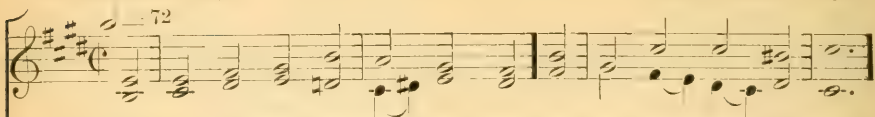
IV. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

281

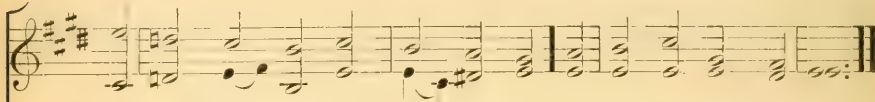
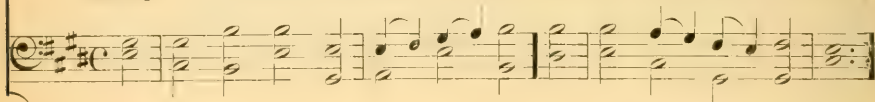
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace C. M.

B. BARTON. 1827

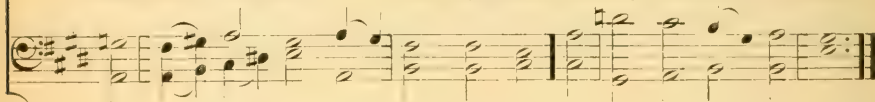
Norwich
DR. CROTCH. 1836



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;



Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the trav'ler's way;



- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
hen waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heav'n itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heav'nly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

282

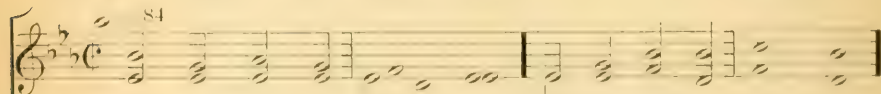
Lord, Thy Word abideth

6s.

SIR H. W. BAKER. 1860

FIRST TUNE

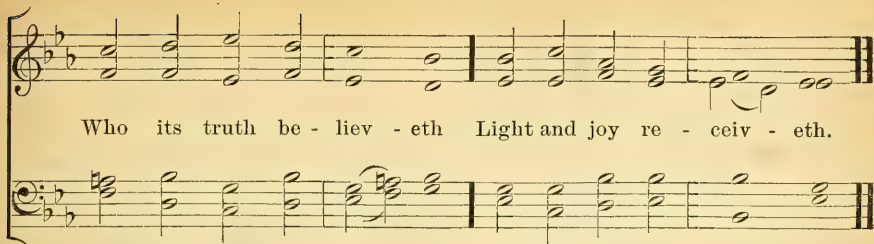
St. Martin
GERMAN



1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth;



The Holy Scriptures



2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

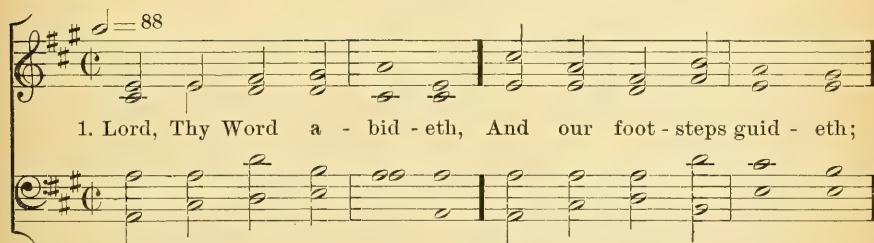
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee!
Evermore be near Thee!

282

SECOND TUNE

St. Cyprian
REV. R. R. CHOPE.



The Holy Scriptures

283

Father of mercies! in Thy Word

C. M.

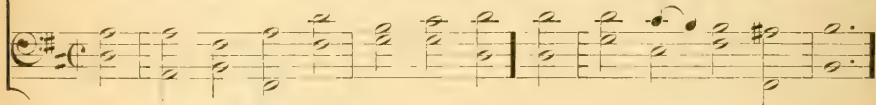
ANNE STEELE. 1760

Metzler
R. REDHEAD. 1859

76



1. Fa - ther of mer - cies! in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!



For - ev - er be Thy Name a - dor'd For these ce - les - tial lines.



2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

284

O Word of God incarnate

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1867

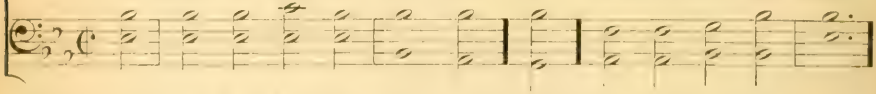
FIRST TUNE

Aurelia
DR. WESLEY. 1864

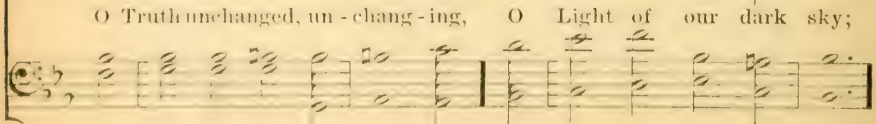
100



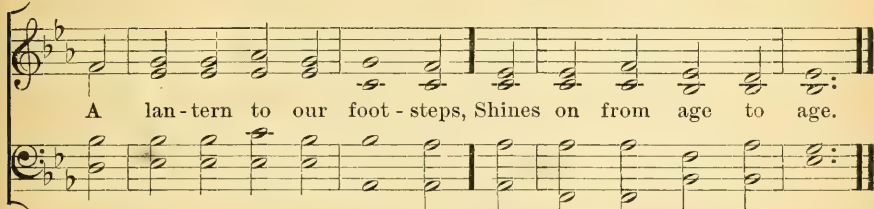
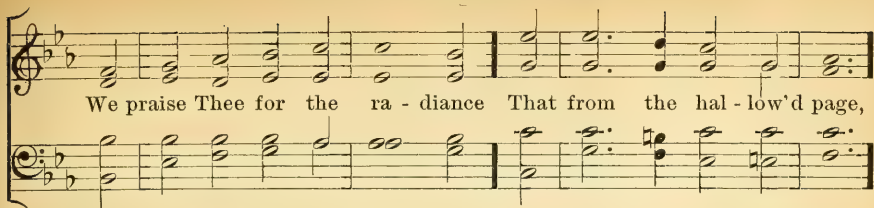
1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,



O Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;



The Holy Scriptures



2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heav'n-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

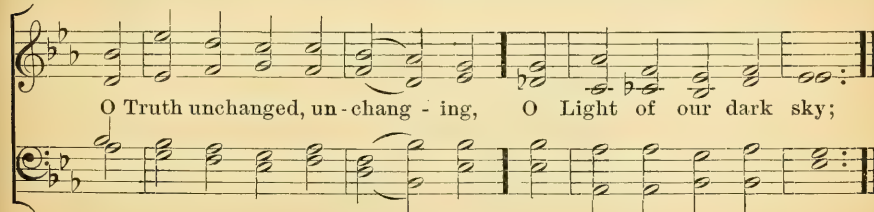
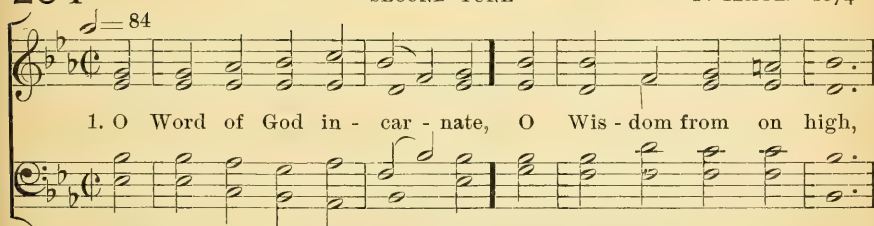
3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light as of old;
 Oh, teach Thy wand'ring pilgrims
 By this, their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

284

SECOND TUNE

Autumn
 F. ILIFFE. 1874



Also the following :

72 Not by Thy mighty hand.
 497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.

V. SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Ordination

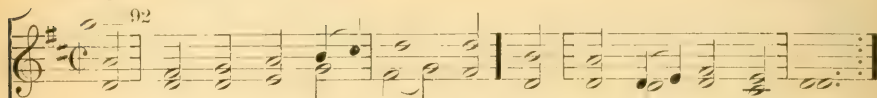
285

Lord of the living harvest

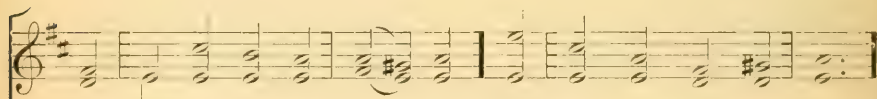
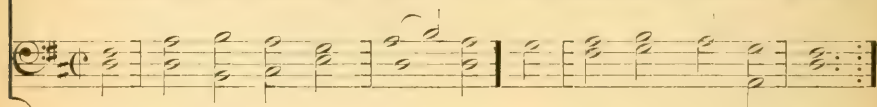
7.6.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1866

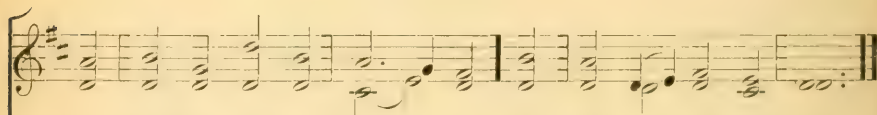
Pavan
F. WEBER



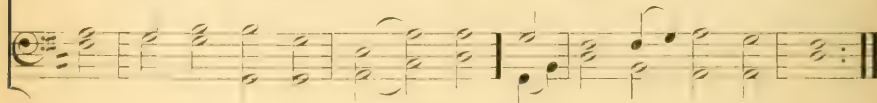
1. { Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain, }
{ Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold-en grain; }



Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,



And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove,



2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

Ordination

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father !
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessed Three in One!
Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore!

286

Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord L. M.

REV. T. E. POWELL. 1864

Leipsic
J. H. SCHEIN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Bow down Thine ear, al-migh-ty Lord, And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry

For all who preach Thy sav - ing word, And wait up - on Thy min - is - try.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quick'ning Spirit's
breath
On those whom Thou dost call to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy piercèd hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and
pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win.

Ordination

287

Father of mercies, bow Thine ear

L. M.

B. BEDDOME. 1787

Beddome
F. R. STATHAM. 1872

88

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, bow Thine ear, At - ten - tive

to our ear - nest pray'r: We plead for those who plead for

Thee; Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.</p> <p>3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.</p> <p>6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.</p> | <p>4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.</p> <p>5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.</p> |
|--|---|

Ordination

288

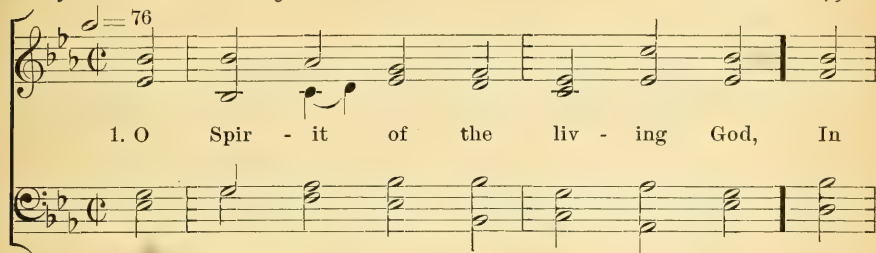
O Spirit of the living God

L.M.

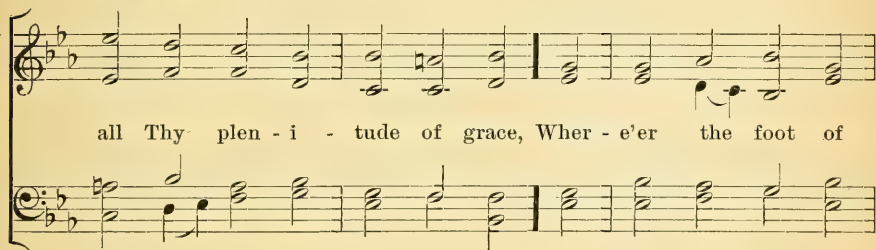
J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

Melcombe
S. WEBBE. 1790

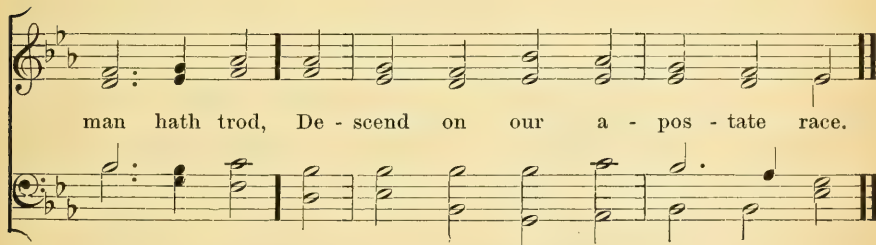
$\text{♩} = 76$



1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In



all Thy plen - i - tude of grace, Wher - e'er the foot of



man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give pow'r and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry people call Him Lord.

Ordination

289

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire

P. M.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus."

TENTH CENTURY
COSIN. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

* *Plainsong*

76

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en

with ce - les - tial fire. 2 Thou the an - oint - ing

Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part.

8th verse. a - long, This may

3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

Ordination

9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it,

Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

289

SECOND TUNE

Veni, Creator
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1889

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -

- les - tial fire. 2 Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art,

Ordination

Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts in - part.
8. This may be our end - less song: 9. Praise to Thy e -

rall.

- ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it.

3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,

8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

289

THIRD TUNE

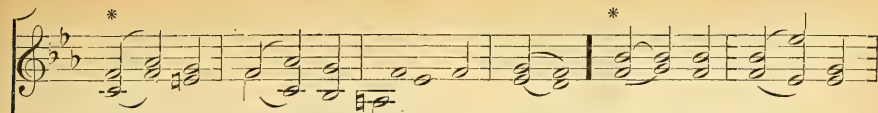
Spiritus
T. ATTWOOD. 1800

76

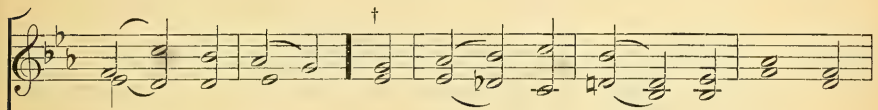
1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -

- les - tial fire. 2. Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art,

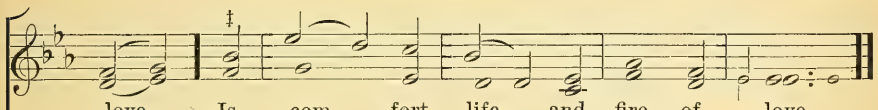
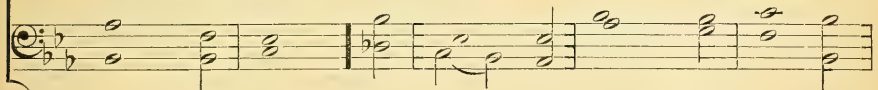
Ordination



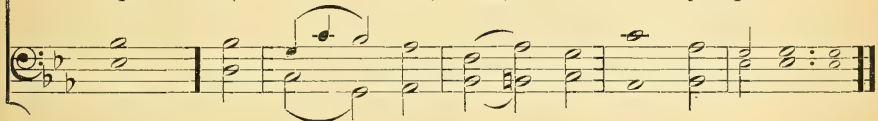
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part. 3. Thy blessed unc - tion
9. Praise to Thy e -



from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of
- ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly



love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
Spir - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 4 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight. | 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One, |
| 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace. | 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song: |
| 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come. | 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. |

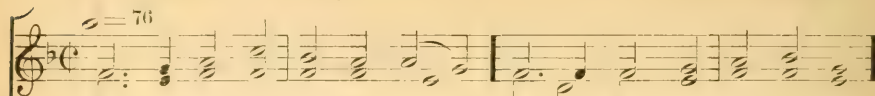
Also the following :

497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.
581 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
584 Go, labor on! spend and be spent!
586 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.

* These ties and slurs to be used in the 8th & 9th verses only.

† The last syllable of the words, "merit," and "spirit," to be sung to these half-notes.

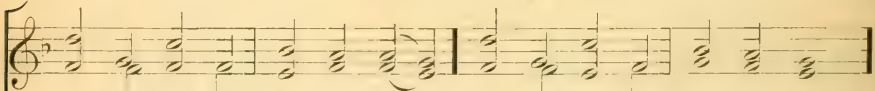
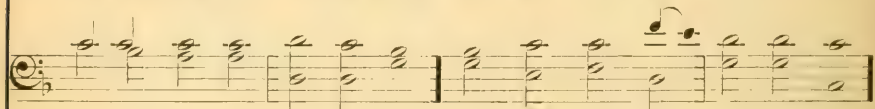
‡ Repeat last line of words.



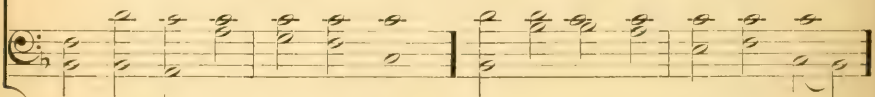
1. Heav'nly Shepherd, Thee we pray For Thy ser - vant here to - day:



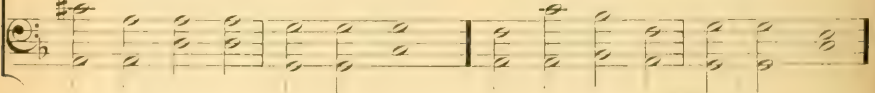
By the cross up - on his brow, By his or - di - na - tion vow,



By the pray'rs which we have pray'd For the Ho - ly Spir - it's aid,



By the deep and fer - vent love Ow - ing to his Lord a - bove,



Grant him faith - ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.



Institution of Ministers

2 From the silent pow'r of sin,
Lurking secretly within,
May the grace that flows from Thee,
Heav'nly Shepherd, set him free;
By the blessing on him breathed,
By the charge to him bequeathed,
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Gird him for the sacred strife,
Aye his faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day;
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,
Give him souls for his reward:
Till he win the promised crown,
When he lays his burden down,
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat:
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 To the blessed Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In Whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true;
True to man in heav'nly love,
True to Thee, our God, above,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

Laying of a Corner=Stone

291

O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills

L. M.

Leipsic

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1844

J. H. SCHEIN. 1600

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands;

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a melody line and a bass line. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of text, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of text. The tempo is marked as 76 beats per minute.

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;

And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The minds that guide, endue with skill;
The hands that work, preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity!

Laying of a Corner=Stone

292

In the Name which earth and heaven

8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1871

FIRST TUNE

Iona
SIR J. STAINER 1868

76

1. In the Name which earth and heav - en Ev - er wor - ship, praise, and fear,

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Shall a house be build - ed here:

cres.

Here with pray'r its deep foun - da - tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,

f

Trust - ing by His help to crown it With the top - stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesu, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier House on high;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

Laying of a Corner=Stone

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
 Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
 Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemed,
 Robes her for her marriage morn;
 Clothed in garments of salvation,
 Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
 Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
 Till she may behold His face.

5 Here in due and solemn order
 May her ceaseless pray'r arise;
 Here may strains of holy gladness
 Lift her heart above the skies;
 Here the word of life be spoken;
 Here the child of God be sealed;
 Here the Bread of Heav'n be broken,
 "Till He come," Himself revealed.

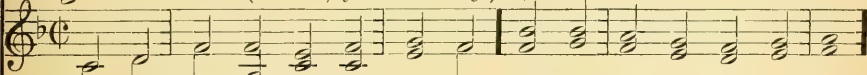
6 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,
 Maker of the earth and skies;
 Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple
 Fitly framed together lies;
 Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
 Binding all that lives in one:
 Till our earthly praise be ended,
 And th' eternal song begun!

292

SECOND TUNE

Sponsa
 S. NOTTINGHAM. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$ *In Unison (or in G, if in Harmony.)*



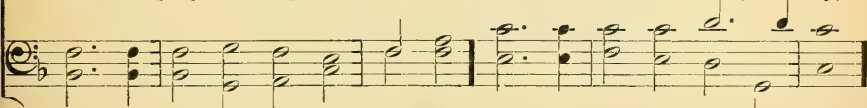
1. In the Name which earth and heav - en Ev - er worship, praise, and fear,



Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Shall a house be build - ed here:



Here with pray'rits deep foun - da - tions, In the faith of Christ, we lay,



Trust - ing by His help to crown it With the top - stone in its day.



Laying of a Corner-Stone

293

O Thou, in Whom alone is found

L. M.

REV. H. WARE. 1868

Cologne
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1850

$\text{♩} = 76$

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures. The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The final measure of the third system ends with a double bar line.

1. O Thou, in Whom a - lone is found The
strength by which our toil is blest, Up - on this con - se -
- crat - ed ground Now bid Thy cloud of glo - ry rest.

- 2 In Thy great Name we place this stone;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear:
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.
- 3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heav'n that sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit ev'ry heart,
With living fire touch ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;
Let sin and error pass away,
Till truth's full influence from above
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.

Laying of a Corner-Stone

294

Christ is our corner-stone


6.6.6.6.8.8.

SEVENTH CENTURY
CHANDLER. *Tr.*

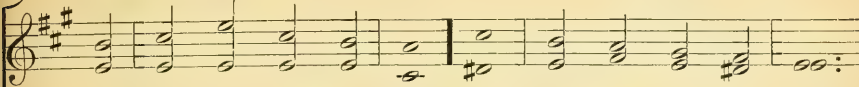
Harewood
DR. WESLEY. 1868

"Angularis fundamentum."

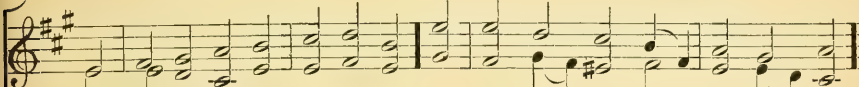
$\text{♩} = 92$



1. Christ is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build:



With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled;



On His great love our hopes we place, Of pre - sent grace and joys a - bove.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing,
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious show'r on all who pray,
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Consecration of Churches

295

Thy Temple is not made with hands

L. M.

Thanksgiving

REV. J. B. DYKES

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER

FIRST TUNE

72



1. Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;



The pur - ple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thee, highest heav'n cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.</p> <p>3 [*Unworthy gift and touched with fears,
And mem'ries of our loved at rest;
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,
And be Thy presence here confest.]</p> <p>4 For welcome to the babe new-born,
For strength'ning hands on bended
head,</p> | <p>For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whispered o'er the
dead;</p> <p>5 For food divine to souls sufficed,
For words that warn, for pray'rs that
press,
Arise and enter in, O Christ!
And with Thy presence all things bless.</p> <p>6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,
For ever and for evermore.</p> |
|---|--|

*To be used of a memorial church.

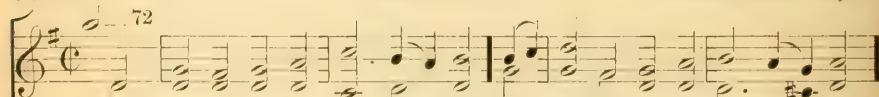
295

SECOND TUNE

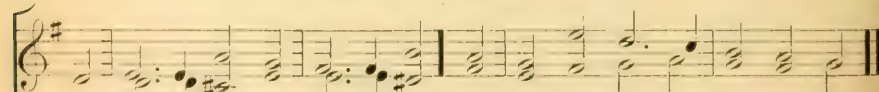
Rose

ARTHUR ROSE. 1890

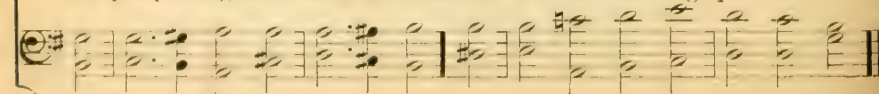
72



1. Thy Temple is not made with hands, 'Tis lit by many a gold - en star;



The pur - ple heights of mountain lands Its ev - er - last - ing pil - lars are.



Consecration of Churches

296

Jesu! where'er Thy people meet

L. M.

W. COWPER. 1769

Galilee
DR. ARMES. 1889

♩ = 84

1. Je - su! wher - e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be -

- hold Thy mer - cy - seat; Where - e'er they seek Thee,

Thou art found, And ev' - ry place is hal - lowed ground.

2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind:
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing; take Thee to their home.

3 Yet ev'rywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them,
Lord!

4 [* Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]

5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name!

6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes!

7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.

8 Here to the weary, hungry soul,
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole;
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
Oh, rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

* For enlargement of the Church.

Consecration of Churches

297

Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne **L. M.**

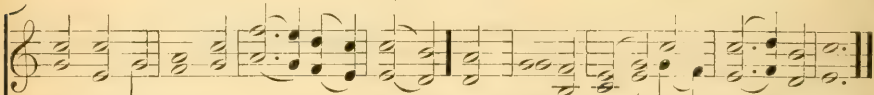
RAY PALMER. 1876

FIRST TUNE

Warrington
R. HARRISON. 1786



1. Come, Je - sus, from the sap-phire throne, Where Thy redeemed be - hold Thy face,



En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.



2 We praise Thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;
'Tis Thine for us: 'tis ours for Thee;
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With Thine own joy fill ev'ry breast,
With Thine own pow'r Thy word attend.

4 Here in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;

Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet Thy will.

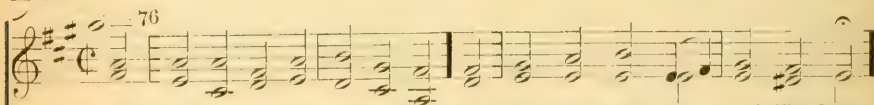
5 When round this Board Thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet
With Thee, and with Thy Church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;
In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heav'nward steep,
Till Thy full glory we behold.

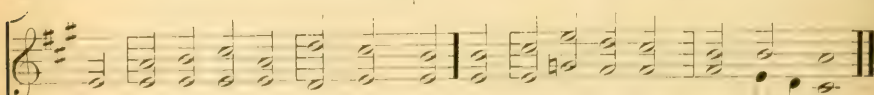
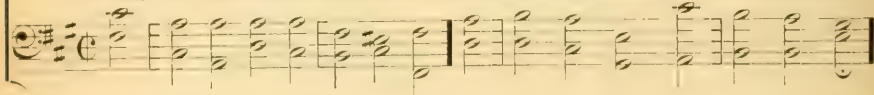
297

SECOND TUNE

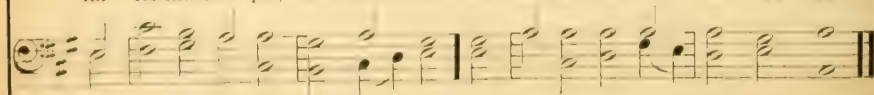
Breslau
GERMAN. 1630



1. Come, Je - sus, from the sapphire throne, Where Thy redeemed be - hold Thy face,



En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place.



Consecration of Churches

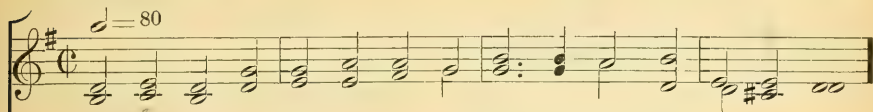
298

God of love, our Father, Saviour

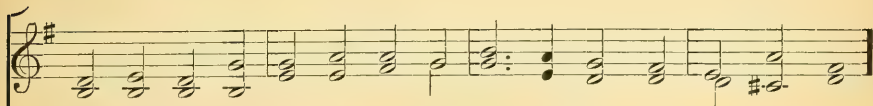
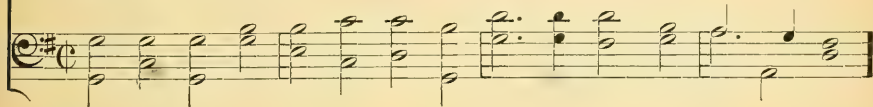
8.7.

H. W. ROBILIARD. 1888

St. Austell
A. H. BROWN. 1865



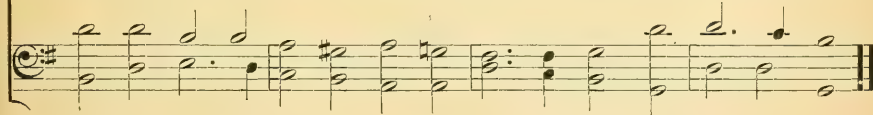
1. God of love, our Fa-ther, Sav-iour, Ho - ly Spir - it, Thee we praise!



Tri - une God, all thought transcending, Fain would we a tem - ple raise



Wor-thy of Thy lov - ing-kindness, Hallowed thro' all earthly days!



2 Make these stones a hallowed symbol,
Saints of God who run may read,
Types of those whom, blest Redeemer,
Thou from sin and woe hast freed,
Pillars Thou hast hewn and shapen,
Thine elect in very deed!

3 Lord! restore the gates of Sion,
Let her courts with praise resound!
May Thy light and love descending
Shed their radiant joys around,
So shall man reveal Thy glory:
Earth, like heav'n, be hallowed ground!

Also the following :

382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
479 Oh, with due reverence let us all.

482 In loud exalted strains.
483 Christ is made the sure foundation.
484 We love the place, O God.
489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.

Restoration of a Church

299

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving

8.7.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1869

Rex gloria
H. SMART. 1868



1. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving! Tread with songs the hallowed way!



Praise our fa-thers' God, for mer-cies New to us their sons to - day:



Here they built for Him a dwell-ing, Served Him here in a - ges past,



Fixed it for His sure pos - ses-sion, Ho - ly ground, while time shall last.



Restoration of a Church

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 When the years had wrought their changes
 He, our own unchanging God,
 Thought on this His habitation,
 Looked on His decayed abode;
 Heard our prayr's, and helped our counsels
 Blessed the silver and the gold,
 Till once more His house is standing
 Firm and stately as of old.</p> | <p>4 Fill this latter house with glory
 Greater than the former knew;
 Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,
 Guide us all to rev'rence true;
 Let Thy Holy One's anointing
 Here its sev'nfold blessing shed;
 Spread for us the heav'nly banquet,
 Satisfy Thy poor with bread.</p> |
| <p>3 Ent'ring then Thy gates with praises,
 Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:
 "Rise into Thy place of resting,
 Show Thy promised presence there!"
 Let the gracious word be spoken
 Here, as once on Sion's height,
 "This shall be My rest forever,
 This My dwelling of delight."</p> | <p>5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,
 Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
 Praise to Thee, all-quick'ning Spirit,
 Ever blessed Three in One:
 Threefold Pow'r and Grace and Wisdom,
 Molding out of sinful clay,
 Living stones for that true temple
 Which shall never know decay.</p> |

Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

HOSPITAL

300

Spirit of truth, we call

S. M.

REV. WM. A. WHITE. 1890

Moravia
 REV. L. WEST. 1800

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Spir - it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless,

Give wisdom, strength and grace to all Who here Thy Name con - fess.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Spirit of mercy, bring
 Thy balm the sick to heal;
 And make the weary ones to sing,
 Who shall Thy presence feel.</p> | <p>Let care for souls and bodies blend
 In ministries of love.</p> |
| <p>3 Spirit of peace, descend,
 Thyself the heav'nly Dove;</p> | <p>4 Spirit of Christ, abide
 In ev'ry heart alway;
 And crown, O Jesus crucified,
 The work begun to-day.</p> |

Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

HOME FOR THE AGED

301

Lord of life, of love, of light

7s.

B. H. HALL. 1881

Maidstone
DR. GILBERT

88

1. Lord of life, of love, of light, Clothed in
Wor - ship cen - tres at Thy throne, Praise be -

mer - cy, armed with might, Be this house for -
- longs to Thee a - lone!

- ev - er Thine; Through it let Thy fa - vor shine; Feed the

souls that here shall meet, From Thy boun - ty pure and sweet.

2 Write salvation on these walls;
Succor those whom sin enthalls;
Lightened with celestial rays,
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.
Thou Who dwellest where is sung
Praise to Thee by human tongue,
With the presence of Thy grace
Dwell henceforth within this place.

3 On Thine aged servants pour
Richest mercies from Thy store,
And till life's brief hour shall end,
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend,
Father holy! Christ most blest!
Evermore within us rest!
Spirit pure, illumine our ways
With Thy bright, celestial rays!

Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

BURIAL GROUND

302

O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose

8s.

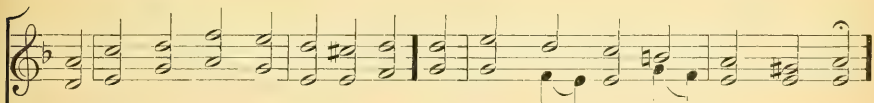
Old 112th

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

GERMAN. 1540



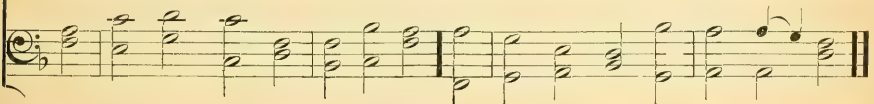
1. O Thou, in Whom Thy saints re - pose, When life's brief con-flict finds its close;



Behold us met be-fore Thy face To hal - low this their rest - ing-place:



Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep; And safely here their dust shall sleep.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
What tears must flow, what hearts must
bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememb'rest, on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealèd stone.</p> | <p>4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.</p> |
| <p>3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with mem'ry dwell,
And faith of heav'nly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.</p> | <p>5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall laugh to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store,
Our fruit of tears for evermore.</p> |

Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

CHURCH BELLS

303

Raised between the earth and heaven

8.7.

REV. W. B. SMITH. 1882

Stuttgart
GERMAN. 1715

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Raised be-tween the earth and heav-en, Now our bells are set on high;

In the Name of Him Who giv-eth Skill, and strength, and in - dus - try.

2 For His praise we meekly lay them
As a gift beneath His throne;
All their sweet and noblest music
Shall resound for Him alone.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.

6 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

AN ORGAN

304

Angel-voices, ever singing

P. M.

REV. F. POTT. 1861

Angel Voices
DR. E. G. MONK

100

1. An - gel - voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of

Dedication of Houses, Places and Things

cres.
light: . . . An - gel - harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The lyrics 'light: . . . An - gel - harps, for - ev - er ring - ing,' are written below the notes.

Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff has a half note C5, followed by a half note D5, and then a half note E5. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics 'Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly' are written below the notes.

cres. *f*
live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might!

The third system concludes the hymn. The treble staff features a half note F#5, followed by a half note G5, and then a half note A5. The bass staff continues with chords. The lyrics 'live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might!' are written below the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

- 2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.
- 3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.
- 4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be!
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee!

Travellers by Sea or Land

305

O Lord, be with us when we sail

C. M.

REV. E. A. DAYMAN. 1865

Albano
V. NOVELLO. 1800

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lord, be with us when we sail Up -
- on the lone - ly deep, Our guard, when on the
si - lent deck The night - ly watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the
storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 *If duty calls, from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

7 Be Thou the main guard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

* To be added in time of war.

Travellers by Sea or Land

306

Eternal Father! strong to save

8s.

Melita

W. WHITING. 1860

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest-less wave,

Who bidd'st the migh-ty o - cean deep Its own ap-point - ed li - mits keep;

Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee For those in - per - il on the sea!

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Travellers by Sea or Land

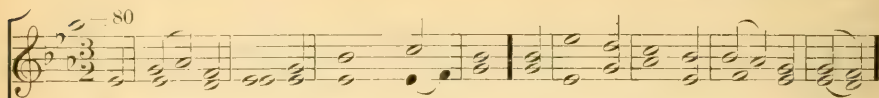
307

Almighty Father, hear our cry

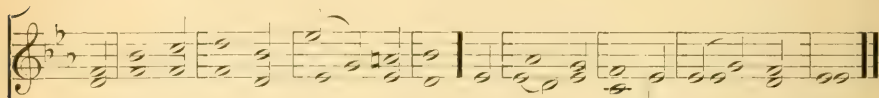
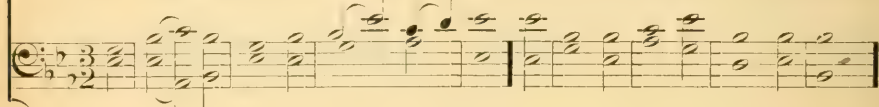
L. M.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1870

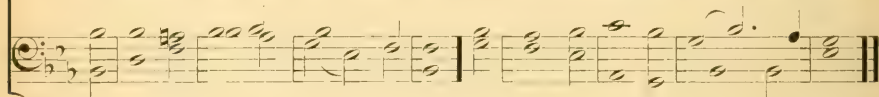
Rockingham
DR. MILLER. 1790



1. Al - mighty Fa-ther, hear our cry, As o'er the trackless deep we roam;



Be Thou our ha - ven al - ways nigh, On homeless wa-ters, Thou our home.



2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled
breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fost'ring warmth, Thy quick'ning
might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore.

308

While o'er the deep Thy servants sail

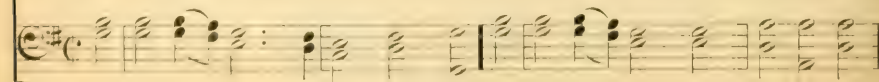
L. M.

BISHOP BURGESS. 1845

Ilisley
J. BISHOP. 1702



1. While o'er the deep Thy ser-vants sail, Send Thou, O Lord, the prosp'rous gale;



Travellers by Sea or Land



And on their hearts, where'er they go, Oh, let Thy heav'nly breez - es blow.



2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye:
The wand'rer's pray'r Thou bend'st to
hear,
And faith exults to know Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning
bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heav'nly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

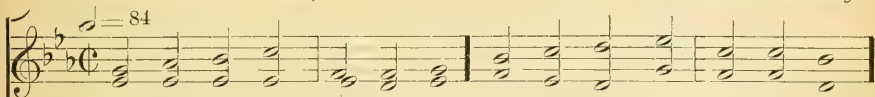
309

Safe upon the billowy deep

7s.

DR. HENRY COPPEE. 1887

Whitehall
O. GIBBONS. 1625



1. Safe up - on the billowy deep, Lov - ing Lord, Thy ser - vants keep;



Help-less, trust-ing pilgrims they, Guard them on their watery way.



2 In the morning fill their sails,
'Mid the dark send fav'ring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
Watch them with Thy sleepless eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the watches of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heav'nly shore,
Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
Where there shall be "no more sea."

REV. G. THRING. 1878

Meyer
M. LUTZ

76

1. O mighty God. Cre - a - tor, King, Who rulest o - ver sea and land,

And dost the o - cean deeps sus - tain With - in the hol - low of Thine hand;

Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee For those who traverse land or sea,

That they may now and ev - er be Safe in Thy ho - ly keep - ing.

2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,
Didst walk upon the angry wave,
And bid the troubled sea "be still,"
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee,
For those who traverse land or sea,
That they may now and ever be
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

3 Wherever danger threatens, then,
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And breathe into each trembling heart
The will and pow'r of fervent pray'r;
That we and all who cry to Thee,
With those who traverse land or sea,
Both now and evermore may be,
O ever Blessed Trinity,
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

* Stanza 3.

- more may be, O e - ver blessed Trin - i - ty, Safe in Thy ho - ly keep - ing.

VI. GENERAL

311 Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory 11.10.

BISHOP W. C. DOANE. 1886

Eden
SIR. J. STAINER. 1872

$\text{♩} = 92$

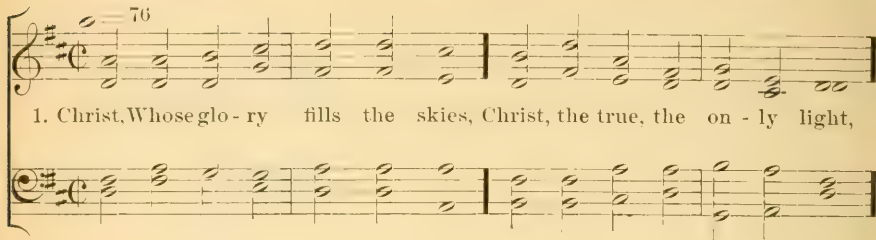
1. An - cient of days, Who sit - test, throned in glo - ry; To Thee all
knees are bent, all voices pray; Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous
sto - ry, With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.

- 2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewild'ring;
To Thee, in rev'rent love, our hearts are bowed.
- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quick'ning pow'r that gives increase:
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.
- 5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

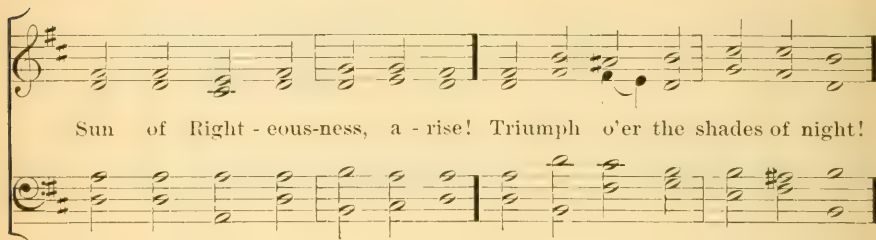
C. WESLEY. 1740

Ratisbon
GERMAN. 1815

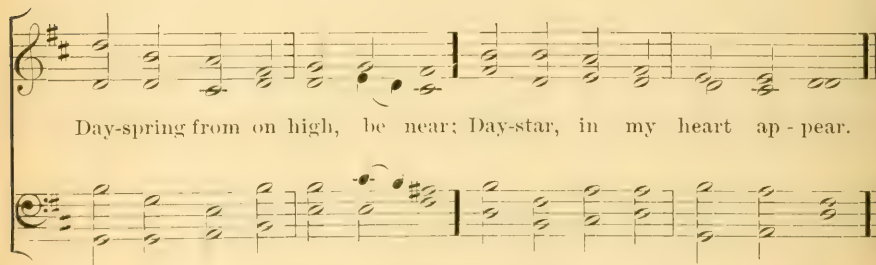
76



1. Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,



Sun of Right - eous-ness, a - rise! Triumph o'er the shades of night!



Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiancy divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

General

313

Lord of all being; throned afar

L. M.

DR. O. W. HOLMES. 1848

Hesperus
H. BAKER. 1870

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of
ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

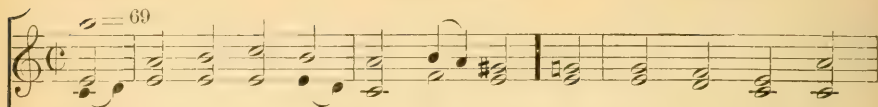
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

BISHOP COXE. 1840


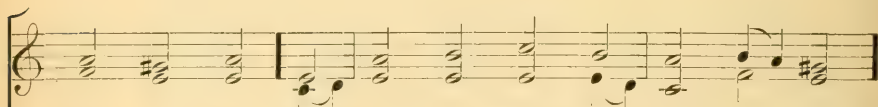
FIRST TUNE

Bremen
G. NEUMARK. 1657

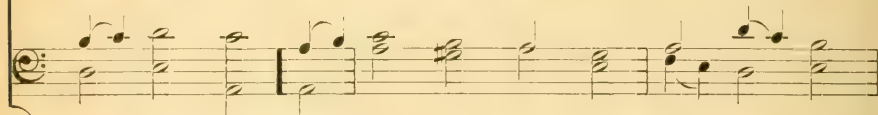
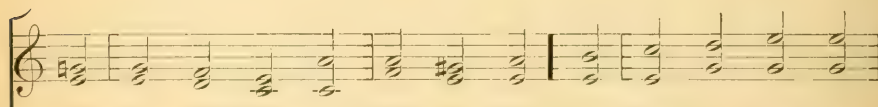
$\text{♩} = 69$





1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou

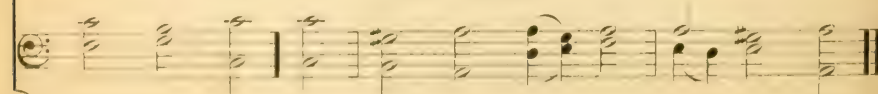
Light of Light! Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go

So pa - tient thro' a world of woe! So meek, so low - ly,

yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty.



General

- 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee;
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee all our journey run.
- 3 Oh, grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God;
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, Who livest evermore.

314

SECOND TUNE

Viventes
H. R. ROSE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright, Lord Je - sus Christ, Thou

cres.

Light of Light! Oh, who like Thee did ev - er go

dim.

So pa - tient thro' a world of woe! So meek, so low - ly,

rall.

yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty

ANON.

* Kent
J. F. LAMPE. 1745

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Wher - e'er have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach

us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace, Where men in bu - sy

con - course meet, Or in the lone - ly wild - er - ness.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy Tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee!
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be.

General

316

Hosanna to the living Lord!

8.8.8.8.11.

BISHOP HEBER: 1827

Hosanna 1
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

♩ = 80

1. Ho - san - na to the living Lord! Ho - san - na to th' in - car - nate Word!

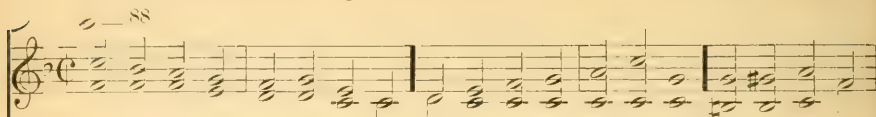
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

p *cres.* *f*

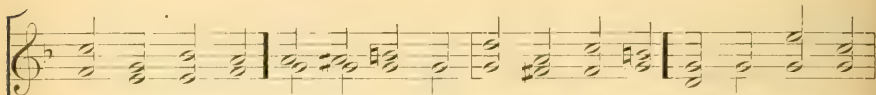
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est!

- 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heav'n shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

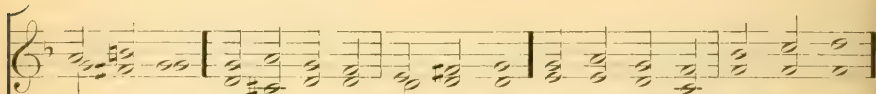
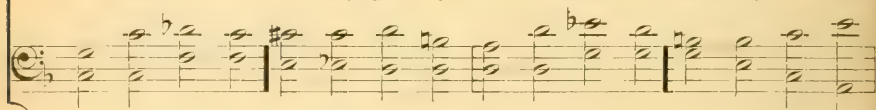
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1873

Mells
A. H. MESSITER. 1890

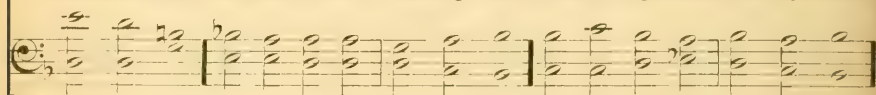
1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour! Thou art coming, O my King! In Thy beauty



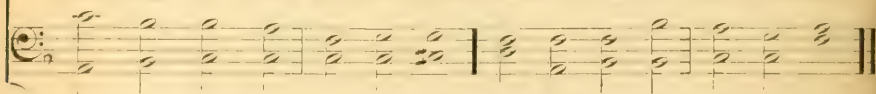
all - resplendent, In Thy glo - ry all - transcendent; Well may we re -



- joice and sing: Coming: in the opening east Herald brightness slow - ly swells;



Com - ing: O Thou glorious Priest! Hear we not Thy gol - den bells?



2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;

We shall meet Thee on Thy way;

We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,

We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee

All our hearts could never say;

What an anthem that will be,

Music rapturously sweet,

Pouring out our love to Thee

At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table

We are witnesses for this;

While rememb'ring hearts Thou meetest

In communion clearest, sweetest,

Earnest of our coming bliss;

Showing not Thy death alone,

And Thy love exceeding great,

But Thy coming, and Thy throne,

All for which we long and wait.

General

4 Thou art coming; we are waiting
 With a hope that cannot fail;
 Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure;
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, our own beloved Lord!
 Ev'ry tongue Thy Name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with one accord;
 Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned;
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned!

318

Jesus came, the heavens adoring

8.7.

Bethany

REV. G. THRING. 1864

H. SMART. 1870

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - sus came, the heav'ns a-dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
 Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low-ly came on earth to die;
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
 When our hearts are bowed with care;
 Jesus comes again in answer
 To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
 Bringing news of sins forgiv'n;
 Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
 Leading souls redeemed to heav'n;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Now the gate of death is riv'n.

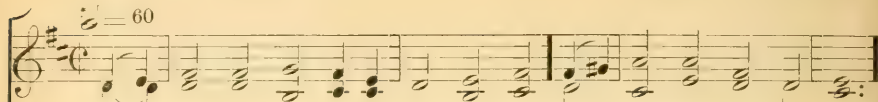
4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heav'ns shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Alleluia! ever singing,
 Till the dawn of endless day.

319 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown

P. M.

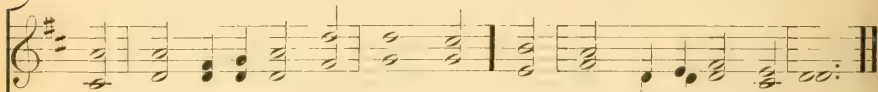
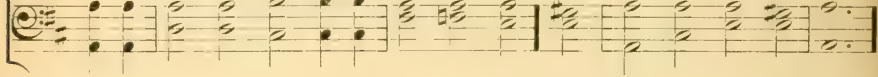
E. E. S. ELLIOTT. 1864

Margaret
REV. T. R. MATTHEWS

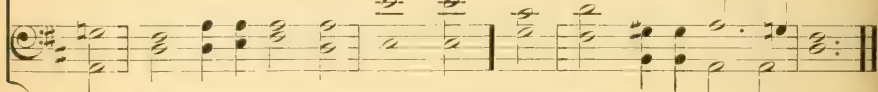
1. *Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;*



But in *Bethle-hem's* home was there found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! *There is room* in my heart for Thee.



2 *Heaven's* arches rang when the angels sang,

Proclaiming Thy royal degree;

But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,

And in great humility.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The *foxes* found rest, and the birds *had their* nest

In the shade of the forest tree;

But Thy couch *was the* sod, O Thou Son of God,

In the desert of Galilee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou *camest*, O Lord, with the living word,

That should set Thy people free;

But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,

They bore Thee to Calvary.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

Thy cross is my only plea.

General

5 When the heav'ns shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

320

All praise to Thee, eternal Lord

L. M.

"Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ."

M. LUTHER. 1523

Brockham
DR. CLARKE. 1700

76

1. All praise to Thee, e - ternal Lord, Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;

And chose a man - ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds were Thine a - lone.

- 2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
While angels who in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.
- 3 A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest:
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heav'n from earth.
- 4 Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us, children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.
- 5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this our joyful songs we raise;
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

General

321

To the Name of our salvation

8.7.

GERMAN. 1500

NEALE. *Tr.*

"Gloriosi Salvatoris.

Oriel

FIRST TUNE

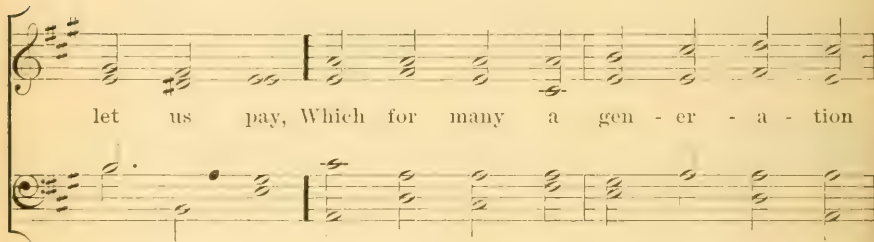
M. HAYDN. 1775



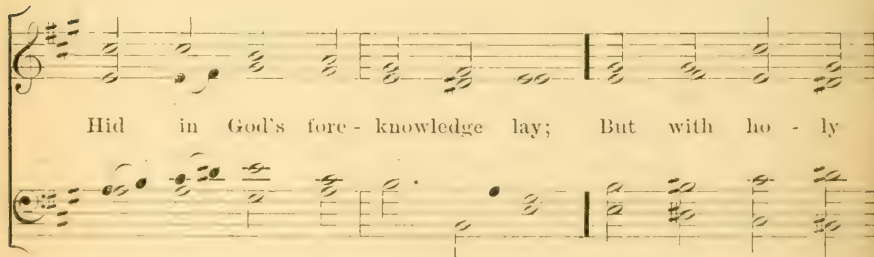
1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - or



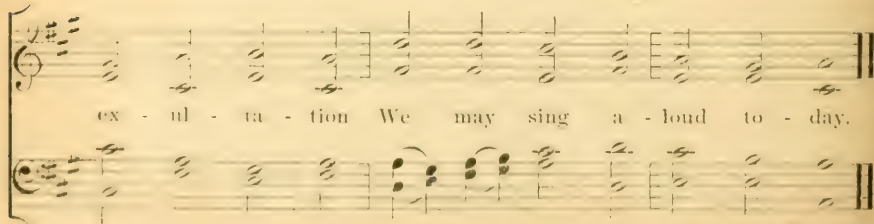
let us pay, Which for many a gen - er - a - tion



Hid in God's fore - knowledge lay; But with ho - ly



ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.



General

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;
 Name beyond what words can tell;
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
 Ear and heart delighting well;
 Name of sweetness, passing measure,
 Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
 Name for songs of victory,
 Name for holy meditation
 In this vale of misery,
 Name for joyful veneration
 By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
 Speaks like music to the ear;
 Who in pray'r this Name beseecheth
 Sweetest comfort findeth near;
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
 Heav'nly joy possesses here.

5 Therefore we in love adoring,
 This most blessed Name revere;
 Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
 So to write it in us here,
 That hereafter, heav'nward soaring,
 We may sing with angels there.

321

SECOND TUNE

* *Salvatoris*
 SIR J. BENEDICT. 1872

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. To the Name of our sal - va - tion, Laud and hon - or let us pay,

p

Which for many a gen - er - a - tion Hid in God's fore-knowledge lay;

f

But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day.

General

322

Conquering kings their titles take

7s.

ABBÉ BENAULT. 1726
CHANDLER. Tr.

"Victis sibi cognomina."

Xavier
DR. CHAMPNEYS. 1889

84

1. Conqu'ring kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap - tive make:

Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes: none other Name is giv'n
Unto mortals under heav'n,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death but victory.

4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

323

Hail to the Lord's Anointed

7.6.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1821

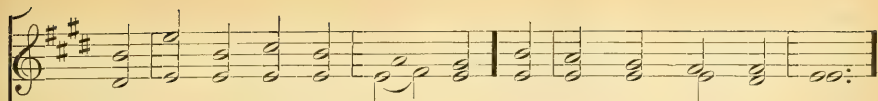
FIRST TUNE

Greenland
W. H. MONK. 1872

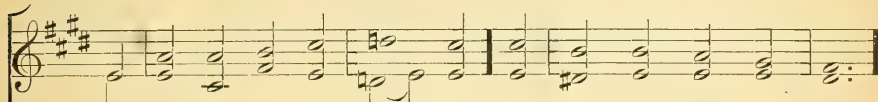
80

1. Hail to the Lord's An - oint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

General



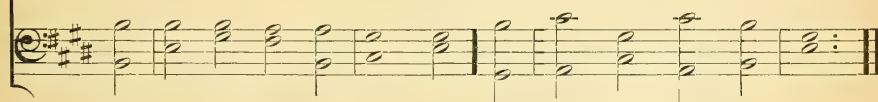
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:



To take a - way transgres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.



2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall pray'r unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

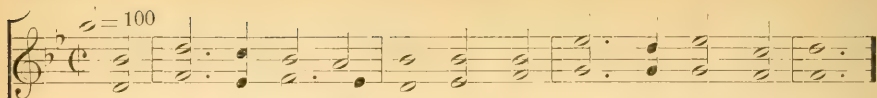
5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
His changeless Name of Love.

General

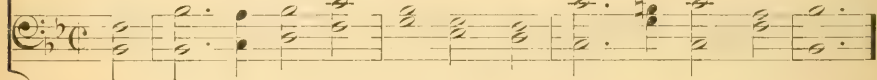
323

SECOND TUNE

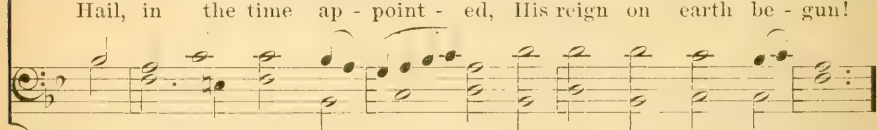
Zoan
REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1859



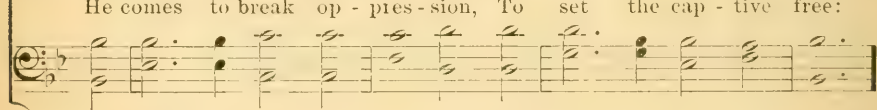
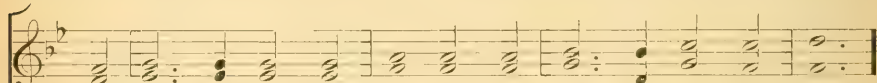
1. Hail to the Lord's An - oint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!



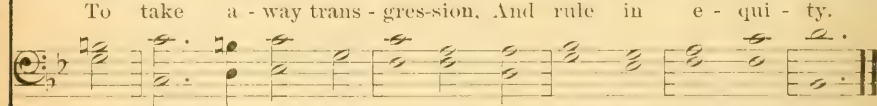
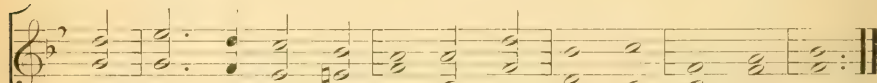
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:



To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.



2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall pray'r unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,
His changeless Name of Love.

General

324

Joy to the world! the Lord is come

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1719

FIRST TUNE

Selby
A. J. EYRE. 1889

♩ = 80

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

324

SECOND TUNE

Redhead 100
R. REDHEAD. 1853

♩ = 80

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

General

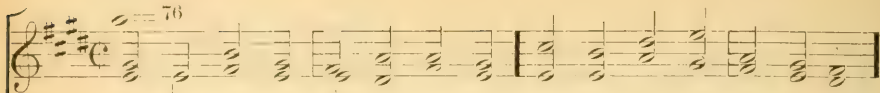
325

Light of those whose dreary dwelling

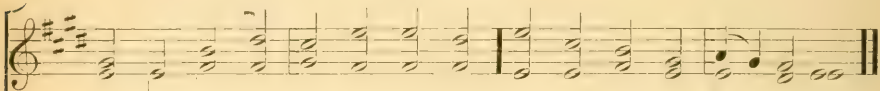
8.7.

C. WESLEY. 1746

Sharon
DR. BOYCE. 1765



1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death,



Je - sus, now Thy - self re - veal-ing, Scat - ter ev - 'ry cloud beneath.



2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Ev'ry meek and contrite heart.

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

3 Show Thy pow'r in ev'ry nation,
O Thou Prince of Peace and Love!

4 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burdened soul release:
By the presence of Thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

326

O very God of very God

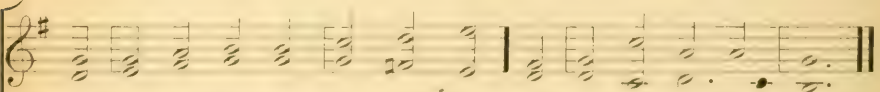
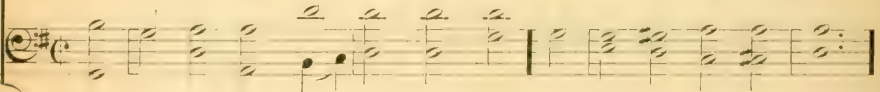
C. M.

REV. J. M. NEALE. 1846

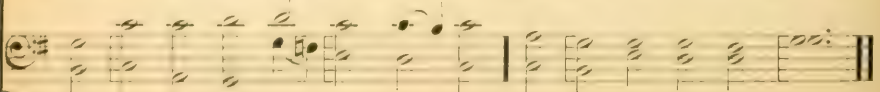
Redhead 94
R. REDHEAD. 1855



1. O ve - ry God of ve - ry God, And ve - ry Light of Light,



Whose feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright;



General

- 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise.
- 3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is bright'ning fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.
- 4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

327

Thou, Whose almighty word

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Moscow

F. GIARDINI. 1760

REV. J. MARRIOTT. 1813

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Thou, Whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the

Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light!

- 2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!

- Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!
- 4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

General

328

Lord of all power and might

6.6.4.6.6.4.

REV. H. STOWELL. 1854

St. Chrysostom
W. A. RABOCH. 1890

♩ = 92

1. Lord of all pow'r and might, Fa - ther of love and light,
Speed on Thy word! Oh, let the Gos - pel sound All the wide world a -
- round, Wher - ev - er man is found! God speed His word!

- 2 Hail, blessed Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Alleluia!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!
- 3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for His truth we stand,

Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word!

- 4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done,
God bless His word!

329

Thy kingdom come, O God!

6s.

REV. L. HENSLEY. 1867

St. Cecilia
REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

♩ = 84

1. Thy king - dom come, O God! Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin!

General

Break with Thine i - ron rod The ty - ran - nies of sin!

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

330

Blow ye the trumpet, blow!

6.6.6.6.8.8.

C. WESLEY. 1750

Christchurch
DR. STEGGALL. 1870

1. Blow ye the trum - pet, blow! The glad - ly sol - emn sound;

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God!
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

General

331

Watchman, tell us of the night

7s.

SIR J. BOWRING. 1825

Culford
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.

Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beaming star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?

Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

General

332

God of mercy, God of grace

7s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

Dulwich
DR. FROST. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. God of mer - cy, God of grace, Show the bright - ness
of Thy face; Shine up - on us, Sav - iour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light di - vine; And Thy sav - ing
health ex - tend Un - to earth's re - mot - est end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

General

333

Far from my heavenly home

S. M.

REV. H. F. LATE. 1834

FIRST TUNE

Lyte

J. WILKES. 1861

88

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Fainting I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last!

333

SECOND TUNE

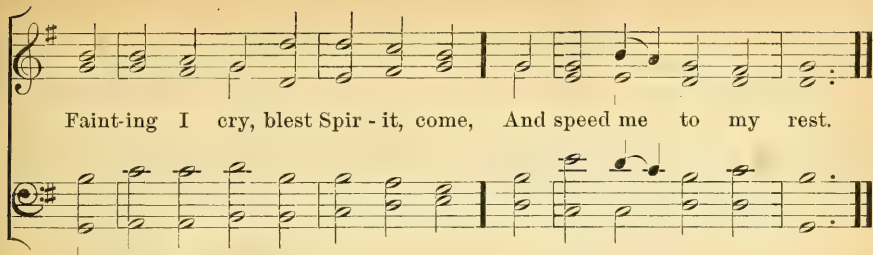
Procul

DR. S. S. WESLEY

76

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

General



Faint-ing I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest.

334

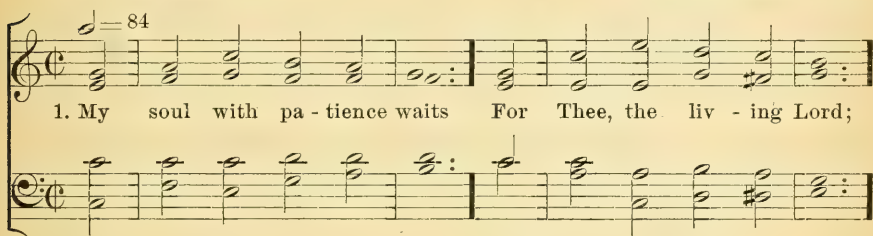
My soul with patience waits

S. M.

Annandale

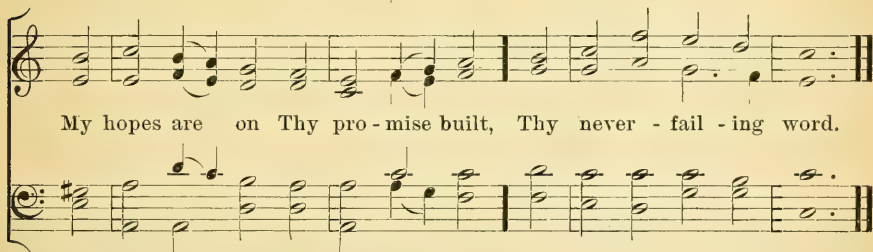
TATE and BRADY. 1698

ARTHUR ROSE. 1890



♩ = 84

1. My soul with pa - tience waits For Thee, the liv - ing Lord;



My hopes are on Thy pro - mise built, Thy never - fail - ing word.

- 2 My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds His mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succor flows;
- 4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

General

335

Jesu, lover of my soul

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740

Hollingside
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861

72

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

General

336

Rock of ages, cleft for me

7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1776

FIRST TUNE

Redhead 76

R. REDHEAD. 1853

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

General

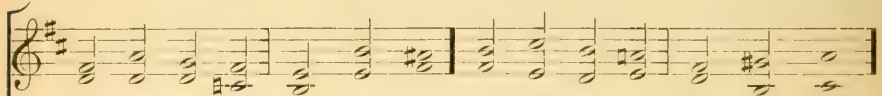
336

SECOND TUNE

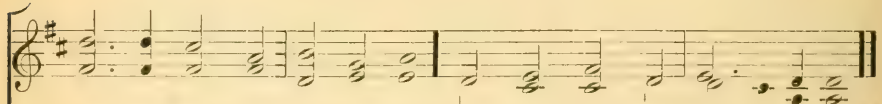
St. Bruno
J. HULLAH. 1867



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,



Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

336

THIRD TUNE

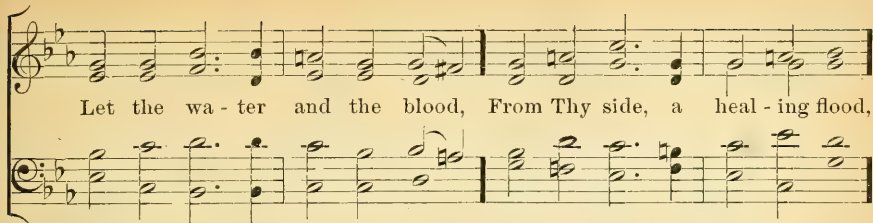
Rock
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



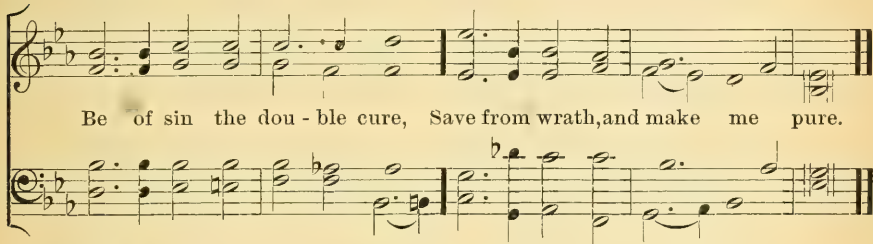
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;



General



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

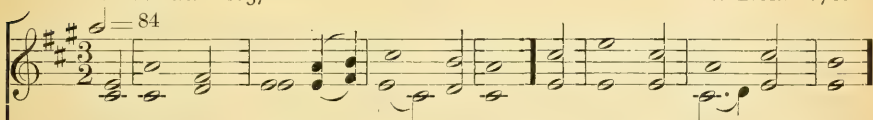


Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

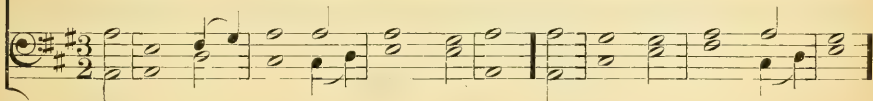
337 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need C. M.

DEAN MILMAN. 1837

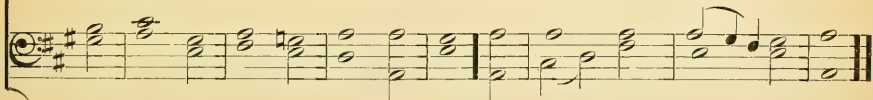
Martyrdom
H. WILSON. 1768



1. Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heav'nly suc - cor give:




Help us in thought, in word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live!



2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

3 Oh, help us through the pray'r of faith
More firmly to believe!

For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:
We have no help but Thee.
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heav'n to be!

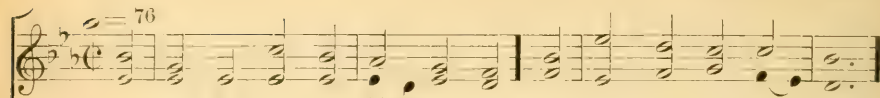
General

338

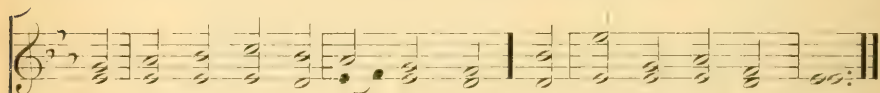
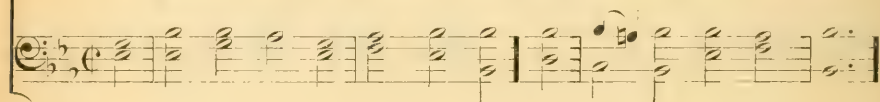
O gracious God, in Whom I live

C. M.

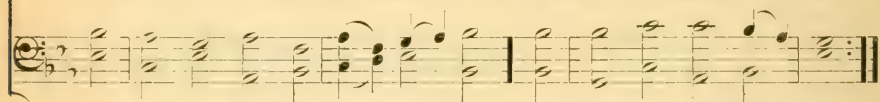
Bedford
W. WHEALL. 1729



1. O gracious God, in Whom I live, My fee - ble ef - forts aid:



Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Though trembling and a - fraid.



2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 When'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, Thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

4 Oh, keep me in Thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and Thee.

339

O Thou to Whose all-searching sight

L. M.

"Seelenbräutigam, O du Gotteslamm!"

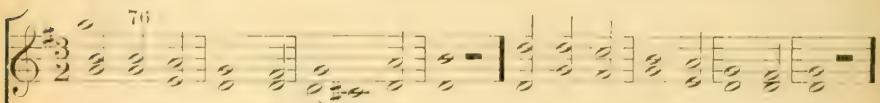
COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1721

J. WESLEY. 72.

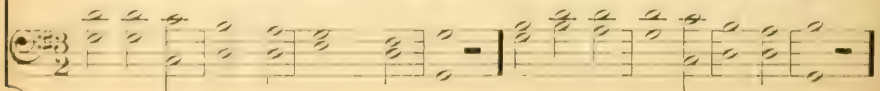
FIRST TUNE

Grace Church

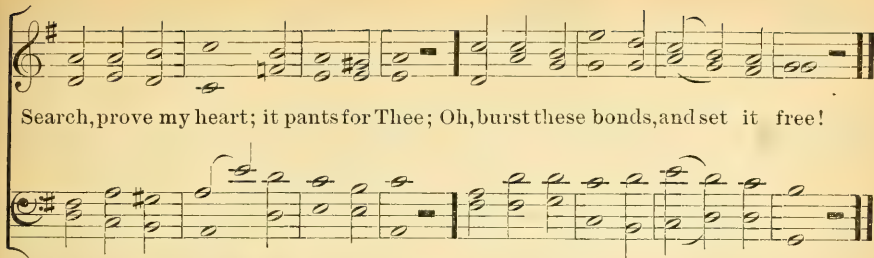
From I. J. PLEVEL. 1800



1. O Thou to Whose all - search - ing sight The darkness shineth as the light,



General



Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

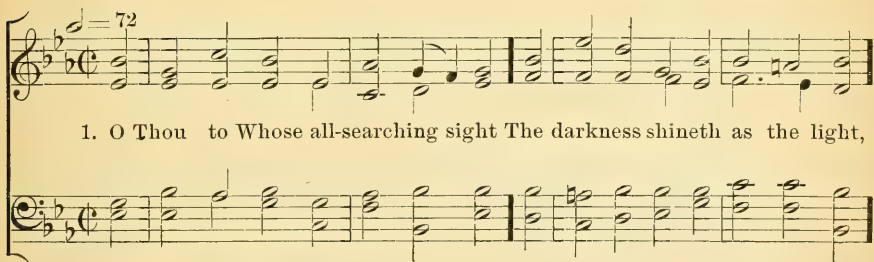
5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

339

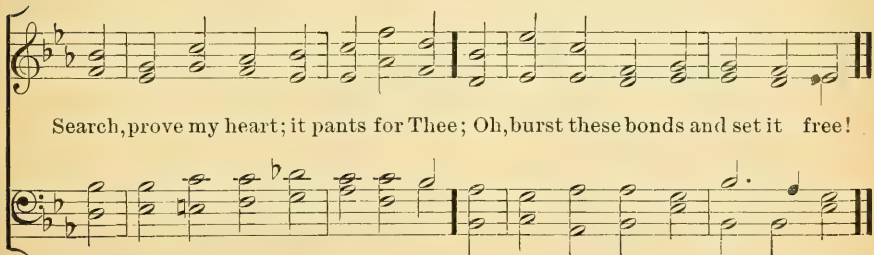
SECOND TUNE

Shropshire

E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



1. O Thou to Whose all-searching sight The darkness shineth as the light,



Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!

General

340

In the hour of trial

6.5.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1834

Magdalene
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857

80

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - su, plead for me;

Lest by base de - ni - - al I de - part from Thee;

When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a look re - call,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance,
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see:
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

General

4 When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain,
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Jesu, take me, dying,
 To eternal life.

341

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me

8.8.8.4.

Helena

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1869

REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1876

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. Je-sus, my Saviour, look on me, For I am wea-ry and opprest;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my Rest, Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
 I feel the toilsome journey's length;
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
 Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
 Dark and tempestuous is the night;
 Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
 Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
 I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
 Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
 Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
 In that tremendous, latest strife,
 Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
 Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my ev'ry want supply,
 E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
 Through life, in death, eternally,
 Thou art my All.

General

342

Art thou weary, art thou languid

P. M.

Κόπον τε καὶ κίνητον.

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. 775

NEALE. Tr.

FIRST TUNE

Stephanos
REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

72

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid, Art thou sore dis - trest ?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes."

342

SECOND TUNE

Consolator
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

52 Slowly, and with expression.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis -

General

cres. *pp*

- trest? "Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."

Be at rest.

343 *Bredell*

I hunger and I thirst

6s.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1873

Moseley
H. SMART. 1880

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. I hun - ger and I thirst; Je - su, my Man - na be:

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the Rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,

My life-long wants supply;

As living souls are fed,

Oh, feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving Vine,

Let me Thy sweetness prove;

Renew my life with Thine,

Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,

Since first their course began;

Feed me, Thou Bread of God;

Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies

My thirsting soul before;

Oh, living waters, rise

Within me evermore!

SARAH F. ADAMS. 1841

FIRST TUNE

Oxford
H. SMART. 1868

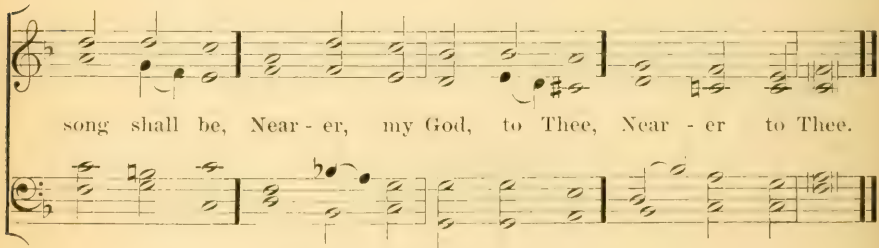
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it



be a cross, That rais - eth me; Still all my



song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

General

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

344

SECOND TUNE

Horbury
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

♩ = 60

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,

E'en though it be a cross, That rais - eth

rall. me; . . . *tempo.* Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

76

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di -
vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way;
Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

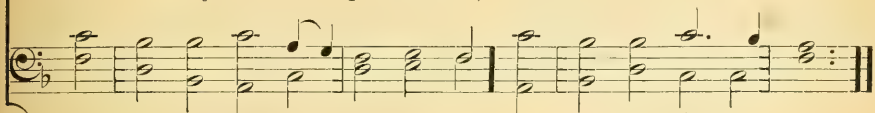
76

1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,

General



So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will;
Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiv'n,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heav'n!

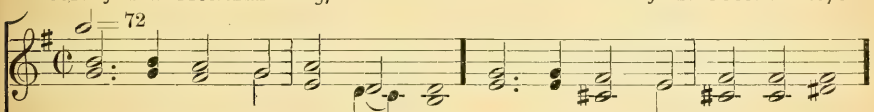
347

Sinful, sighing to be blest

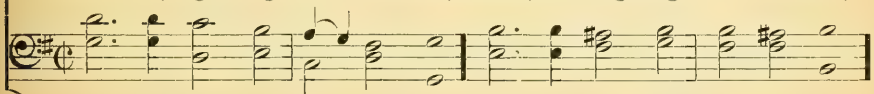
7s.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1857

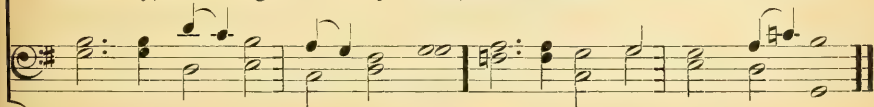
Paraclete
J. T. COOPER. 1870



1. Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;



Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest; God be mer - ci - ful to me.



2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee:

I am not my own but Thine:
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone:
God be merciful to me.

6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for His sake
God be merciful to me.

General

348

When our heads are bowed with woe

7s.

DEAN MILMAN. 1827

FIRST TUNE

Redhead 47
R. REDHEAD. 1850

♩ = 69

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'erflow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

348

SECOND TUNE

Mercy
REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880

♩ = 63

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bitter tears o'er - flow,

General

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - su, Son of Ma - ry, hear!

349

Out of the deep I call

S. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

Southwell
ENGLISH. 1558

♩ = 66

1. Out of the deep I call To Thee, O Lord, to Thee;

Be - fore Thy throne of grace I fall; Be mer - ci - ful to me.

- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.
- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

General

350

Jesu, Lord of life and glory

8.7.8.7.4.7.

J. J. CUMMINS. 1839

St. Raphael
E. J. HOPKINS. 1863

76

1. Je - su, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy

gra - cious ear; While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee,

Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear: By Thy mer - cy,

Oh, de - liv - er us, good Lord.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> | <p>3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.</p> |
|---|---|

General

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay:
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

351 PH

Have mercy, Lord, on me.

S. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1696

St. Bride.
DR. HOWARD. 1762

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind;

Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wanted mer - cy find.

2 Wash off my foul offense,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though con-
demned,
Must own Thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:

Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

General

352

In mercy, not in wrath

S. M.

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

Crotch
DR. CROTCH. 1836

72

1. In mer-cy, not in wrath, Re-buke me, gra-cious God!

Lest, if Thy whole dis-pleas-ure rise, I sink be-neath Thy rod.

2 Touched by Thy quick'ning power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds Thy Spirit hath unclosed,
Oh, let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I forever mourn?
And wilt Thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 Oh, come, ere life expire;
Send down Thy pow'r to save;
For who shall sing Thy Name in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt Thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfill Thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

353

My God, permit me not to be

L. M.

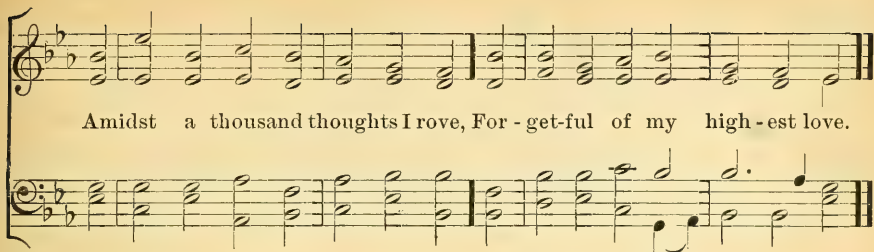
DR. WATTS. 1709

Leipsic
J. H. SCHEIN. 1600

76

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and Thee:

General



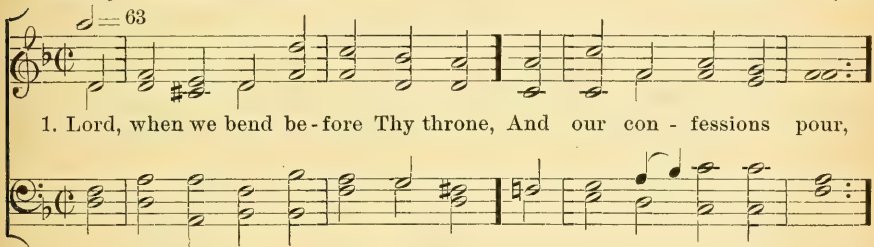
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?</p> | <p>3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.</p> |
|--|---|

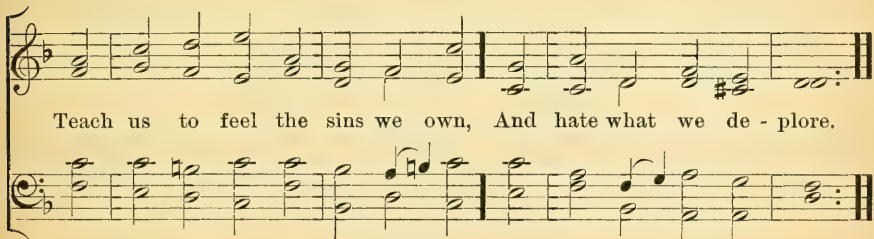
354 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne C. M.

REV. J. D. CARLYLE. 1802

St. Mary
DR. BLOW. 1648



1. Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fessions pour,



Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.</p> | <p>3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.</p> |
|---|--|

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

355

Saviour, Whom I fain would love

7s.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1774

Cassel
GERMAN. 1784

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Saviour, Whom I fain would love, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me,

Fix my roving heart above, Draw me nearer unto Thee.

Thee to praise and Thee to know Make the joy of saints below:

Thee to see and Thee to love Make the bliss of saints above.

General

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny:
 Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.
 Source and Giver of repose,
 Only from Thy love it flows;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

356

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal

7s.

REV. G. THRING. 1866

Grace
 J. W. ELLIOTT. 1874

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal; Heal me as I suppliant kneel;

Heal me, and my pardon seal

- 2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
 Hear the pray'rs I oft have prayed,
 And in mercy send me aid.
- 3 Helpless, none can help me now;
 Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;
 Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.
- 4 Thou the true Physician art;
 Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
 Binding up the bleeding heart.
- 5 Other comforters are gone;
 Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
 Thou for all my sin atone.
- 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
 Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
 To Thy mercy I appeal.

General

357

O Jesu, Thou art standing

7.6.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1867

FIRST TUNE

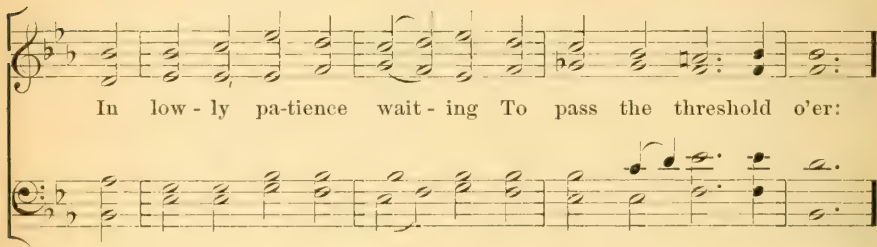
Lux Mundi
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872



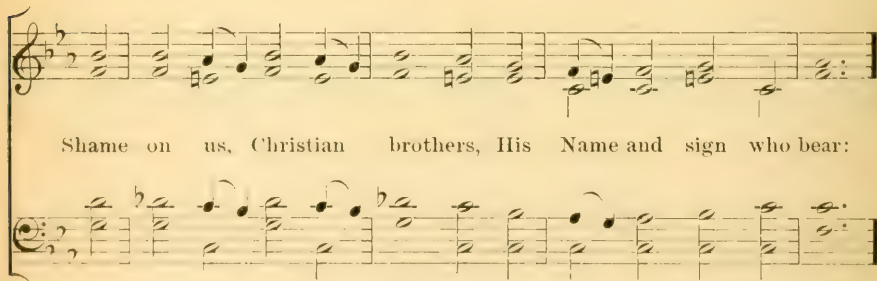
1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



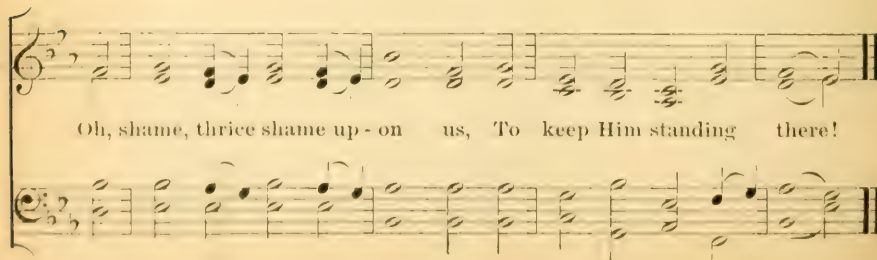
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear:



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!



General

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that bath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

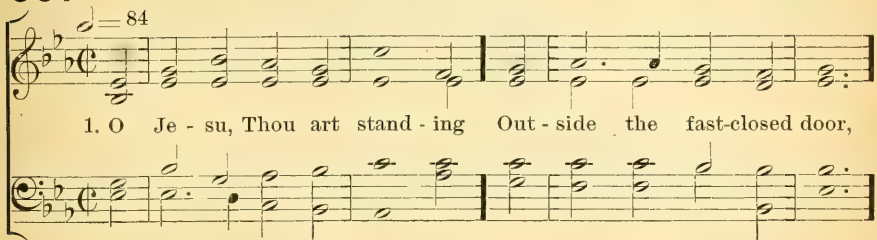
3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

357

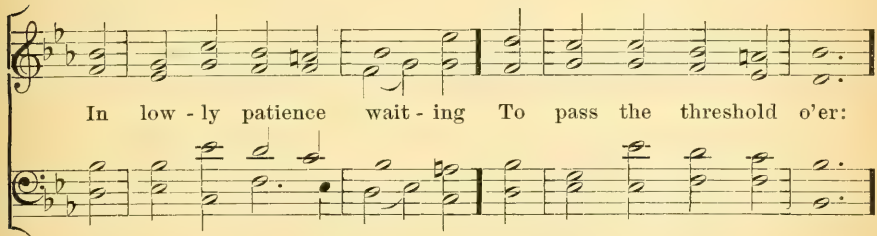
SECOND TUNE

Patience
H. SMART

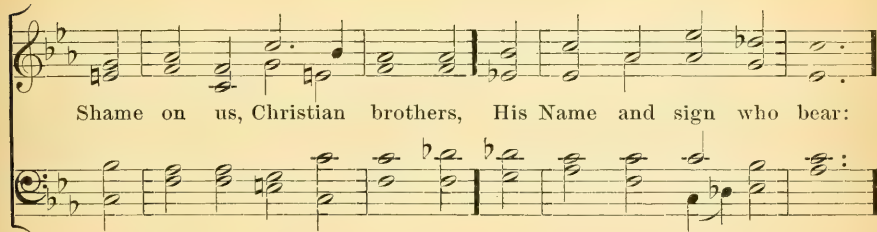
$\text{♩} = 84$



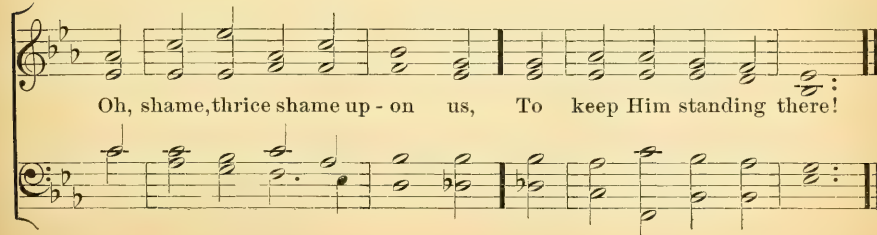
1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



In low - ly patience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



Shame on us, Christian brothers, His Name and sign who bear:



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!

General

358

Jesus, I my cross have taken

8.7.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1824

Iona
SIR J. STAINER 1868

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:

cres.
Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

f
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

General

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heav'n, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

359 *pt*

In the cross of Christ I glory

8.7.

SIR J. BOWRING. 1825

Ad inferos
W. H. SANGSTER

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

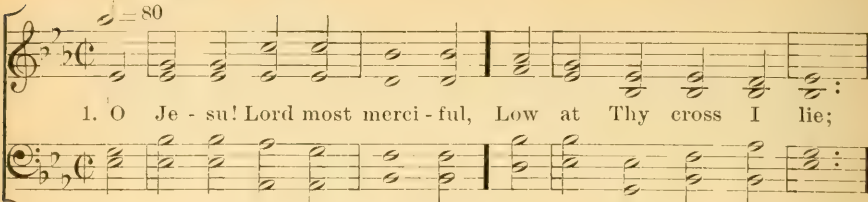
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

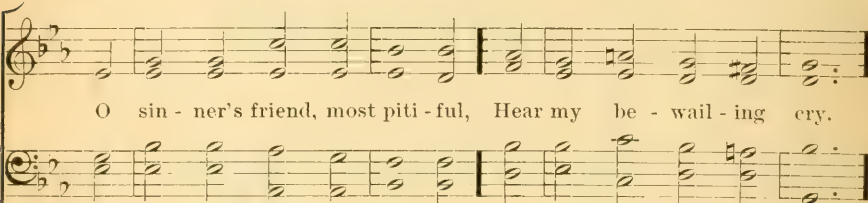
REV. J. HAMILTON. 1867

Intercessor
SIR A. SULLIVAN

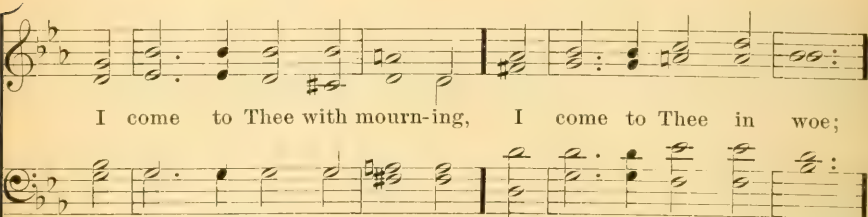
$\text{♩} = 80$



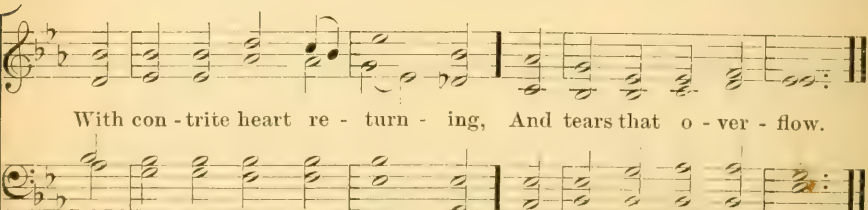
1. O Je - su! Lord most merci - ful, Low at Thy cross I lie;



O sin - ner's friend, most piti - ful, Hear my be - wail - ing cry.



I come to Thee with mourn - ing, I come to Thee in woe;



With con - trite heart re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.

2 O gracious Intercessor!
O Priest within the veil!
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done!

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;

By all that untold suff'ring
Endured by Thee alone;
O Priest! O spotless Off'ring!
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

4 And in this heart now broken,
Re-enter Thou and reign;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul away.

361 Christ, the Life of all the living

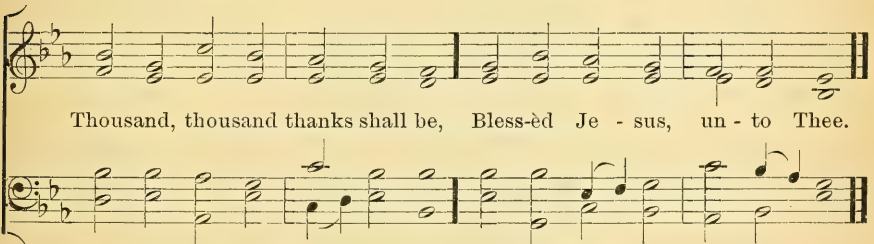
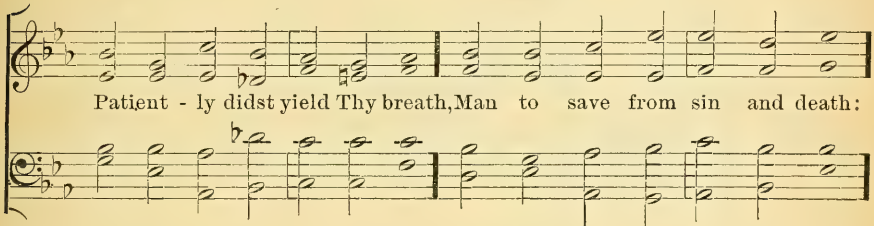
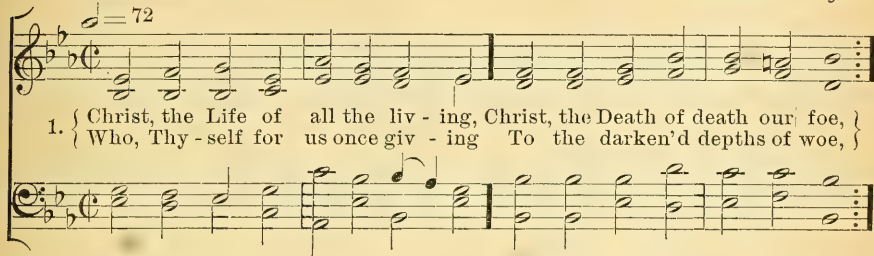
8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.

E. C. HOMBURG. 1659
WINKWORTH. Tr.

"Jesu, meines Lebens Leben."

Gütersloh
GERMAN. 1650

♩ = 72



2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
Thou sinless Son of God;
Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

3 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe:
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with the latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death;
For that last most bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high.

362

Glory be to Jesus

6.5.

ITALIAN. 1750
CASWALL. 77.Caswall
F. FILITZ. 1847

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. { Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
Grace and life e - - ter - nal In that blood I find,

Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins! }
Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind! }

- 2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious Blood.

363

O Lamb of God, still keep me

7.6.

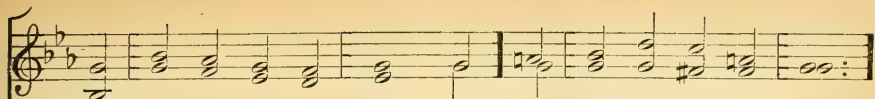
J. G. DECK. 1842

Dies Dominica
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1860

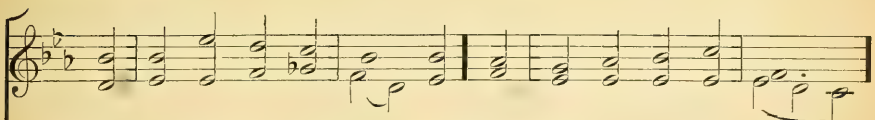
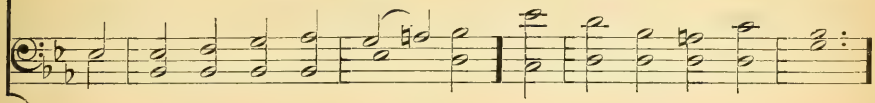
$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side!

General



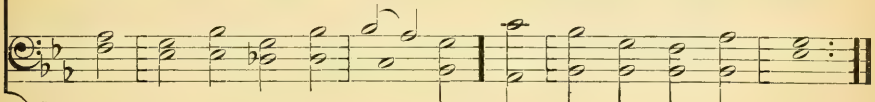
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bid.



What foes and snares surround me! What doubts and fears with - in! . .



The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.



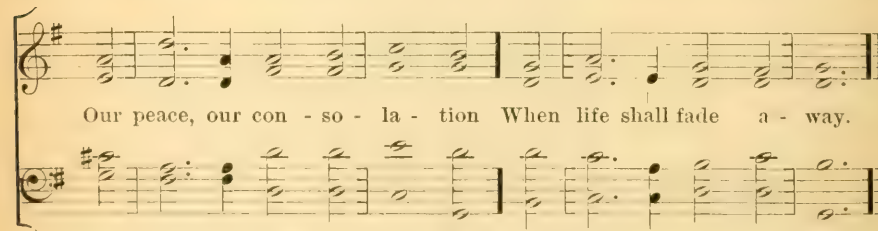
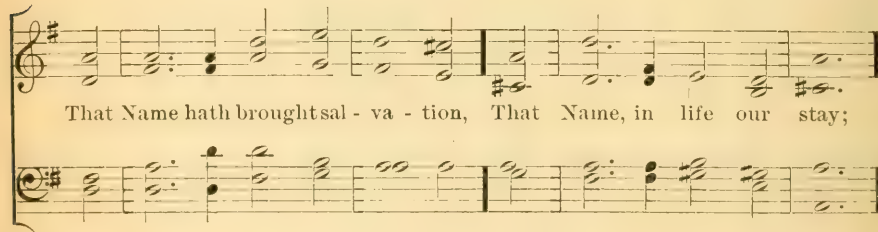
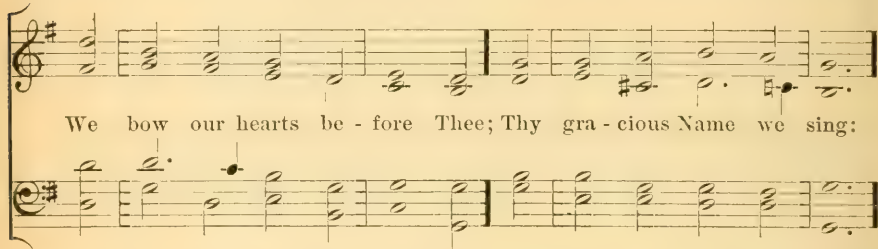
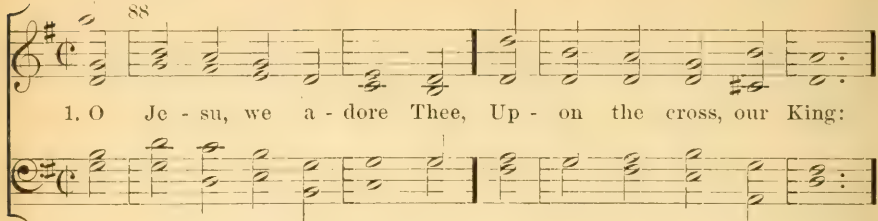
2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure;
Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth
O'er ev'ry hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy pow'r and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

REV. A. T. RUSSELL 1851

Holy Church
A. H. BROWN

88



2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.
The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assured
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesu, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

General

365

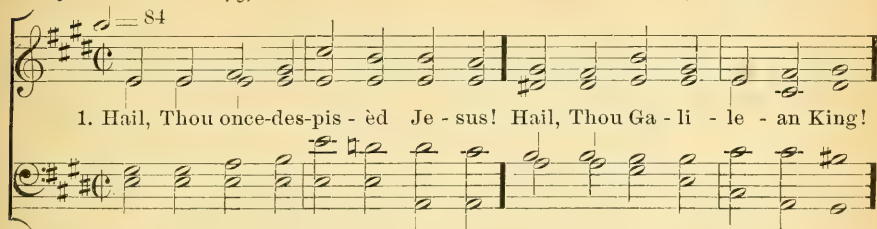
Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus

8.7.

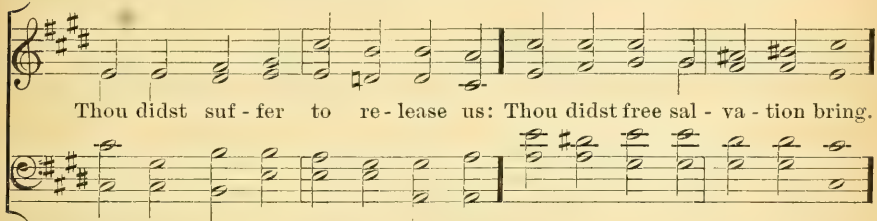
J. BAKEWELL. 1757

St Hilda
J. BARNBY. 1861

$\text{♩} = 84$



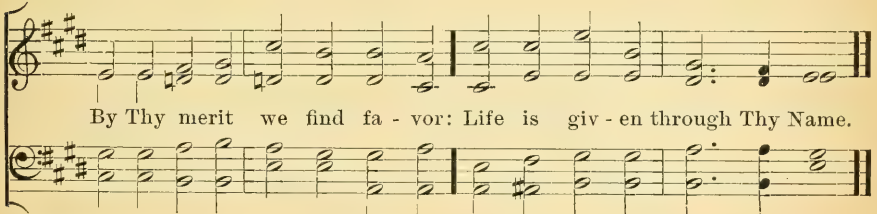
1. Hail, Thou once-des-pis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Ga - li - le - an King!



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us: Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.



Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!



By Thy merit we find fa - vor: Life is giv - en through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

General

366

To Him Who for our sins was slain

8.8.6.

REV. A. T. RUSSELL. 1851

REV. W. H. COOKE. 1880

Rye

80

1. To Him Who for our sins was slain, To Him for all His

dy - ing pain, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To

Him, the Lamb our sac - ri - fice, Who gave His blood our

ran - som - price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

- 2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
- To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!

- To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heav'nly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

Jesus, our risen King

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Philippi

J. G. EBELING. 1666

J. ALLEN. 1761

♩ = 66

1. Je - sus, our ris - en King, Glo - ry to Thee we sing,

Prais - ing Thy Name: Thy love and grace a - dore, Which all our

sor - rows bore; Sing - ing for ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb."

2 Oh, haste, ye ransomed race!
For all His gifts of grace
Praise ye His Name:
He wondrous things hath done;
Triumph o'er death hath won;
Heav'n's gate hath open thrown;
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Come, all ye hosts above!
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name:
To Him ascribed be
Honor and majesty
Through all eternity:
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Blessèd and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praise to Thy Name:
Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of holiness,
We praise Thee and confess,
"Worthy the Lamb."

General

368

Alleluia! sing to Jesus

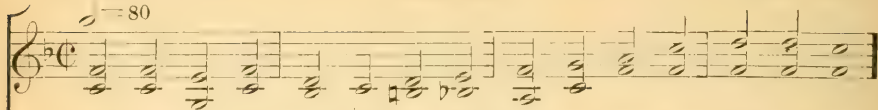
8.7.

W. C. DIX. 1866

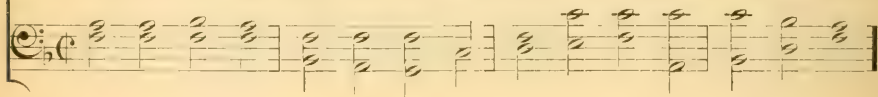
FIRST TUNE

Alleluia
DR. S. S. WESLEY. 1868

♩ = 80



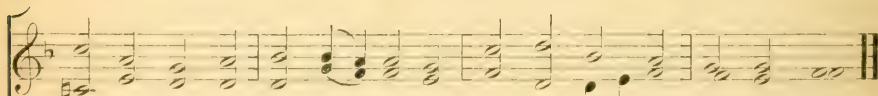
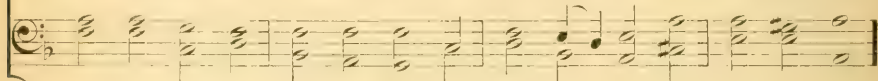
1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne;



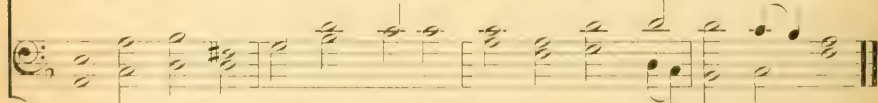
Al - le - lu - ia! His the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



Hark! the songs of peaceful Si - on Thunder like a mighty flood;



Je - sus out of ev - 'ry nation Hath re-deemed us by His blood.



2 Alleluia! not as orphans

Are we left in sorrow now;

Alleluia! He is near us,

Faith believes, nor questions how:

Though the cloud from sight received

When the forty days were o'er: Him,

Shall our hearts forget His promise,

"I am with you evermore?"

3 Alleluia! Bread of Heaven,

Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!

Alleluia! here the sinful

Flee to Thee from day to day:

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,

Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,

Where the songs of all the sinless

Sweep across the crystal sea.

General

4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heav'n Thy throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High-Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

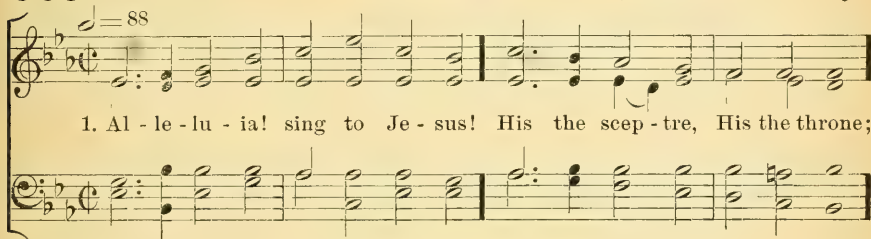
5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of holy Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of ev'ry nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

368

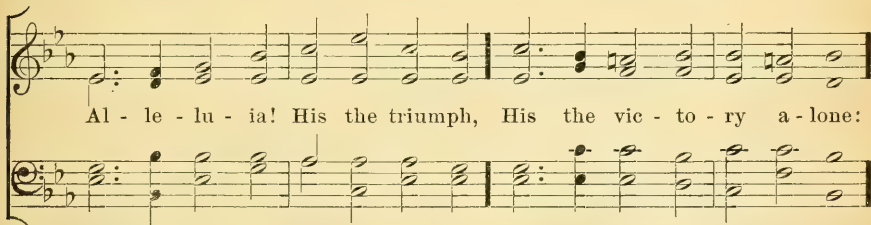
SECOND TUNE

Knightsbridge
REV. J. BADEN POWELL. 1885

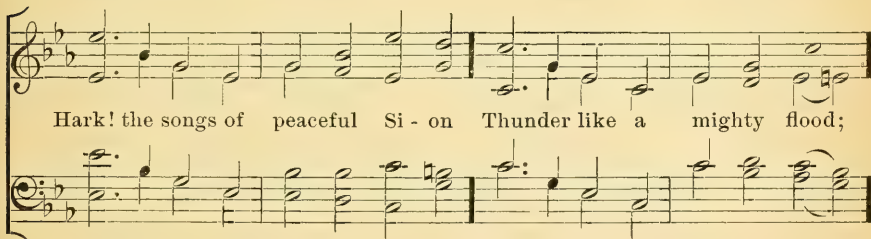
$\text{♩} = 88$



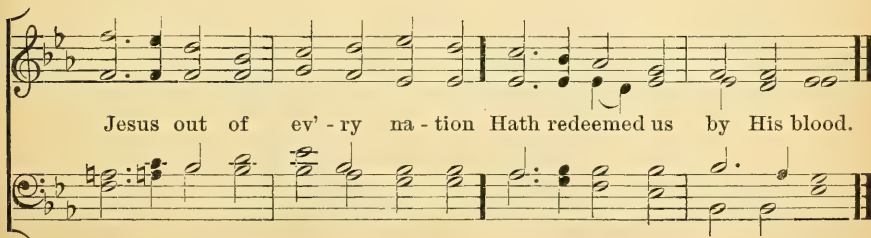
1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the seep - tre, His the throne;



Al - le - lu - ia! His the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone:



Hark! the songs of peaceful Si - on Thunder like a mighty flood;



Jesus out of ev' - ry na - tion Hath redeemed us by His blood.

General

369

Awake, and sing the song

S. M.

Day of Praise

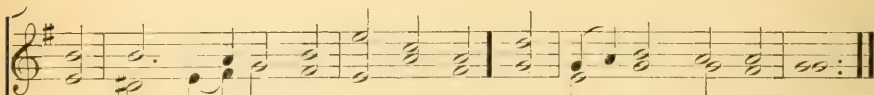
DR. STEGGALL

W. HAMMOND. 1745

$\text{♩} = 88$



1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb!



Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's Name.



2 Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

3 Sing on your heav'nly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In 'Christ, th' eternal King!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come:"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wand'ers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

370

Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done

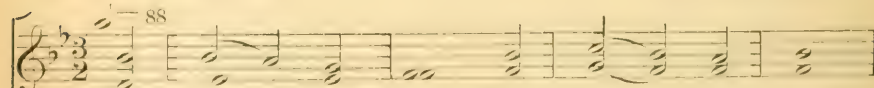
L. M.

Wareham

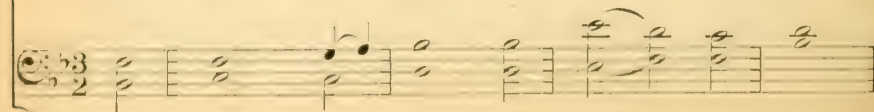
W. KNAPP. 1750

REV. DR. IRONS. 1861

$\text{♩} = 88$



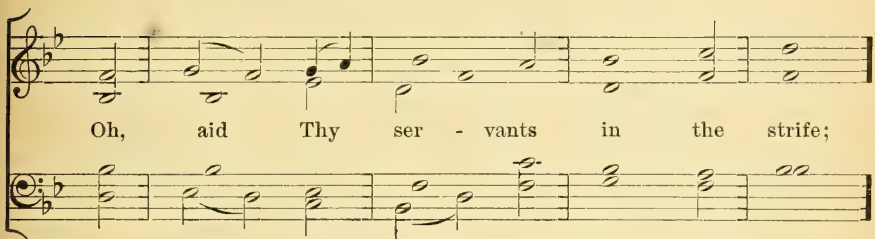
1. Tri - um - phant Lord, Thy work is done,



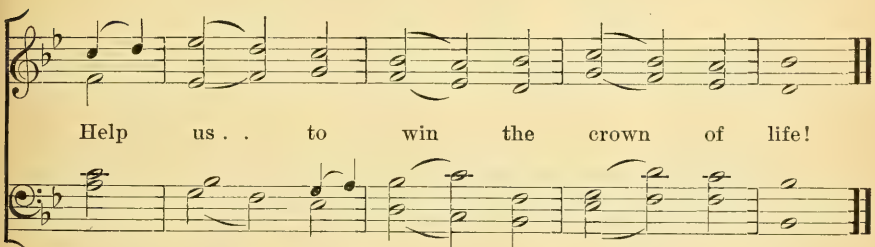
General



Thy toil is o'er, Thy vict' - ry won:



Oh, aid Thy ser - vants in the strife;



Help us . . to win the crown of life!

2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice,
Our pray'rs like incense round Thee rise;
For "Thou art Priest forever," Thou
Art interceding for us now.

3 Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,
And by Thy bitter death on earth,
And by Thy rising from the grave,
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine
All honor, praise, and pow'r divine;
One with the Father now confest,
And with the Spirit ever b'lest.

General

371

Christ, above all glory seated

8.7.

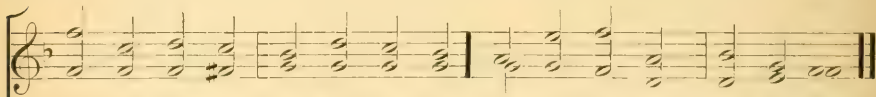
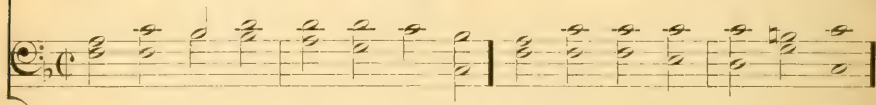
ELEVENTH CENTURY
WOODFORD. *Tr.*

"Aeterne Rex altissime."

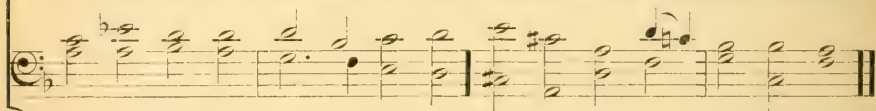
Harting
REV. F. A. J. HERVEY. 1889



1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King e - ter - nal, strong to save!



Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed, Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.



2 Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's pow'r to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heav'n above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;

Hear our pray'rs, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heav'n shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore!

372

The Head that once was crowned with thorns C. M.

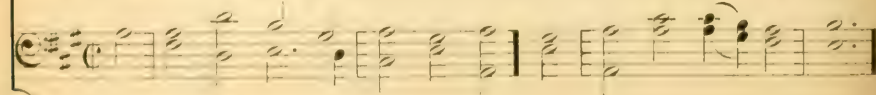
T. KELLY. 1820

FIRST TUNE

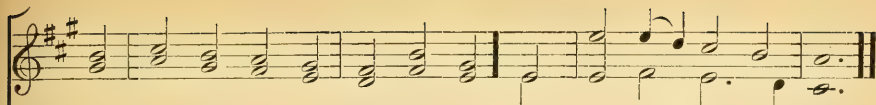
St. Magnus
J. CLARK. 1700



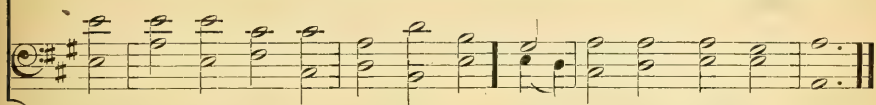
1. The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;



General



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.



2 The highest place that heav'n affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heav'n's eternal Light.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

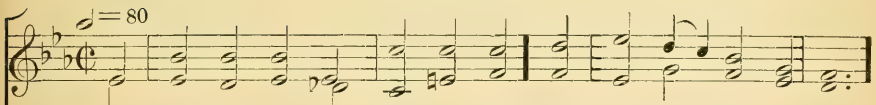
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth
Their everlasting theme.

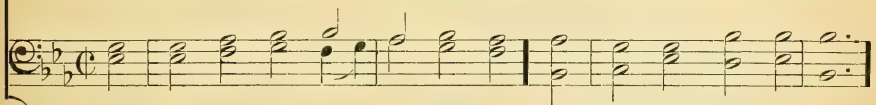
372

SECOND TUNE

Leeds
DR. SPARK. 1872



1. The Head, that once was crown'd with thorns, Is crown'd with glo - ry now;



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vict - or's brow.



EMMA TOKE, 1851

FIRST TUNE

Fairfield
REV. P. LATROBE, 1863

— 88

1. Thou art gone up on high To mansions in the skies;

And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - prest;

Lord, send Thy promised Comfort - er, And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony,
 To pass unto Thy crown;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.

General

3 Thou art gone up on high;
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 Lord, by Thy saving power,
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand, in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high.

373

SECOND TUNE

Olivet
 REV. J. B. DYKES. 1877

f $\text{♩} = 88$

1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies;

cres. *ff*

And round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise:

p

But we are ling - 'ring here, With sin and care op - prest;

cres. *dim.* *rall.*

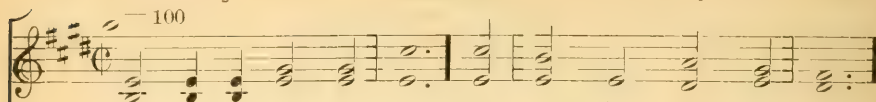
Lord, send Thy promised Com-fort - er, And lead us to Thy rest.

M. BRIDGES. 1851

FIRST TUNE

Diademata
SIR G. J. ELVEY. 1868

— 100



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns All mu - sic but its own:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.



2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man;
Who ev'ry grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

General

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, th' Incarnate Word,
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

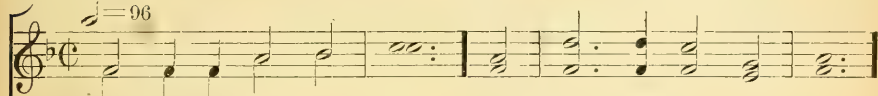
5 Crown Him the Lord of heav'n,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is giv'n,
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

374

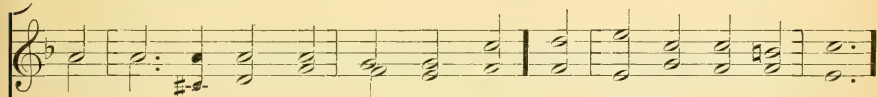
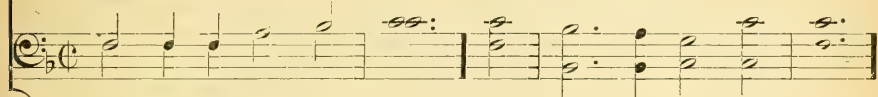
SECOND TUNE

Lee
C. L. WILLIAMS. 1885

$\text{♩} = 96$



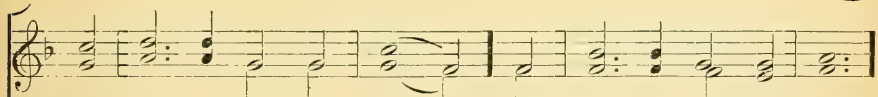
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



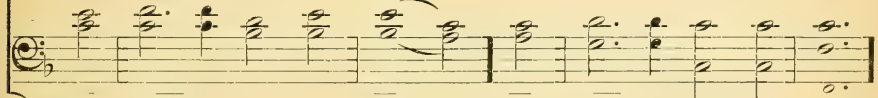
Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:



Org.



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



General

375

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed 8.6.8.4.

St. Cuthbert

HARRIET AUBER. 1829

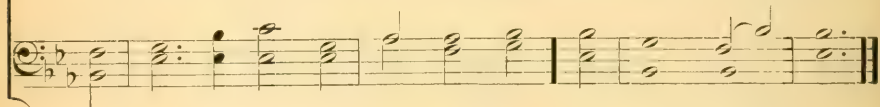
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. Our blest Re - deemer, ere He breath'd His ten - der, last fare-well,



A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeath'd With us to dwell.



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And ev'ry virtue we possess,
And ev'ry vict'ry won,
And ev'ry thought of holiness
Are His alone.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

376

Come, Holy Spirit, come

S. M.

Cruz

J. HART. 1759

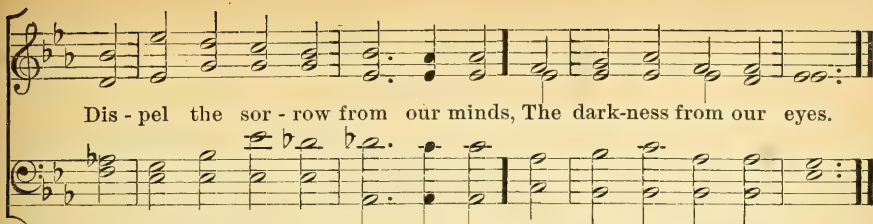
J. BARNBY. 1866



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;



General



Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

377 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1707

Dalmore
F. W. THURSCHE. 1884



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

General

378

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come

7s.

13TH CENTURY
CASWALL Tr.

"Veni Sancte Spiritus."

Light
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

♩ — 80



1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home



Shed a ray of light di - vine! Come, Thou fa - ther of the poor!



Come, Thou source of all our store! Come, with-in our bo - soms shine!



2 Thou, of comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's most welcome guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labor, rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

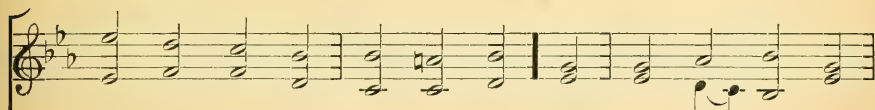
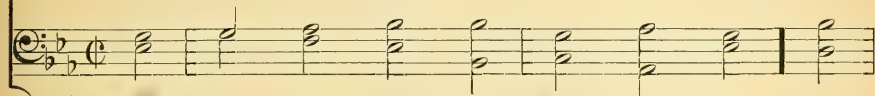
4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

3 O most blessed Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Where Thou art not, man hath naught,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

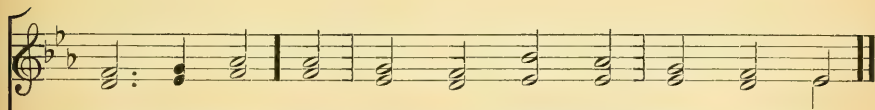
5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sev'nfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end.



1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With



light and com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our guar - dian,



Thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.



2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share
Fullness of joy forever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest,

General

379

SECOND TUNE

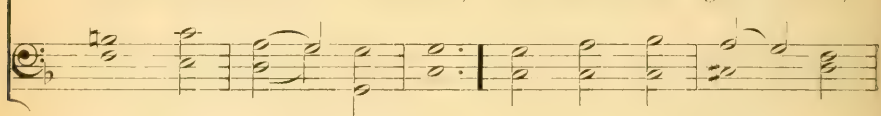
Desuper
W. HARRISON. 1878



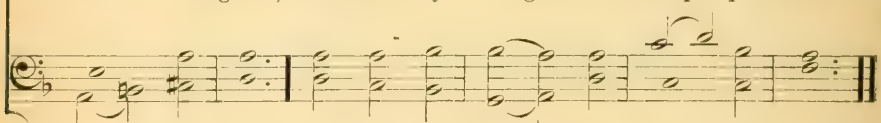
1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and



com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our guar - dian,



Thou our guide, O'er ev' - ry thought and step pre - side.



2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share
Fullness of joy forever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him forever blest.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest

L. M.

TENTH CENTURY
CASWALL. *Tr.**Holland*
B. TOURS. 1875

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor blest, Vouch -

- safe with - in our souls to rest; Come with Thy grace and

heav'n - ly aid, And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

- 2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry;
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.
- 3 The sacred, sev'nfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine:
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with pow'r endow.
- 4 Thy light to ev'ry sense impart,
And shed Thy love in ev'ry heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.
- 5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

TENTH CENTURY
DRYDEN. *Tr.*

"Veni Creator Spiritus."

Surrey
H. CAREY. 1730

80

1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by Whose aid The world's foun-da-tions

first were laid, Come, vis - it ev' - ry hum - ble mind;

Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind; From sin and sor - row

set us free, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sev'nfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

General

382

Spirit divine, attend our prayers

C. M.

REV. A. REED. 1829

Burlington
J. F. BURROWES. 1830

♩ = 63

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 63. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The score consists of three systems of music, each with two staves. The first system begins with the lyrics '1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And'. The second system continues with 'make this house Thy home; De - scend with all Thy'. The third system concludes with 'gra - cious pow'rs, Oh, come, great Spir - it, come!'. The music ends with a double bar line.

1. Spir - it di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And

make this house Thy home; De - scend with all Thy

gra - cious pow'rs, Oh, come, great Spir - it, come!

- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an off'ring be
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.
- 5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

General

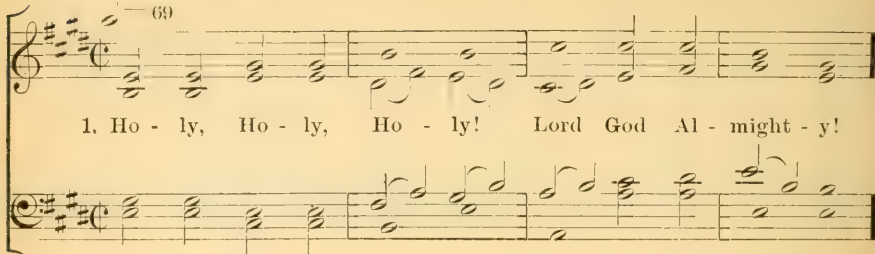
383

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty P.M.

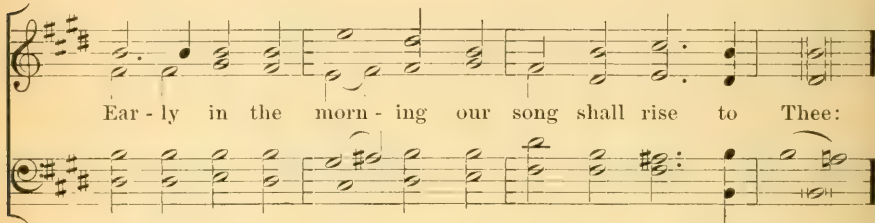
BISHOP HEBER. 1827

Nicaea
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861


69



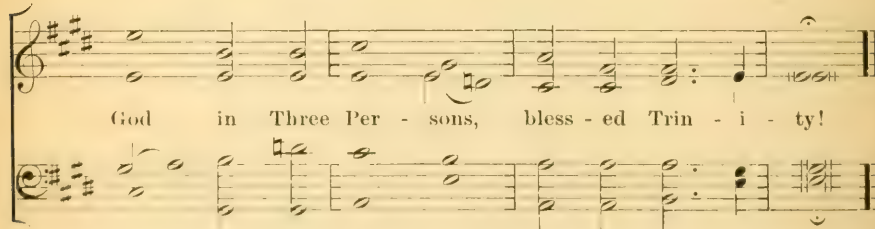
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

General

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty!

God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

384

God, my Father, hear me pray

7s.

REV. J. HOLME. 1861

Grove
DR. GAUNTLETT

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. God, my Fa-ther, hear me pray, Wash my crimson guilt a-way;

Wretched, helpless, lost, un-done, Hear me for Thy bless-ed Son.

Lord, un-numbered sins are mine, But e-ter-nal love is Thine.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee:
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy night,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart:
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heav'n prepare!
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

General

385

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord

7s.

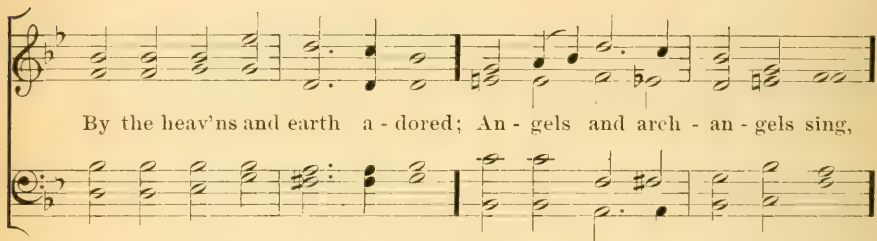
BISHOP CHR : WORDSWORTH. 1862

Videam
E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

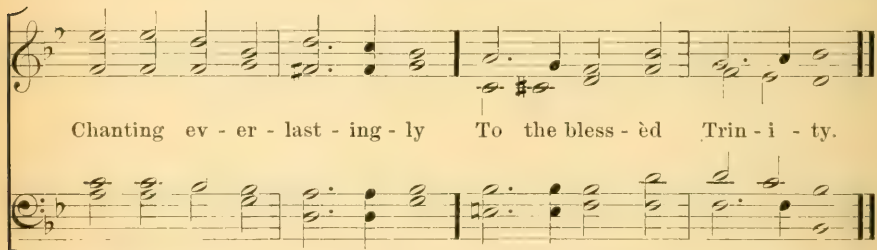
76



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts, e - ter - nal King,



By the heav'n's and earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,



Chanting ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - èd Trin - i - ty.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in ev'ry land;
Singing everlastingly,
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heav'nly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

General

386

Holy Father, great Creator

8.7.8.7.4.7.

* Lindeman

DANISH. 1873

BISHOP GRISWOLD. 1835

72

1. Ho - ly Father, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,

Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His righteousness;

rall.

Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Through the Sav - iour hear and bless.

- 2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.
- 3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.
- 4 God the Lord, through ev'ry nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Ev'ry tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine.

General

387

Round the Lord in glory seated

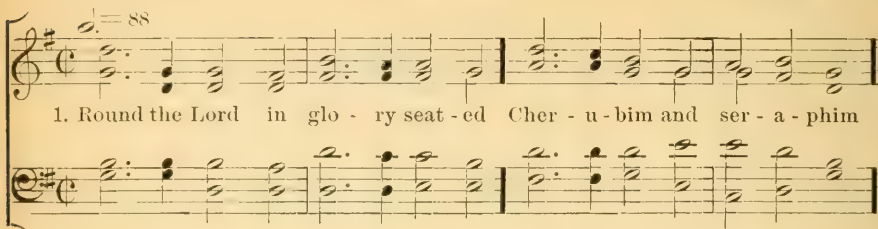
8.7.

BISHOP MANT. 1837

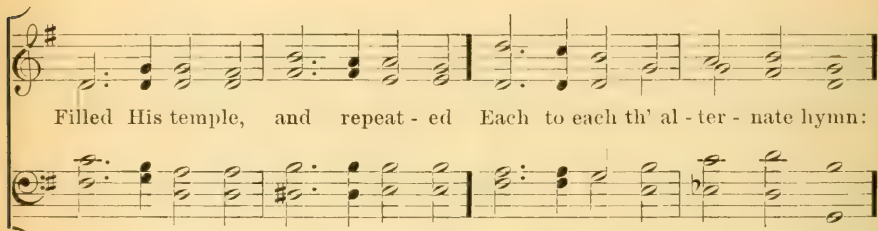
FIRST TUNE

Moultrie
G. F. COBB

88



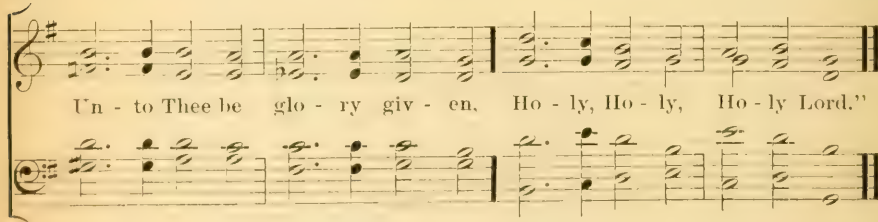
1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim



Filled His temple, and repeat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn:



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heaven, Earth is with Thy full-ness stored;



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord."

2 Heav'n is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

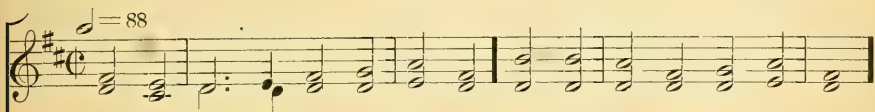
General

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

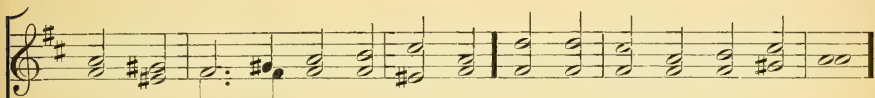
387

SECOND TUNE

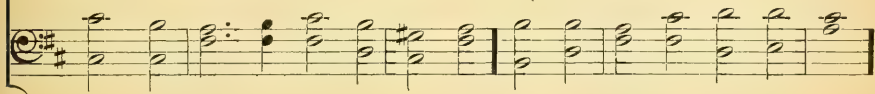
St. Frideswide
C. H. LLOYD. 1889



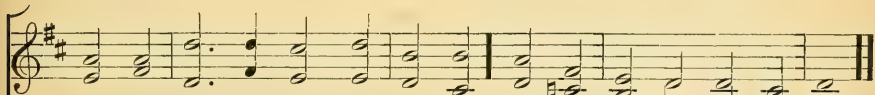
1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim



Filled His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th' alter - nate hymn:



"Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy full - ness stored;



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord."



General

388

Come, Thou almighty King

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Moscov

ANON: 1750

F. GIARDINI. 1760

92

1. Come, Thou al - migh - ty King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;
 Our pray'r attend!
 Come, and Thy people bless;
 Come, give Thy word success;
 'Stablish Thy righteousness,
 Saviour and Friend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour!

Thou, Who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r!
 4 To Thee, great One in Three,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 Thy sov'reign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

389

Three in One, and One in Three

7.7.7.5.

Capetown

REV. G. RORISON. 1849

F. FILITZ. 1847

76

1. Three in One, and One in Three, Ru - ler of the earth and sea,

General

rall.

Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning-shine,
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the ev'n,
Let it close on sin forgiv'n;
Fold us in the peace of heav'n;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

390

Oh, what, if we are Christ's

S. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1852

Utrecht
B. TOURS. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?

Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's suff'rings shared below.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here:

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

General

391

Let saints on earth in concert sing

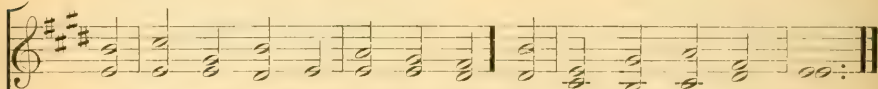
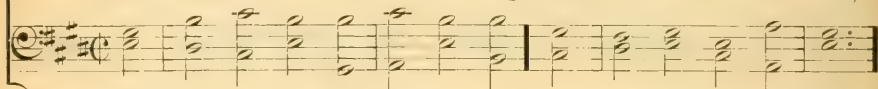
C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1759

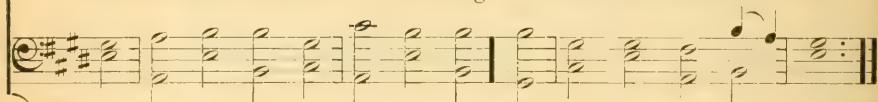
St. David
ENGLISH. 1621



1. Let saints on earth in con - cert sing With those whose work is done;



For all the ser - vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.



- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.
- 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is giv'n,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heav'n.

392

Not to the terrors of the Lord

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1709

FIRST TUNE

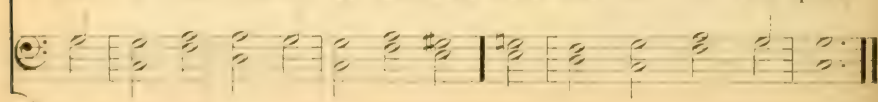
St. Anne
DR. CROFT. 1708



1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke:



Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke:



General

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heav'n;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiv'n.

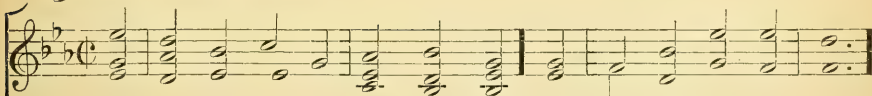
5 Angels, and living saints, and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake.

392

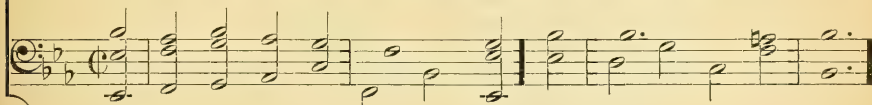
SECOND TUNE

Suther
REV. W. LEIGH. 1867

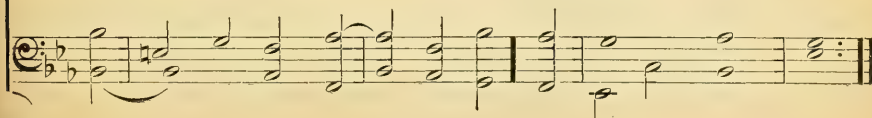
$\text{♩} = 69$ *Voices in Unison.*



1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem - pest, fire, and smoke:



Not to the thun - der of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke:



General

393

Lo! what a cloud of witnesses

C. M.

Witness

H. SMART

SCOTCH. 1745

-76

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En -

- com - pass us a - round! Men once like us with

suff - ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

Handwritten notes:
These lyrics
are included in
the hymn book
and should
be used.

394

P. M.

Paradise

REV. F. W. FABER. 1862

FIRST TUNE

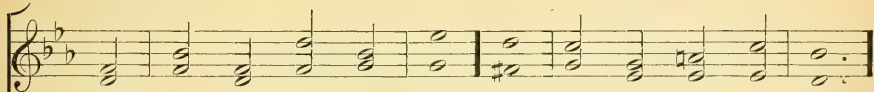
H. SMART. 1868

$$J = 100$$

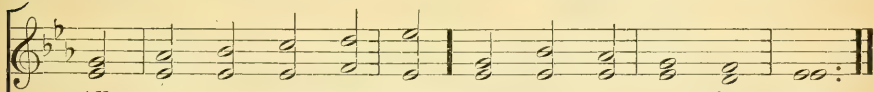

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest ?



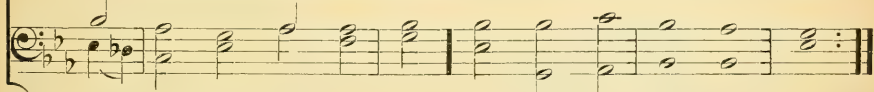
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;



Where loy - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap - ture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

General

394

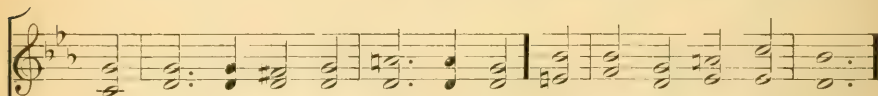
SECOND TUNE

Waiting
J. BARNEY. 1866

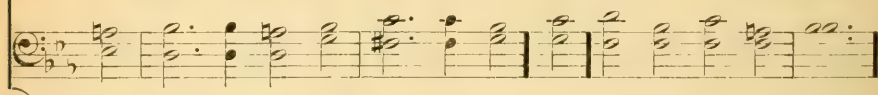
- 88



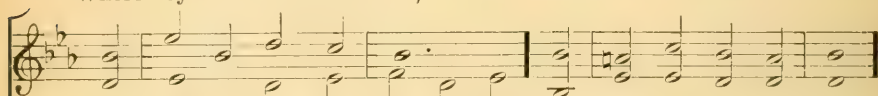
1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest ?



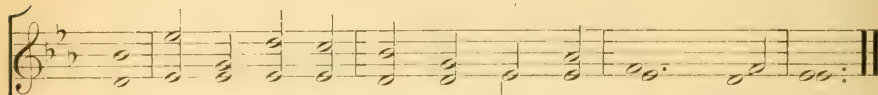
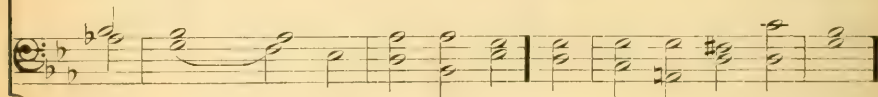
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest ;



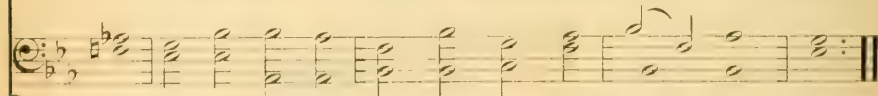
Where loy - al hearts and true,



Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,



All rapture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight ?



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We long to sin no more ;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long ;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

Those eternal bowers

6.5.

Τὰς ἐὼρὰς τὰς αἰωνίας

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS. 750

NEALE. Tr.

David

T. MORLEY

♩ = 96

1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fad - ing

flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them

Af - ter weary fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

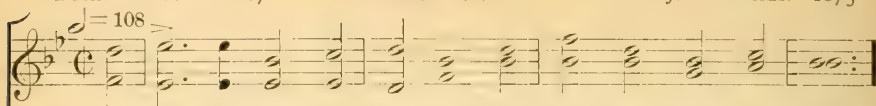
3 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heav'nly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesu, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

DEAN ALFORD. 1867

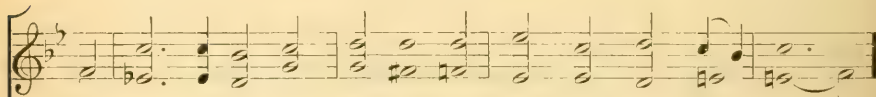
FIRST TUNE

Alford
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

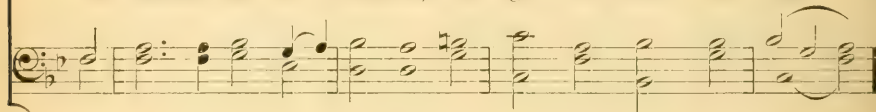
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thousand In sparkling rai - ment bright,



The ar - mies of the ran - som'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:



'Tis finished! all is finished, Their fight with death and sin: . .



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.



2 What rush of alleluias

Fills all the earth and sky!

What ringing of a thousand harps

Bespeaks the triumph nigh!

O day, for which creation

And all its tribes were made!

O joy, for all its former woes

A thousand-fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore!

What knitting severed friendships up,

Where partings are no more!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle

That brimmed with tears of late;

Orphans no longer fatherless,

Nor widows desolate.

General

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy pow'r and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations!
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign!
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

396

SECOND TUNE

Eastham
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1877

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright,

The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finished! all is finished, Their fight with death and sin:

Fling o - pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic - tors in.

General

397

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be

10s.

"O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata."

PETER ABELARD. 1200

NEALE. Tr.

O quanta

ANCIENT

100 Voices in Unison.

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be, . . . Those end - less
Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to
wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!</p> <p>3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.</p> <p>4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.</p> | <p>5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.</p> <p>6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.</p> <p>7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.</p> |
|--|--|

* Change place of slur, in all stanzas after the first.

† Change place of slur, in last three stanzas.

General

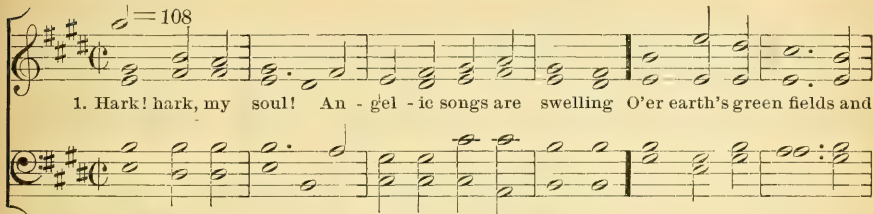
398 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling P.M.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1854

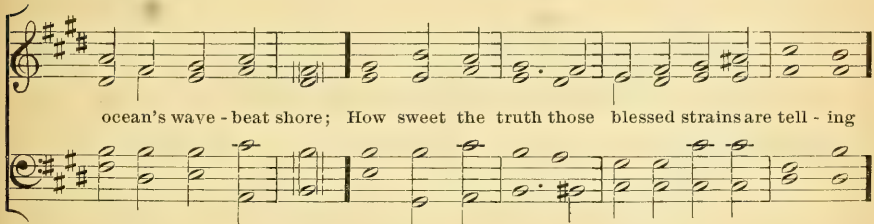
FIRST TUNE

Pilgrims
H. SMART. 1868

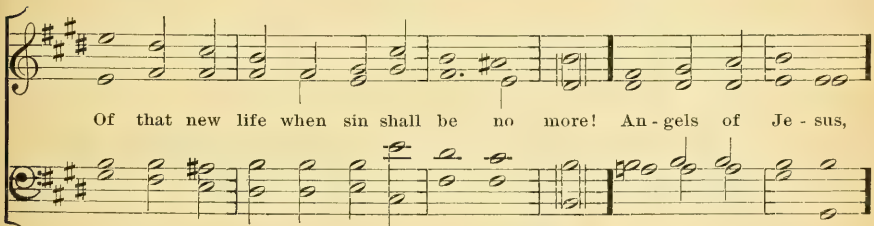
$\text{♩} = 108$



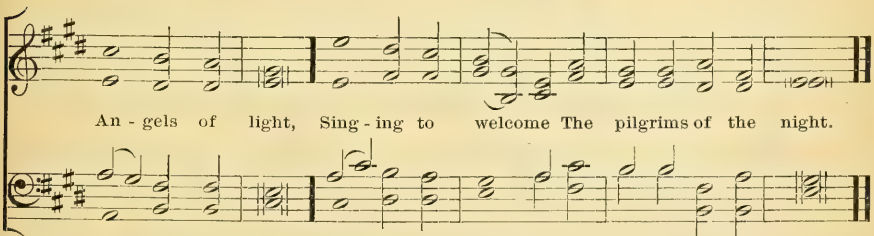
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and



ocean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing



Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring -
ing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at ev'ning pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep -
ing,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

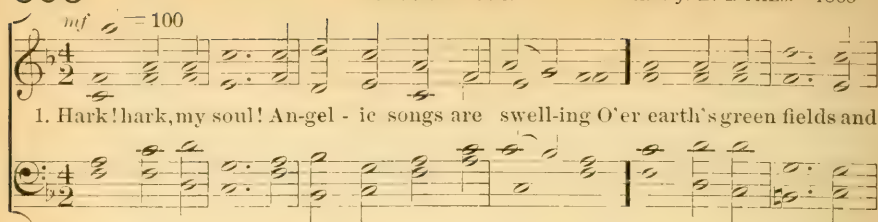
General

398

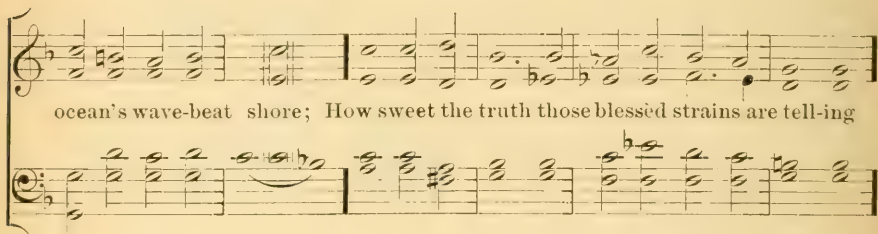
SECOND TUNE

Vox angelica
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

mf = 100

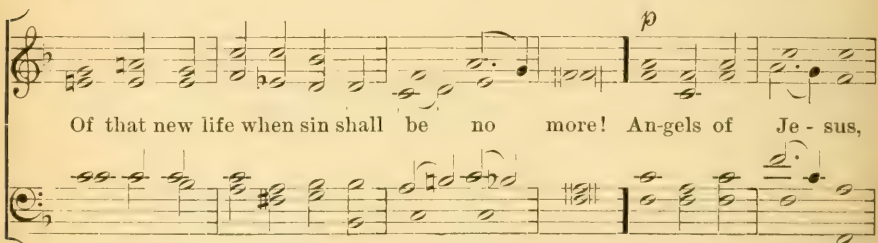


1. Hark! hark, my soul! Angel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and



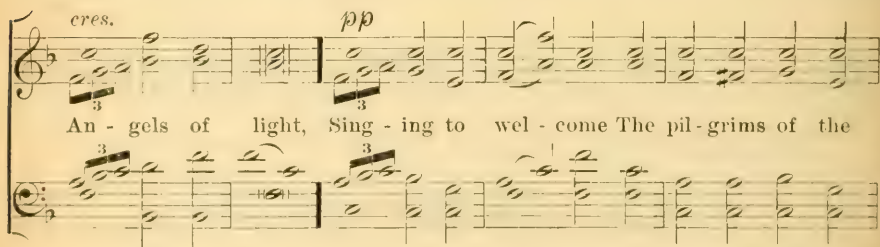
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing

p



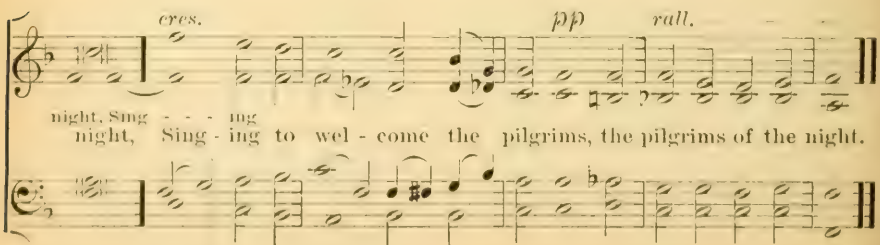
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! Angels of Je - sus,

cres. *pp*



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come The pil - grims of the

cres. *pp* *rall.*



night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night.

General

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-
ing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at ev'ning pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be
past;
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come
at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep-
ing,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless
love.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

399 147

Light's abode, celestial Salem

8.7.

ANON. 1500

NEALE. Tr.

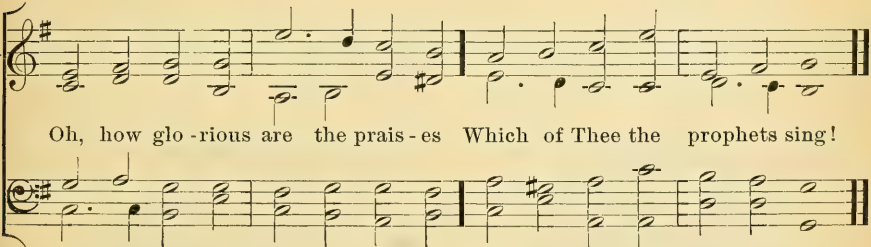
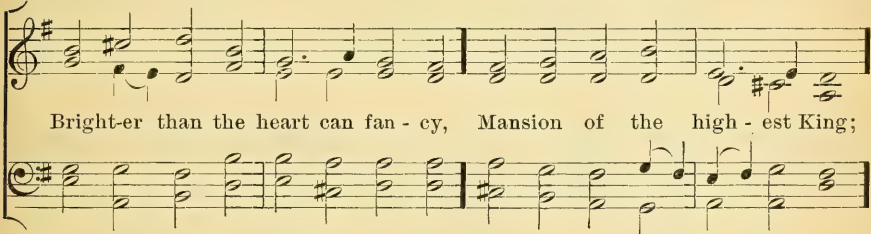
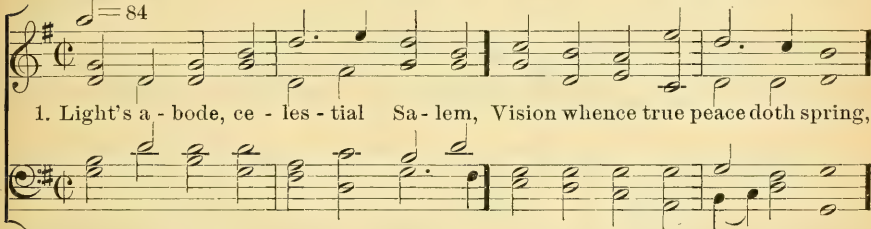
"Jerusalem luminosa."

FIRST TUNE

Garvanza

A. E. CROOK. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$



2 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

General

399

SECOND TUNE

St. Helen
DR. MARTIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$ Voices in Unison.

1. Light's a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vision whence true peace doth spring,

Harmony.

mf
Brighter than the heart can fan - cy, Mansion of the high - est King;

f *cres.* *ff*
Oh, how glorious are the prais - es Which of Thee the prophets sing!

2 There forever and forever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
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4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Blessed city, heavenly Salem

8.7.

ANON. 600

"Urbs beata, Hierusalem."

* *Urbs beata*NEALE. *Tr.*

FIRST TUNE

ANCIENT

 $\text{♩} = 76$ Voices in Unison.

1. Bless-ed ci - ty, heav'n-ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of

peace and love, Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed

In the height of heav'n a - bove, And, with an - gel

hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earth - ward move;

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heav'nly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed forever
That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

General

400

SECOND TUNE

Oriel
M. HAYDN. 1775

84

1. Bless - ed ci - ty, heav'n - ly Sa - lem, Vi - sion dear of
peace and love, Who of liv - ing stones art build - ed
In the height of heav'n a - bove, And, with an - gel
hosts en - cir - cled, As a bride dost earth - ward move;

2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heav'nly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed forever
That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

O heavenly Jerusalem

7.6.

PARIS BREVIARY
WILLIAMS.. Tr.

"Cœlestis O Jerusalem."

Argyle
E. H. TURPIN

♩ = 88

1. O heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Of

ev - er - last - ing halls, Thrice bless - ed are the

peo - ple Thou stor - est in thy walls.

- 2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.
- 3 There God forever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.

- 4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest;
They sing their God forever,
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
Our longings thither tend;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.

- 6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow.

* Omit this slur, in first stanza.

General

402

Jerusalem, my happy home

C.M.

F. B. P. 1590

Southwell

J. MONTGOMERY. 1802

H. S. IRONS. 1861

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name
 ev - er dear to me, When shall my la - bors
 have an end In joy, and peace, and thee ?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand :
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

General

403

O mother dear, Jerusalem

C. M.

F. B. P. 1590
D. DICKSON. 1650

Semper
J. H. CASSON. 1875

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When
shall I come to Thee? When shall my sor - rows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!

O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow can be found,

Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,

Nor gloom, nor darksome night;

But ev'ry soul shines as the sun;

For God Himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,

Thy joys when shall I see?

The King that sitteth on thy throne

In His felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks

Continually are green,

Where grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers

As nowhere else are seen.

6 Right through thy streets, with silver
sound,

The living waters flow,

And on the banks, on either side,

The trees of life do grow.

7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,

And evermore do spring:

There evermore the angels are,

And evermore do sing.

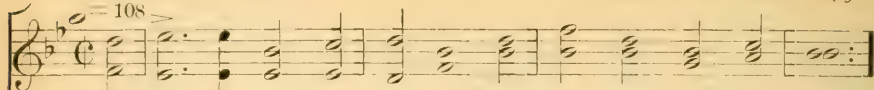
8 Jerusalem, my happy home,

Would God I were in Thee!

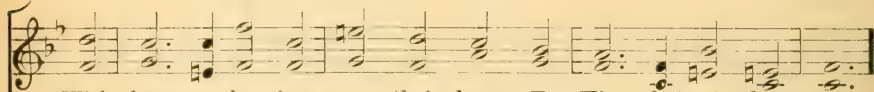
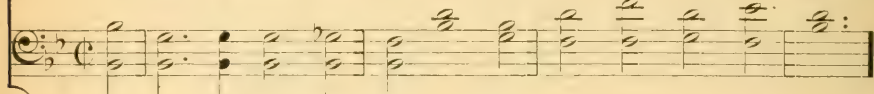
Would God my woes were at an end,

Thy joys that I might see!

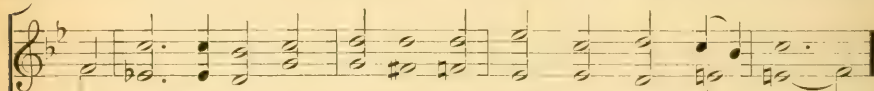
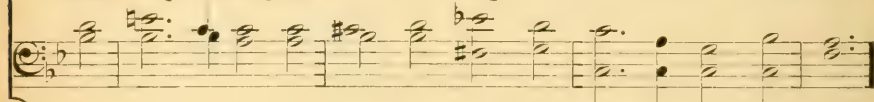
REV. GODFREY THRING.

Alford
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

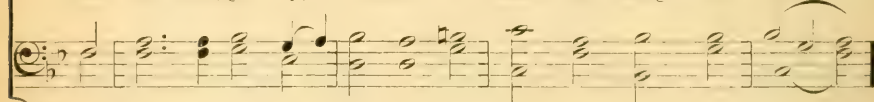
1. I heard a sound of voices A - round the great white throne,



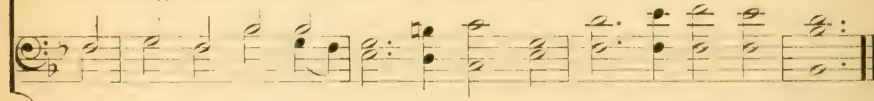
With harp - ers harping on their harps To Him that sat there - on:



"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - or!" I heard the song a - rise, . .



As through the courts of heav'n it rolled In wondrous har - mo - nies.



- 2 From ev'ry clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints uprising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.
- 3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heav'n, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.
- 4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;

- And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.
- 5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.
- 6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

The world is very evil

7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150
NEALE. Tr.

PART I.

Cluny
DR. WESLEY $\text{♩} = 80$

1. The world is ve - ry e - vil; The times are wax - ing late;

Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge Who comes in mer - cy, The Judge Who comes with might,

To term - i - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heav'nly gladness lead:
To the home of fadeless splendor,
Of flow'rs that bear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
- 3 'Mid pow'r that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distrest!

- 4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150
NEALE. *Tr.*

"Hic breve vivitur."

PART II.

St. Alphege
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1852

♩ = 88

1. { Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest,

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there! {
For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A man - sion with the blest! }

2 There grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly weakness,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Are calm, and joy, and light.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;
And He Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

4 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

5 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
For God our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150
NEALE. *Tr.*

"O bona patria."

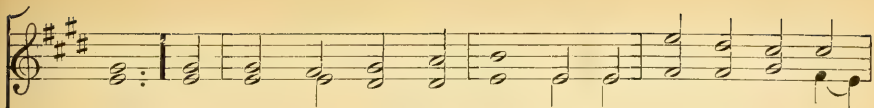
PART III

Genesis
DR. GARRETT. 1889

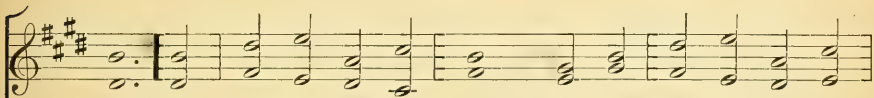
♩ = 88

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils

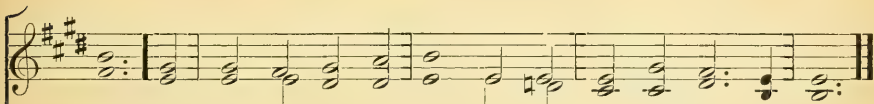
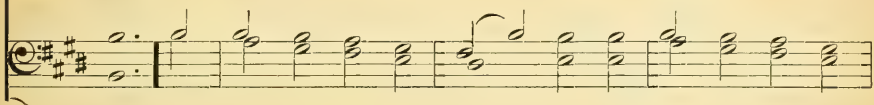
General



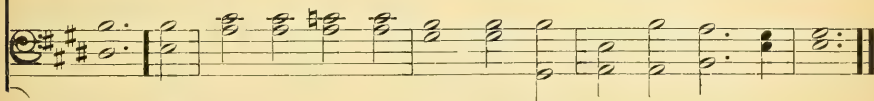
keep; For ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy ho - ly name, they



weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the



breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.



2 O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished
 And smiles have no alloy;
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart,
 And none, O Peace, O Sion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with em'ralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up thy fabric,
 And the corner stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise:
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They build thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

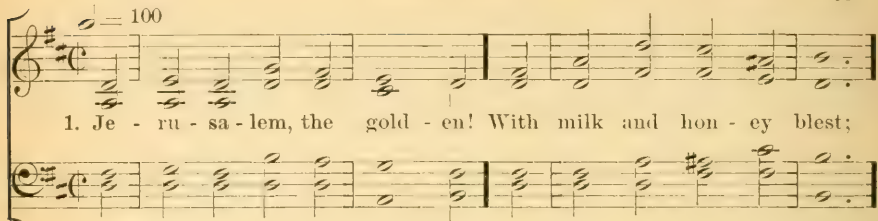
Jerusalem the golden

"Urbs Syon aurea."

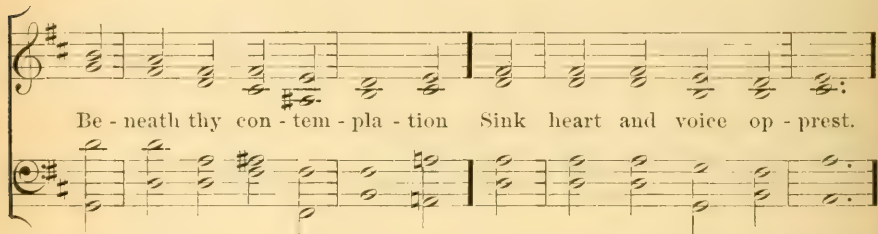
7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1150
NEALE. Tr.PART IV.
FIRST TUNE*Ewing*
A. EWING. 1853

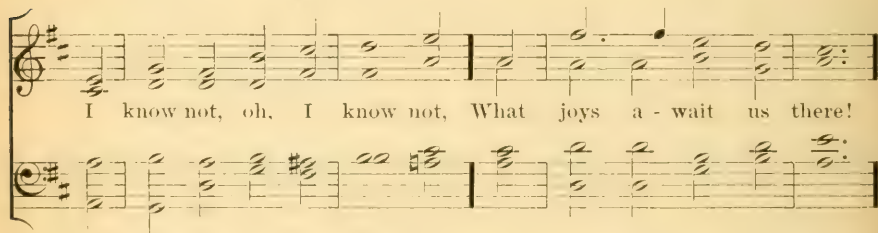
♩ = 100



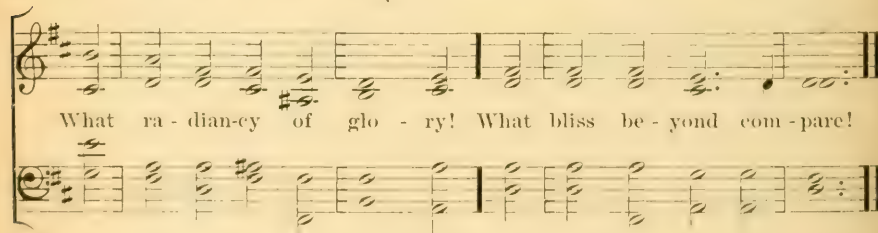
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.



I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!



What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

General

The following may be sung also at the end of the other parts preceding.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest!
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

408

SECOND TUNE

Greenland
W. H. MONK. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there!

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!

General

409

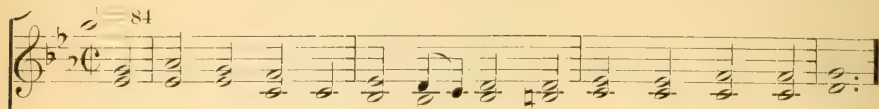
The roseate hues of early dawn

D. C. M.

Castle Rising

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1852

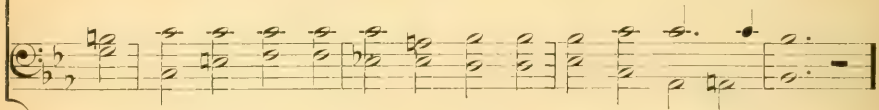
REV. F. J. HERVEY



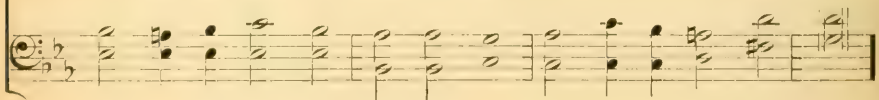
1. The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,



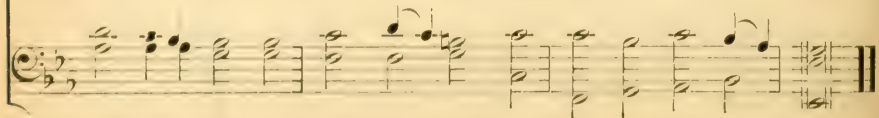
The crimson of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!



Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the gold - en floor!



Oh, for the Sun of right - eousness That set - teth nev - er - more!



General

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heav'nly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

410

Blest are the pure in heart

S. M.

REV. J. KEBLE. 1819

Laurel
F. R. STATHAM. 1872

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;

The se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is Christ's a - bode.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

General

411

Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love

7s.

ANON. 1865

Lüneburg
J. SCHOP. 1642

76

1. Shepherd, with Thy tend'rest love, Guide me to Thy fold a - bove;

Let me hear Thy gen - tle voice; More and more in Thee re - joice;

From Thy full - ness grace re - ceive, Ev - er in Thy Spir - it live.

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high:
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

3 Jesu, with Thy presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest;
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand!

General

412

The King of love my Shepherd is P. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

Dominus regit
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868


$\text{♩} = 72$



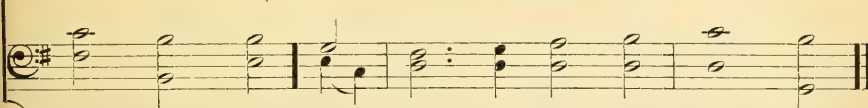
1. The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose




good - ness fail - eth nev - er; I no - thing lack if

I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth:
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

General

413

The God of love my Shepherd is

8.6.8.4.

G. RAWSON. 1876

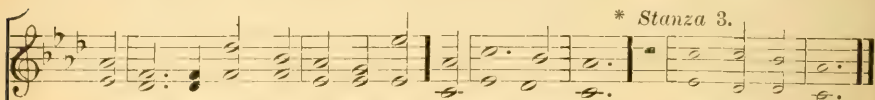
FIRST TUNE

Dona

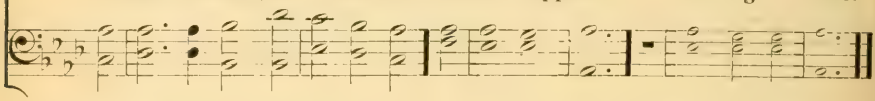
SIR. J. GOSS



1. The God of love my Shepherd is, My gracious, constant guide;



I shall not want, for I am His: In all supplied. Bearing me home.



2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

3 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam;
Shows the right path and makes me
Bearing me home. [whole,

4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear;

Thy rod and staff dispel my dread;
I feel Thee near.

5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes:
The oil of grace is mine;
My cup with mercy overflows,
And love divine.

6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heav'nly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

413

SECOND TUNE

Pastor

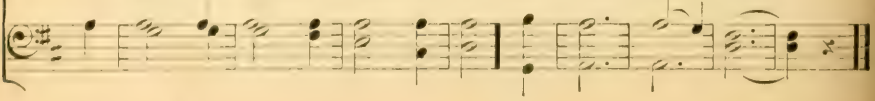
W. A. RABOCH. 1890



1. The God of love my Shep-herd is, My gracious, con-stant guide;



I shall not want, for I am His: In all sup-plied.



General

414

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah

8.7.

REV. W. WILLIAMS. 1745

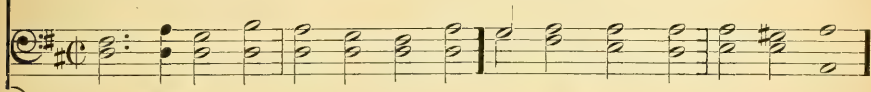
FIRST TUNE

St. Oswald

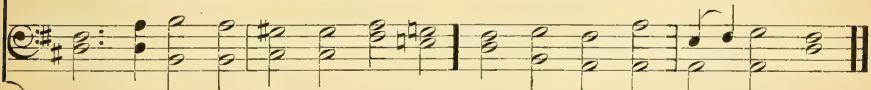
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1861



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land,



I am weak, but Thou art mighty: Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.



2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna
In this barren wilderness;

Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be the Lord my Righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

414

SECOND TUNE

Arundel

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land,



I am weak, but Thou art mighty: Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.



General

415

Call Jehovah thy salvation

8.7.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1822

Trust
MENDELSSOHN. 1840

60

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep:
Though thou walk through hostile
regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

416

A tower of strength our God doth stand

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1529
BUCKOLL. *Tr.*

* *Ein feste Burg*
M. LUTHER. 1529

63

1. { A tower of strength our God doth stand, A
True help from all our woes, His hand Through

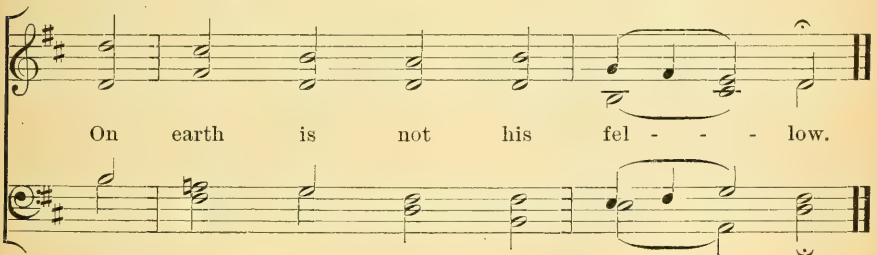
General



shield and sure de - fend - er: } Our foe hath fixed his
life doth free - ly ren - der. }



pur - pose fell, With might and craft he's armed full well,



On earth is not his fel - - - low.

2 With force of arms we nothing can:

Full soon were we o'erridden:
But for us fights the goodly Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye His Name? 'Tis Christ our Lord,
The God of Hosts alone adored,
Our Champion, none dare brave Him.

3 Should hell's whole legion round us press,

All banded to devour us,
Yet this should work us good success,
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us:
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,
It matters not, his doom is told,
A single word can foil him.

4 Our foes must let the Word stand sure;

No thanks for this they're reaping;
God's Spirit in His way secure,
God's grace our souls is keeping;
Those foes may spoil all earthly bliss;
Let be! they win no gain from this,
God's kingdom still is left us.

General

417

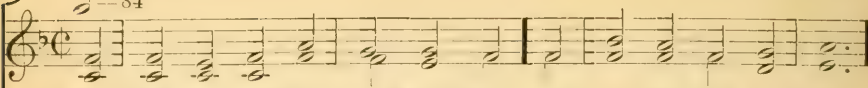
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand

C. M.

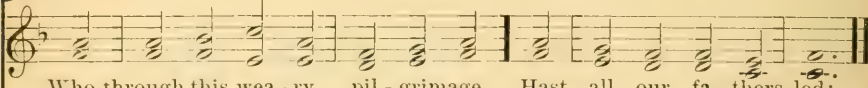
DR. DODDRIDGE. 1736

St. Flavian
ENGLISH. 1563

$\text{♩} = 84$



1. O God of Bethel, by Whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;



Who through this wea - ry pil - grimage Hast all our fa - thers led:

2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

4 Oh, spread Thy shelt'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

418


O God, our help in ages past

C. M.


DR. WATTS. 1719

St. Anne
DR. CROFT. 1708

$\text{♩} = 69$



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to 'come,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home:

General

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

419

It is not death to die

S. M.

H. A. C. MALAN. 1832
BETHUNE. Tr.

Sandford
J. STEPHENSON

"Non, ce n'est pas mourir."

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road,

And 'midst the brother - hood on high To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Jesu, still lead on

5.5.8.8.5.5.

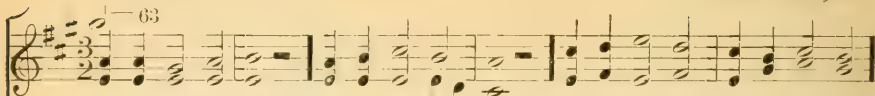
COUNT ZINZENDORF. 1778

"Jesu, geh voran."

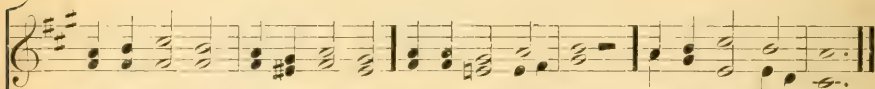
BORTHWICK. Tr.

Fatherland

A. DRESE. 1698



1. Je-su, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, altho' the way be cheerless,



We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa-ther - land.



- 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

- 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief:
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

- 4 Jesu, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us

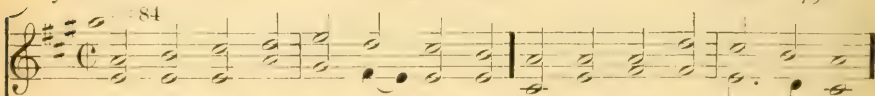
8.7.

J. EDMESTON. 1821

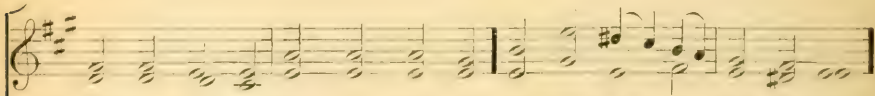
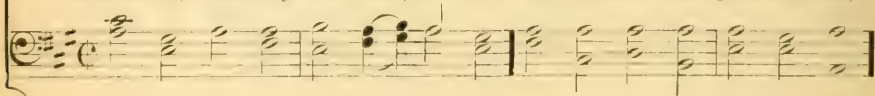
FIRST TUNE

Dulce carmen

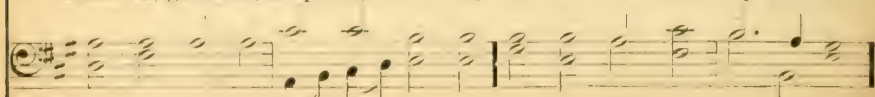
S. WEBBE. 1792



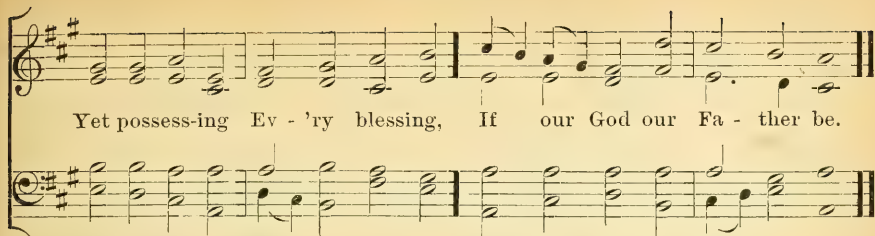
1. Lead us, heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:



General



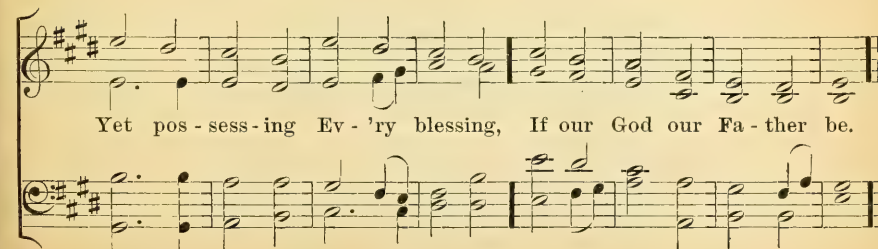
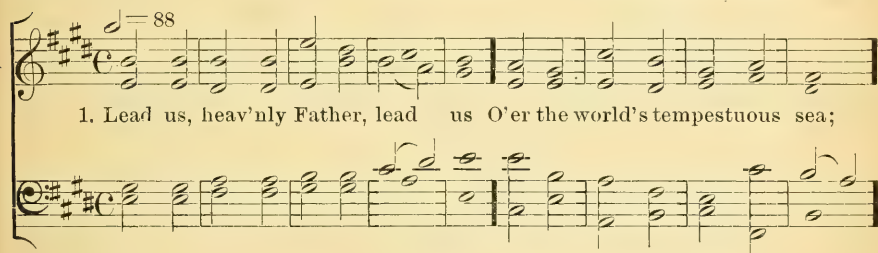
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us;
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;
 Love with ev'ry passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy:
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

421

SECOND TUNE

Benedic
 SIR JOHN GOSS. 1869



General

422

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace

10s.

W. H. BURLEIGH. 1840

Vera
J. BARNBY. 1872

♩ = 88

1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pall, and

cres. *f* *dim.*

sorrows still increase; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heav'nly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

General

423 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom P. M.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN. 1833

FIRST TUNE

Lux benigna
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

$\text{♩} = 50$

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid, th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!

cres. Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see . . .

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years
- 3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

p $\text{♩} = 50$ *cres.*

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!

p *cres.*

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead

mf

Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see

dim

The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865

Old 112th
GERMAN. 1540

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. O Light, Whose beams il - lu - mine all From twi - light dawn to per - fect day,

Shine Thou be - fore the shadows fall, That lead our wand - ring feet a - stray:

At morn and eve Thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a - dore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heav'nward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy pow'r to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath.
Be Thou our conqu'ror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife;
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

General

425

Thou art the Way, to Thee alone

C. M.

BISHOP G. W. DOANE. 1824

FIRST TUNE

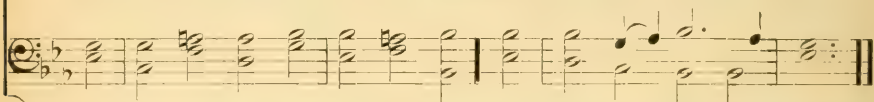
London New
SCOTCH. 1635



1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.



2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone

True wisdom can impart;

Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;

Grant us that way to know,

That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;

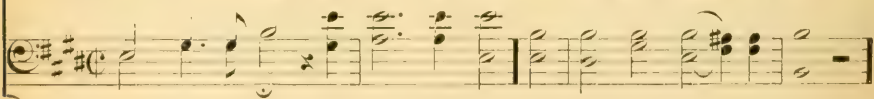
425

SECOND TUNE

Haight
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



1. Thou art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.



General

426

We walk by faith, and not by sight

C. M.

DEAN ALFORD. 1845

Tallis
T. TALLIS. 1560

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. We walk by faith, and not by sight; No

gra - cious words we hear From Him Who spake as

man ne'er spake; But we be - lieve Him near.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod;
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

W. COWPER. 1773

Suther

REV. W. LEIGH. 1867

♩ = 72 *Voices in Unison.*

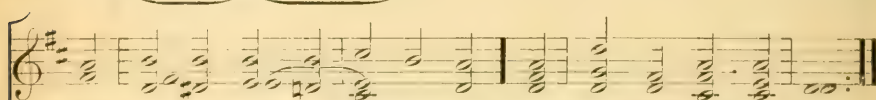
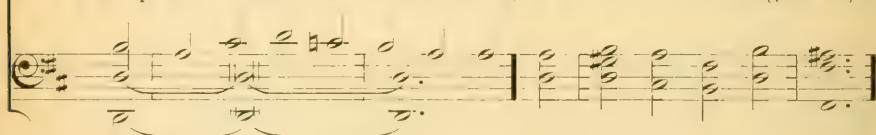
1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way His wonders to per-form:



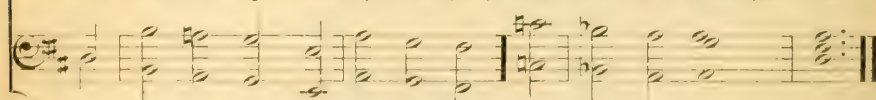
He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

*Alternate Stanzas.*

2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines, With nev-er-fail-ing skill,



He treasures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'reign will.



3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

General

428

O Thou, Who hast at Thy command

L. M.

JANE COTTERILL. 1815

Redhead 90

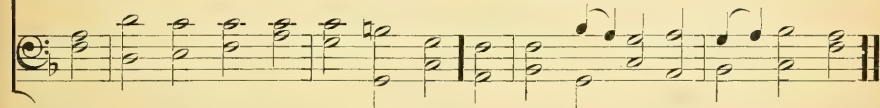
R. REDHEAD. 1850



1. O Thou, Who hast at Thy command The hearts of all men in Thy hand,



Our way-ward, err-ing hearts in-cline To have no other will but Thine.



2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mold ev'ry purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and Thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

429

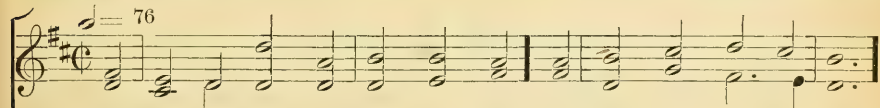
My God, accept my heart this day

C. M.

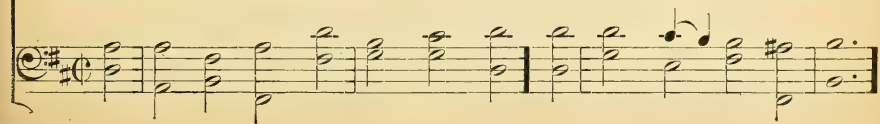
M. BRIDGES. 1848

Metzler

R. REDHEAD. 1859



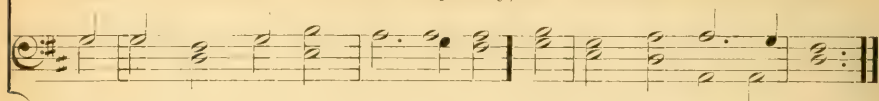
1. My God, ac-cept my heart this day, And make it always Thine,



General



That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.



2 Before the cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let ev'ry sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heav'nly grace
And seal me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

430

Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts!

L. M.

ST. BERNARD, 1150
RAY PALMER. Tr.

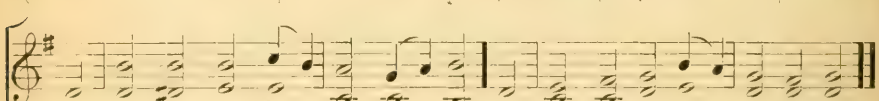
"Jesu, dulcedo cordium."

Asch

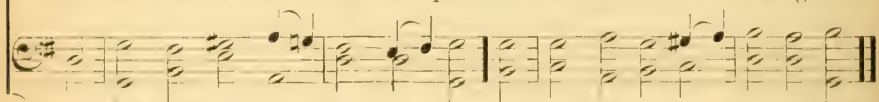
From R. SCHUMANN. 1839



1. Je - su, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!



From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn unfill'd to Thee again.



2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

5 O Jesu, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright!
Chase the dark night of sin away!
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

General

431

O love that casts out fear

6s.

DR. BONAR. 1864

Bowring
J. BARNEY.

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. O love that casts out fear, O

love that casts out sin, Tar - ry no more with -

- out, But come and dwell with - in!

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heav'nly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one.

General

432

Love divine, all love excelling

8.7.

Falfield

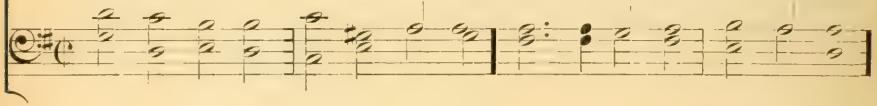
C. WESLEY 1747

FIRST TUNE

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874



1. Love di vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



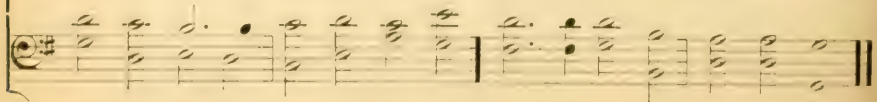
Fix us in Thy hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer - cies crown.



2. Je - sus, Thou art all compas - sion, Pure, unbound-ed love thou art;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.



General

- 2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
- 4 Thee we would be alway blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.
- 5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee:
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

432

SECOND TUNE

Love Divine
SIR J. STAINER. 1889



1 Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of

heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble

dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.

General

433

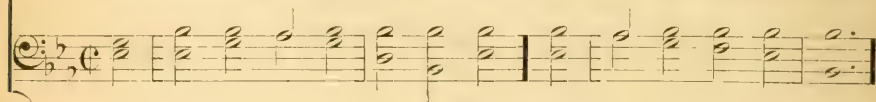
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds **C. M.**

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

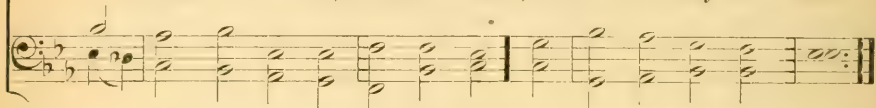
St. Peter
A. R. REINAGLE. 1867



1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear!



It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, And drives a - way our fear.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath:
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

434

Jesu, the very thought of Thee

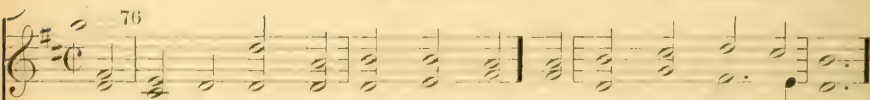
C. M.

ST. BERNARD. 1150
CASWALL. Tr.

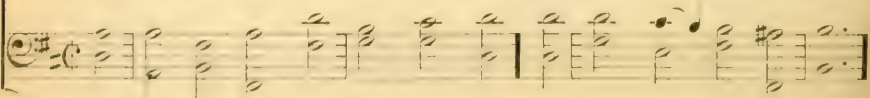
"Jesu, dulcis memoria."

FIRST TUNE

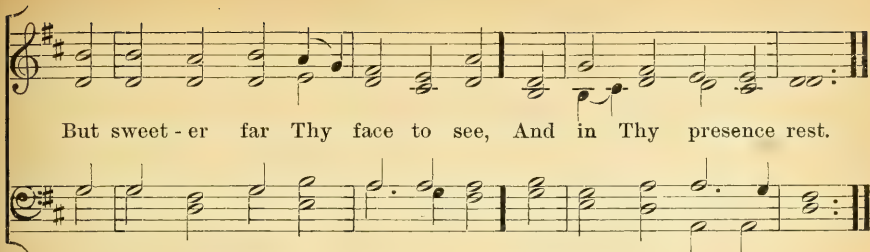
Metzler
R. REDHEAD. 1859



1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;



General



But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

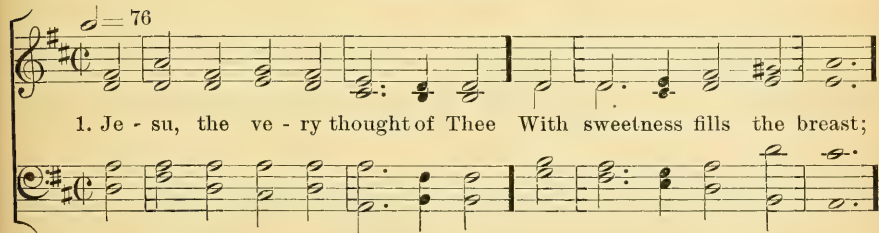
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

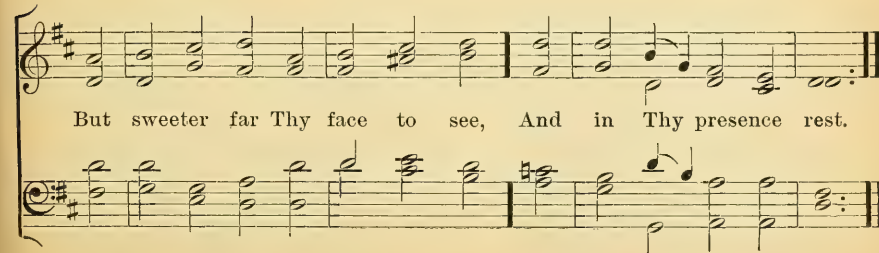
434

SECOND TUNE

Memoria
REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1876



1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast;



But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.

General

435

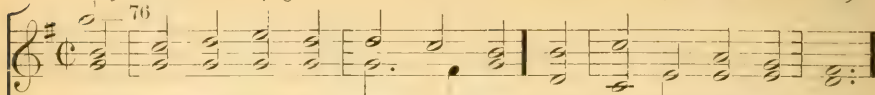
Eternal God, we look to Thee

C. M.

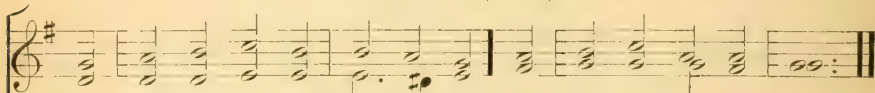
St. Luke

REV. J. MERRICK. 1763

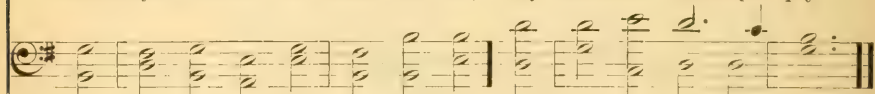
J. HEYWOOD. 1889



1. E - ter - nal God, we look to Thee, To Thee for help we fly;



Thine eye a - lone our wants can see, Thy hand a - lone sup - ply.



2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply!
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

436

Laboring and heavy laden

8.7.

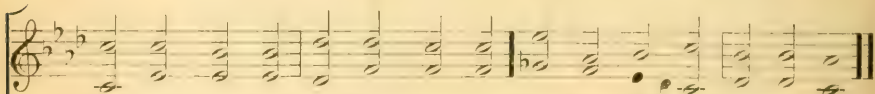
Arundel

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

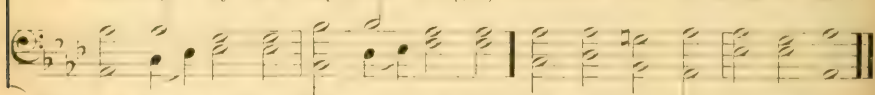
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857



1. La - bor - ing and heavy la - den, Want - ing help in time of need,



Faint - ing by the way from hunger, "Bread of life!" on Thee we feed.



2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

3 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,

Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in Thee we live,

General

437

Come unto Me, ye weary

7.6.

W. C. Dix. 1867

Come unto me
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

♩ = 76
ORG. *Pia.*

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."

p *cres.*
Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!

mf
It tells of be - ne - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

f *rall.*
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wand'ers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!

The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

General

438

Sing, my soul, His wondrous love

7s.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Lubeck

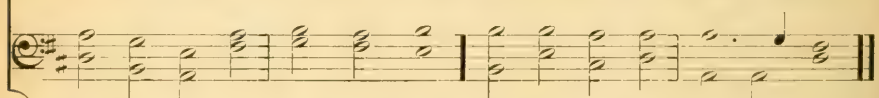
GERMAN. 1704



1. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,



Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends His grace.



2 Heav'n and earth by Him were made;	3 God, the merciful and good,
All is by His sceptre swayed;	Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
What are we that He should show	And, to make our safety sure,
So much love to us below?	Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
 Let His glory be thy theme:
 Praise Him till He calls thee home;
 Trust His love for all to come.

439

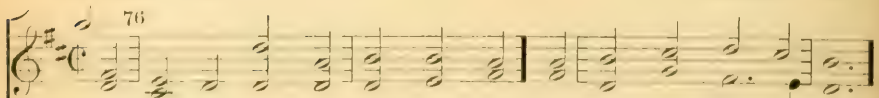
O for a heart to praise my God

C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1742

Metzler

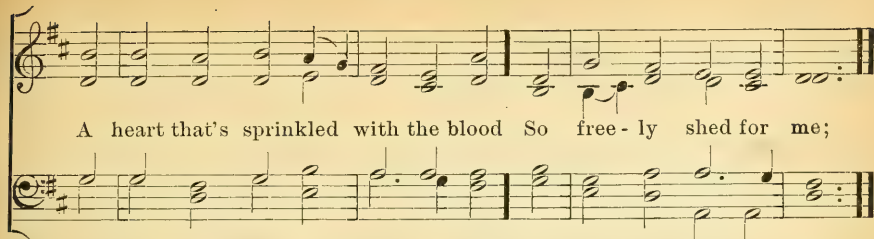
R. REDHEAD. 1859



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!



General



A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

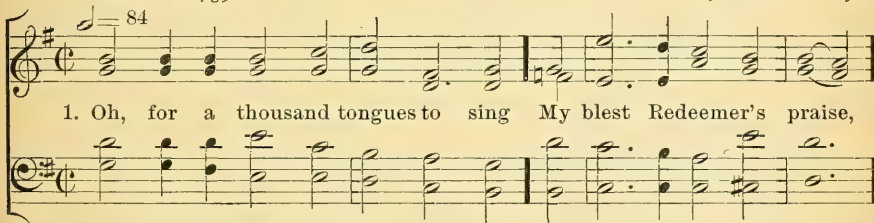
4 A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

440 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing C. M.

C. WESLEY. 1739

Selby
A. J. EYRE. 1889



1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My blest Redeemer's praise,



The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!

2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks; and list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb;
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the world abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

General

441

My God, how wonderful Thou art

C. M.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1848

Taunton
J. TURLE. 1860



1. My God, how won-der - ful Thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright,



How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burning light!



2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

5 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

442

Saviour, source of every blessing

8.7.

R. ROBINSON. 1758

FIRST TUNE

Trust
MENDELSSOHN. 1840



1. Saviour, source of ev - ry blessing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:



General

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

442

SECOND TUNE

Sharon
DR. BOYCE. 1765

1. Saviour, source of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays:

This musical score is for a hymn in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The tempo is marked as 76. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

This musical score is for a hymn in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

General

443

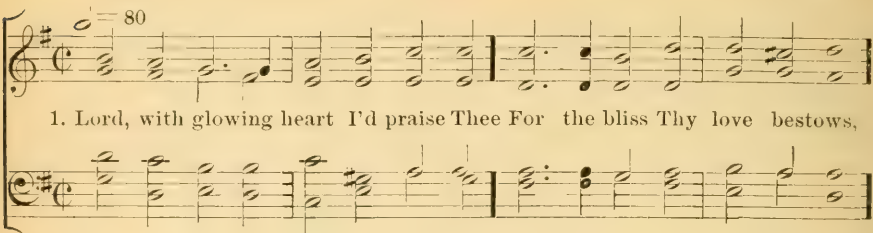
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee

8.7.

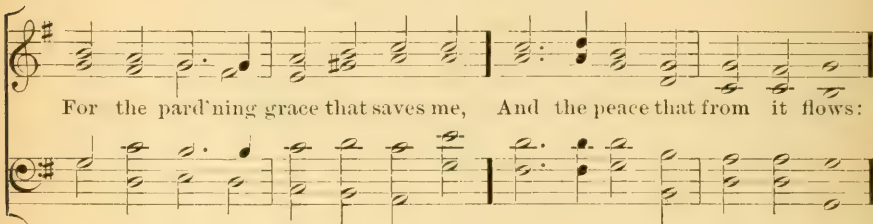
F. SCOTT KEY. 1823

Falfield
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

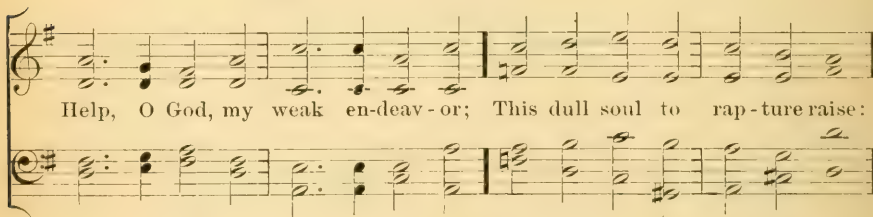
♩ = 80



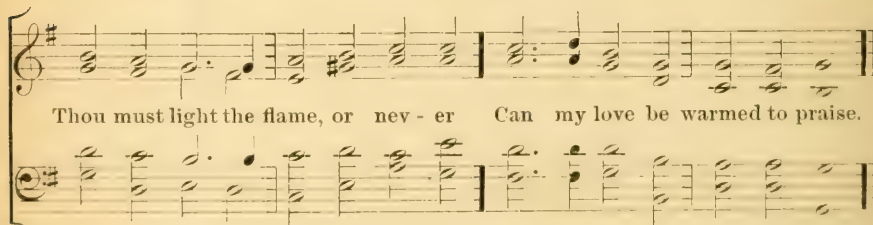
1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love bestows,



For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:



Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:



Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 2 | Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, | 3 | Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling |
| | Wretched wand'r'er, far astray; | | Vainly would my lips express: |
| | Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee | | Low before Thy footstool kneeling, |
| | From the paths of death away; | | Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless: |
| | Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, | | Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, |
| | Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear, | | Love's pure flame within me raise: |
| | And, the light of hope revealing, | | And, since words can never measure, |
| | Bade the blood-stained cross appear. | | Let my life show forth Thy praise. |

General

444

O Saviour, precious Saviour

7.6.

Zoar

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1870

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1859

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, Whom yet un - seen we love!

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!

We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;

We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee. we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and pow'r divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

General

445

When morning gilds the skies

6s.

GERMAN. 1828

"Beim frühen Morgenlicht."

Laudes Domini

CASWALL. Tr.

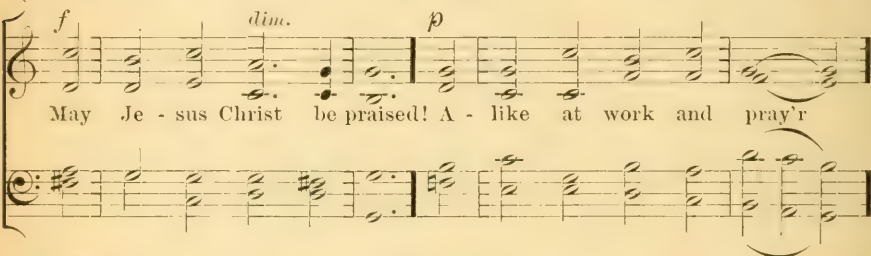
J. BARNEY. 1868



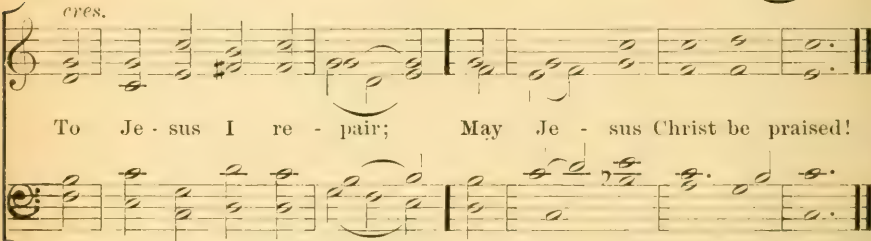
1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!



2 When'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Oh, hark to what it sings,

As joyously it rings,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire

Of chanting with the choir,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

This song of sacred joy,

It never seems to cloy,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,

My silent spirit sighs,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

When evil thoughts molest,

With this I shield my breast,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?

A solace here I find,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss?

My comfort still is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,

When from the heart we say,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

The pow'rs of darkness fear,

When this sweet chant they hear,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heav'n's eternal bliss

The loveliest strain is this,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let earth, and sea, and sky

From depth to height reply,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,

My canticle divine,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this th' eternal song

Through ages all along,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Shepherd of tender youth

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Στομίων πάλων ἁδαῶν.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. 200

DEXTER. Tr.

Westerdale

DR. HILLES. 1850

♩ = 76

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth

Through devious ways; Christ our tri - umphant King, We come Thy

Name to sing; Hith - er our children bring Tri - butes of praise.

- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.
- 3 Thou art the great High-Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heav'nly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above,

- 4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King!

General

447 Come, let us join our cheerful songs C. M.

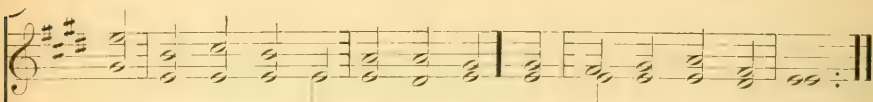
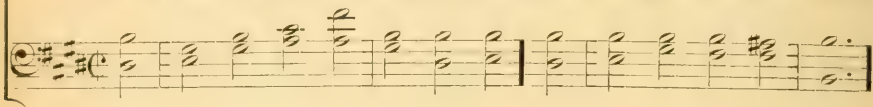
DR. WATTS. 1797

St. Fulbert

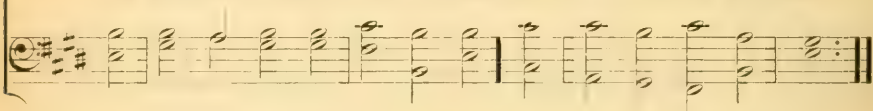
DR. GAUNTLETT



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an - gels round the throne!



Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
"To be exalted thus:" And air, and earth, and seas,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply, Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
For He was slain for us. And speak Thine endless praise!

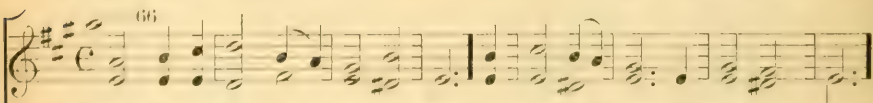
3 Jesus is worthy to receive 5 The whole creation join in one
Honor and pow'r divine; To bless the sacred Name
And blessings more than we can give, Of Him that sits upon the throne,
Be, Lord, forever Thine! And to adore the Lamb.

448 Come, let us sing the song of songs L. M.

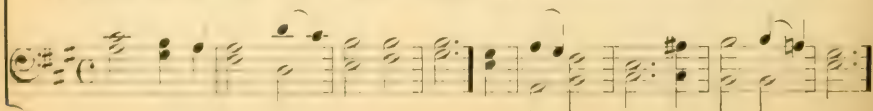
J. MONTGOMERY. 1841

Spotswood

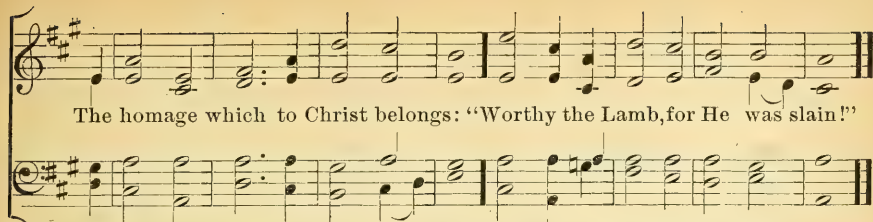
A. H. MESSITER. 1890



1. Come, let us sing the song of songs! The saints in heav'n began the strain:



General



The homage which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from ev'ry sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All pow'r in heav'n and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heav'n with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

449 Who is this that comes from Edom 8.7.8.7.7.7.

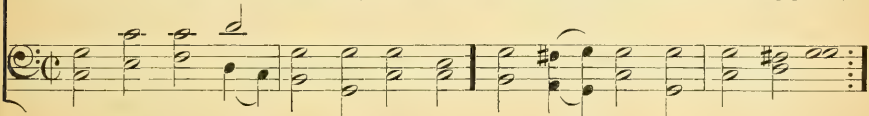
T. KELLY. 1809

All Saints 1.
GERMAN. 1711

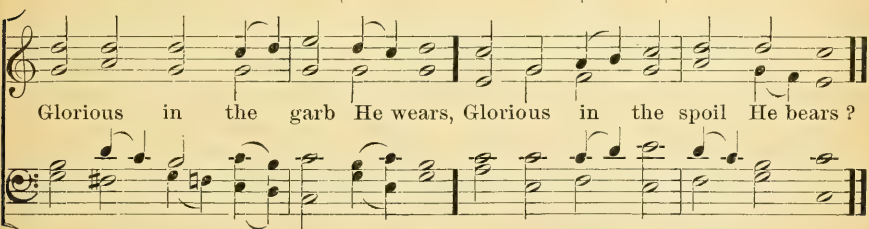
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. { Who is this that comes from E - dom, All His raiment stain'd with blood, }
{ To the captive speaking freedom, Bring - ing and be - stow - ing good; }



Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears?



2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'lling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour; Oh, how glorious,
To His people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of His foes there's none remaining,

None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise:
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign forever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.

General

450

All hail the power of Jesus' Name

C. M.

Miles Lane

E. PERONNET. 1779

FIRST TUNE

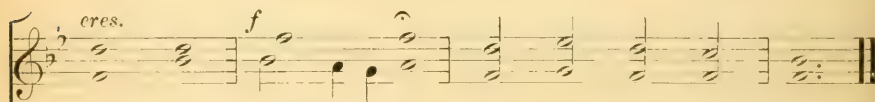
W. SHRUESOLE. 1780



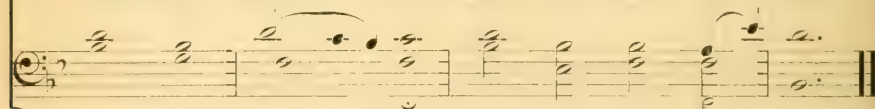
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,



crown Him, crown . . . Him, crown Him Lord of all!



2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

General

450

SECOND TUNE

Coronation
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!

451

To our Redeemer's glorious Name

C. M.

Danes.

ANNE STEELE. 1760

DR. HOWARD. 1762

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. To our Redeem - er's glorious Name A - wake the sa - cred song;
Oh, may His love (im - mor - tal flame!) Tune ev - 'ry heart and tongue.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.</p> <p>3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?</p> | <p>4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."</p> <p>5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.</p> |
|--|--|

General

452

Children of the heavenly King

7s.

J. CENNICK. 1742

FIRST TUNE

Pleyel
I. PLEYEL. 1790

80

1. Children of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing!

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light! ,
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

452

SECOND TUNE

Benedley
REV. SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY. 1889

84

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing!

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways!

General

453

Praise to the Holiest in the height

C. M.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN. 1868

FIRST TUNE

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

Gerontius

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height And in the depth be praise;

In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail:

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

5 O gen'rous love! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe;
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

453

SECOND TUNE

St James
R. COURTEVILLE. 1695

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Praise to the Ho-liest in the height And in the depth be praise;

In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways.

General

454

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates

L. M.

G. WEISSEL. 1642
WINKWORTH. 7v.

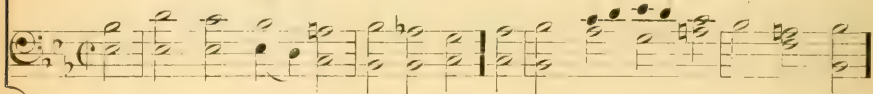
"Macht hoch die Thür."

Nevin
F. H. MESSITER. 1890

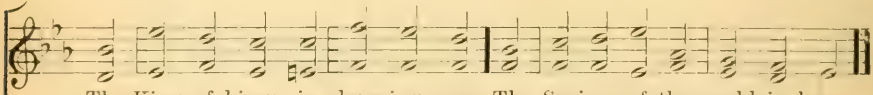
76



1. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates! Behold, the King of glo-ry waits;



The King of kings is draw-ing near; The Saviour of the world is here.



- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart

- From earthly use for heav'n's employ,
Adorned with pray'r and love and joy
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sov'reign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit, guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

455

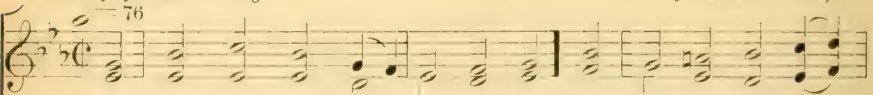
O God of God! O Light of Light

L.M.D.

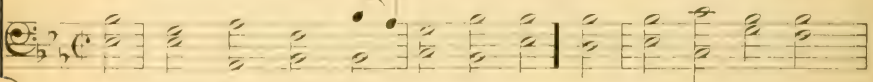
REV. J. JULIAN. 1883

Jordan
SIR J. BARNBY. 1872

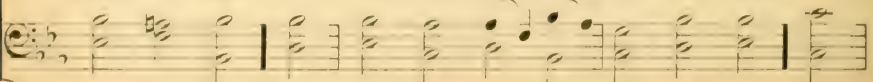
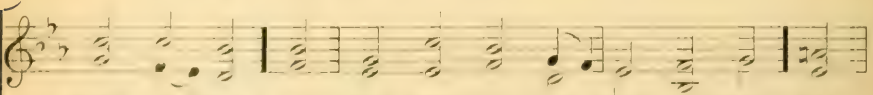
76



1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou



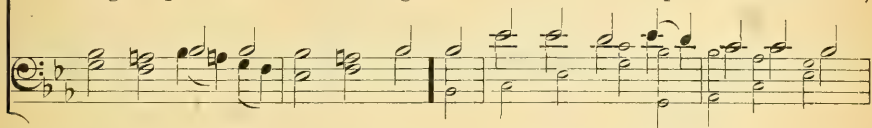
King of kings, To Thee, where an-gels know no night, The



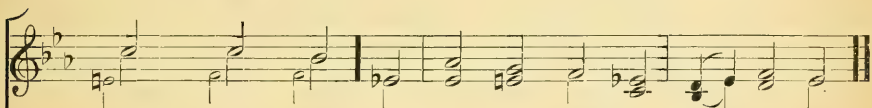
General



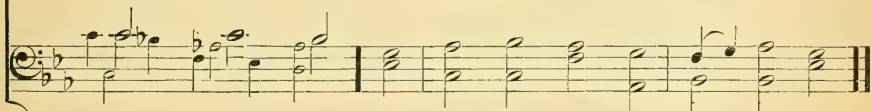
song of praise for - ev - er rings: To Him Who sits up - on the throne,



The Lamb onceslain for sin - ful men, Be hon - or, might; all



by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men.



2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song "Good will to
men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of
light,
Re-echoéd now, "Good will!"
Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned
with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly
gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by
men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ign'rance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear His voice, they wake from
sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy
light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heav'n's hosts, His praise pro-
long;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks
from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to
reign,
Glory and pow'r! Amen, Amen!

General

456

Thou, God, all glory, honor, power

C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1702

Bristol New
DR. HODGES. *

66

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r, Art

wor - thy to re - ceive; Since all things by Thy

pow'r were made, And by Thy boun - ty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honor, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength: Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

* Used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owners of the Copyright.

General

457

Rejoice, the Lord is King

6.6.6.6.8.8.

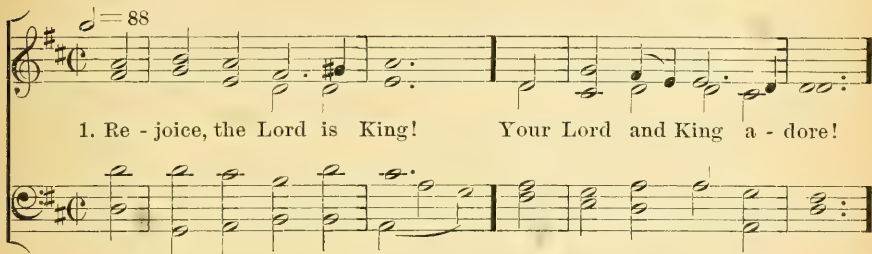
C. WESLEY. 1744

J. TAYLOR. 1795

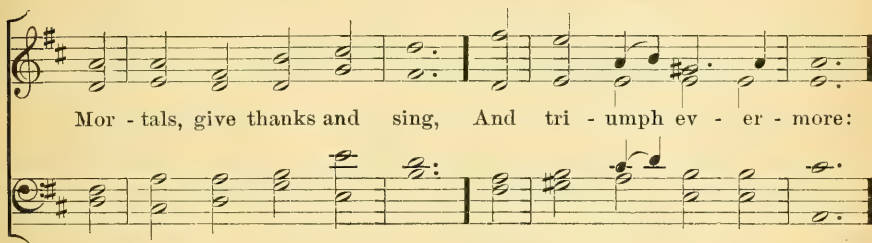
Gopsal

G. F. HANDEL. 1745

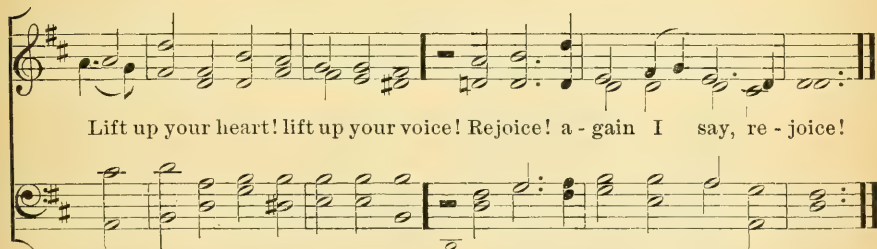
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Re - joice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore!



Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:



Lift up your heart! lift up your voice! Rejoice! a - gain I say, re - joice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound: Rejoice!

Composed by Handel, for this Hymn; and in the form here given.

Benedic

REV. H. F. LYTF. 1834

FIRST TUNE

SIR JOHN GOSS. 1869

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy tri - bute bring;

Ransomed, healed, restored, for-giv - en, Ev - er - more His praises sing:

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glorious in His faithfulness,

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Widely yet His mercy flows.

General

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from ev'ry race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

458

SECOND TUNE

Smart
H. SMART

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy

tri - bute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,

Ev - er - more His prais - es sing: Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

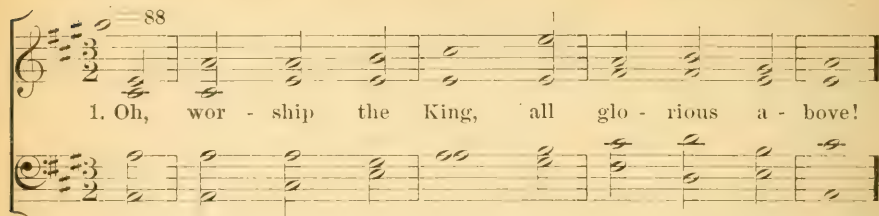
General

459 Oh, worship the King, all glorious above 10.10.11.11.

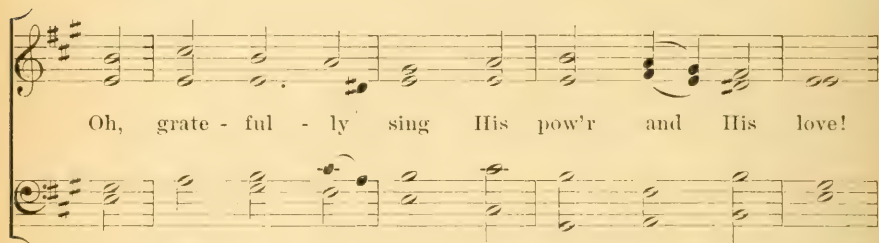
SIR R. GRANT. 1833

Hanover
DR. CROFT. 1699

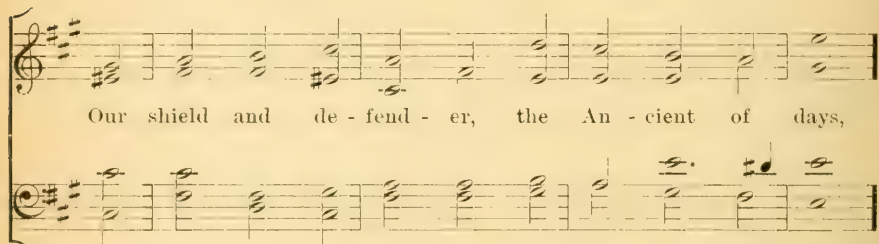
88



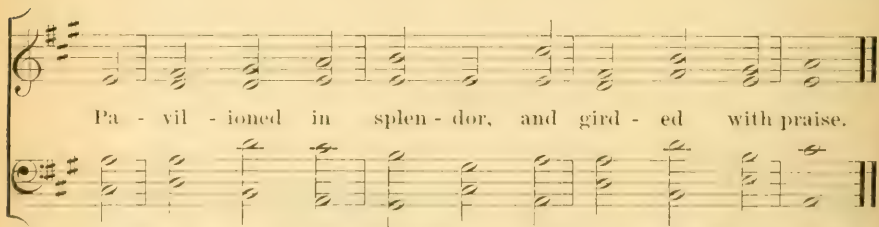
1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove!



Oh, grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love!



Our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of days,



Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might! Oh, sing of His grace!
Whose robe is the light; Whose canopy, space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunders-clouds
form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy pow'r hath founded of old,
Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;

It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall hush to Thy praise.

The God of Abraham praise

P. M.

T. OLIVERS. 1770

Leoni
HEBREW

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:

Je - ho - vah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con - fest;

I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For - ev - er blest.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;

On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heav'nly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

General

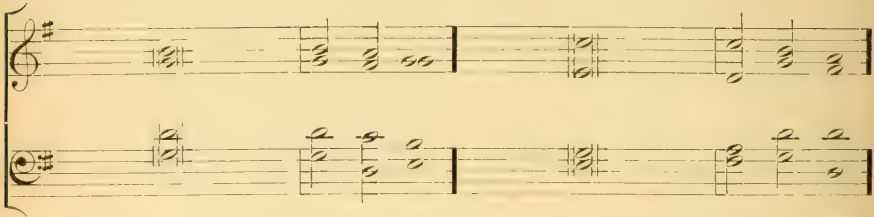
461

The strain upraise of joy and praise

" Cantemus cuncti melodum."

B. NOTKER. 88o

NEALE. *Tr.*



f 1. The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle- | -lu-ia! || To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed | peo-ple sing

mf 2. And the choirs that | dwell on high || Shall re-echo | through the sky,
They through the fields of | Paradise who roam, || The blessed ones repeat
through | that bright home

Unison.

The planets beaming on their | heaven-ly way, || The shining constellations, |
join and say

Harmony.

p 3. Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on | pin-ions light, || *f* Ye thunders,
echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings, | wildly bright,

mf 4. Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and | win-ter snow, || Ye days of cloud-
less beauty, Hoar frost and | summer glow:

Trebles only.

p 5 First let the birds, with painted | plum-age gay, || Exalt their great Creator's |
praise, and say

Men only.

Then let the beasts of earth, with | vary-ing strain, || Join in creation's hymn,
and | cry again

Men only.

f 6. Here let the mountains thunder forth so- | -no - - rous || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Men only.

mf Thou jubilant abyss of | o-cean cry || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Harmony.

7. To God, Who all cre- | -a-tion made, | The frequent hymn be | duly paid: . . .
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord Al- | -might-y loves: || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- | -wak - - ing, || Alle- | -lu-ia! . . .

Unison.

8. Now from all men | be out-poured || Alleluia | to the Lord;

Harmony.

ff Praise be done to the | Three in One, || Alle- | -lu-ia!

General

P. M.

Troyte 2

From Chant by DR. HAYES. 1740



1. Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

2. Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

f Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

3. *p* In sweet con- | -sent u-nite || your Alle- | -lu-ia!

4. Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious | fo-rests, sing || *f* Alle- | -lu-ia!

5. *f* Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Trebles only.

6. *p* There let the valleys sing in gentler | cho-rus || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Trebles only.

Ye tracts of earth and conti- | -nents, re-ply || Alle- | -lu-ia!

7. *f* Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ the | King, ap-proves: || Alle- | -lu-ia!

Trebles only.

8. *p* And children's voices echo, answer | mak-ing, || Alle- | lu-ia.

With Alleluia | e-ver-more || The Son and Spirit | we adore.

Alle- | -lu-ia! || Alle- | -lu-ia!

General

462

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise

"Alleluia pius edite laudibus."

FIFTH CENTURY

ELLERTON. *Tr.*

FIRST TUNE

f

FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia *forth* in du - teous praise,
2. Ye Powers, who stand *before* th' e - - - ter - nal Light,
DEC. 3. The holy city shall *take* up your strain,
CAN. 4. In blissful *antiphons* ye thus re - joice

f

mf

DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at *length* your palms in bliss,
CAN. 6. There, in one grand *acclaim*, for - - - ev - er ring

mf

p

DEC. 7. This is sweet rest for *weary* ones brought back;

p

ff

FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were all *things* made, we praise sing
9. Almighty Christ, to *Thee* our voi - ces sing

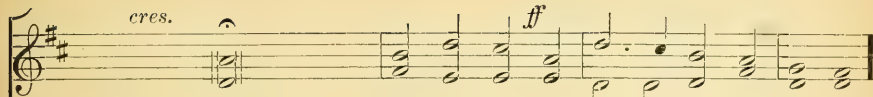
ff

General

P. M.

Endless Alleluia

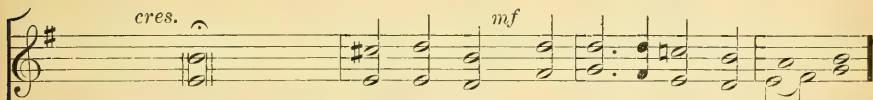
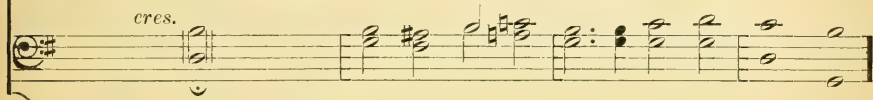
SIR J. BARNEY. 1867



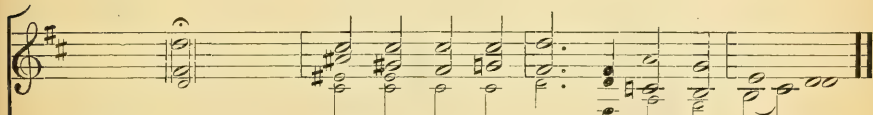
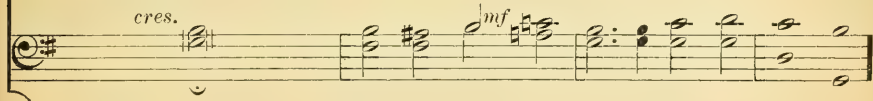
Ye citizens of *heaven*; Oh, . . . sweet-ly raise An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
In hymning choirs *re-echo* . . . to the height An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
And with glad songs *resounding* wake a - gain An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
To render to the *Lord* with . . thankful voice An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



Victorious ones, your *chant* shall still be this, An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
The strains which tell the *honor* of your King, An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



This is glad food and *drink* which ne'er shall lack An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



Forever, and tell out in sweet-est lays An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.



1. Sing Alleluia *forth* in du - teous praise, Ye

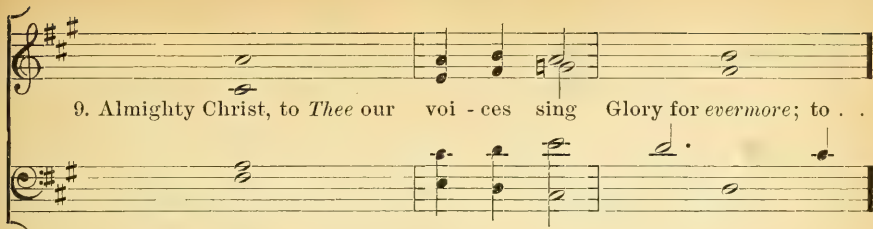
citizens of *heaven*; Oh, sweet-ly raise An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.

2. Ye Powers, who stand *before* th' e - - - ter - nal Light, In

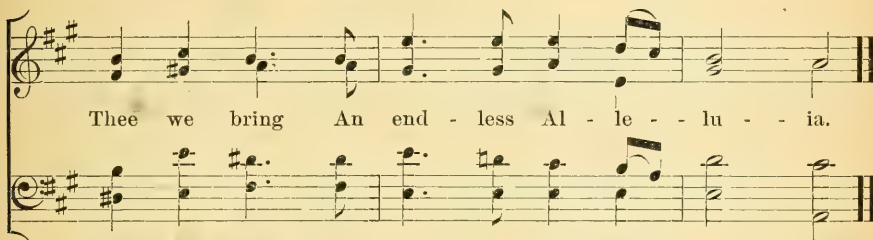
hymning choirs *re-echo* to the height An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.

- 3 The holy city shall *take* | up your strain,
And with glad songs *resounding* | wake again
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful *antiphons* ye | thus rejoice
To render to the *Lord* with | thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at *length* your | palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your *chant* shall | still be this,
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand *acclaim*, for- | ever ring
The strains which tell the *honor* | of your King,
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for *weary* | ones brought back;
This is glad food and *drink* which | none shall lack
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by Whom were all *things* | made, we praise
Forever, and tell *out* in | sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

General



9. Almighty Christ, to *Thee* our voi - ces sing Glory for evermore; to . .



Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

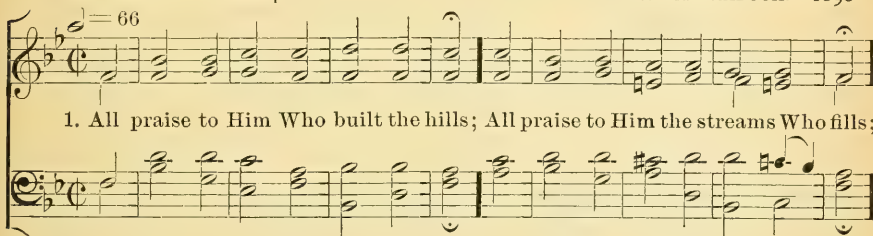
463

All praise to Him Who built the hills

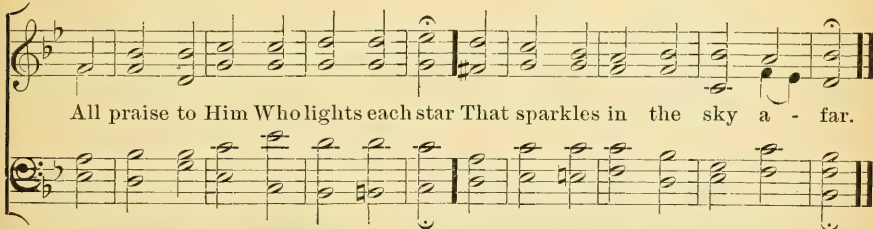
L. M.

REV. H. BONAR. 1864

Wenzel
W. A. RABOCH. 1890



1. All praise to Him Who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams Who fills;



All praise to Him Who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a - far.

- 2 All praise to Him Who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.
- 3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.
- 4 All praise to Him in love Who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;

Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing sacrifice.

- 5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The fount of joy and holiness.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

General

464

The spacious firmament on high

D.L.M.

Creation

J. ADDISON. 1712

E. J. HOPKINS. 1867



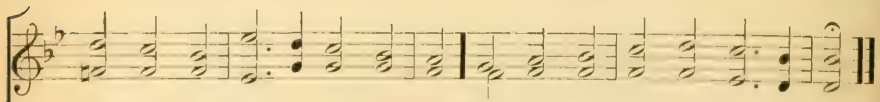
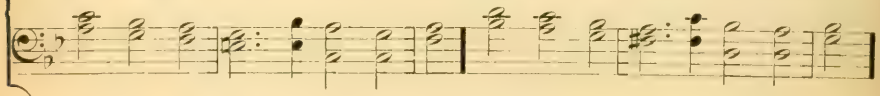
1. The spacious firm - ament on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,



And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal proclaim.



Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - ator's pow'r display,



And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - mighty Hand.



General

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.</p> | <p>3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."</p> |
|---|--|

465

God, my King, Thy might confessing

8.7.

Second Advent

BISHOP MANT. 1824

REV. C. I. LATROBE 1825

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. God, my King, Thy might confess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne address - ing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His pow'r shall teach.</p> <p>3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.</p> | <p>4 Nor shall fail from mem'ry's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.</p> <p>5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All His works His goodness prove.</p> |
|--|--|
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee;
Thee shall all Thy saints adore:
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sov'reign power,

General

466

Now thank we all our God

P. M.

M. RINKART. 1644

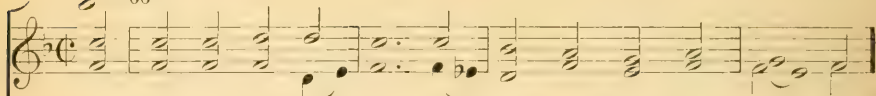
"Nun danket alle Gott."

Nun danket

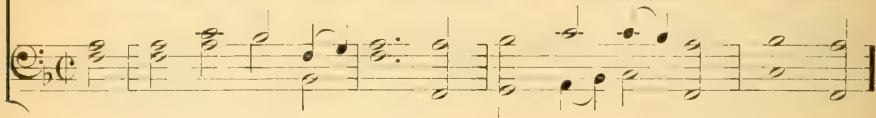
WINKWORTH. Tr.

J. CRÜGER. 1649

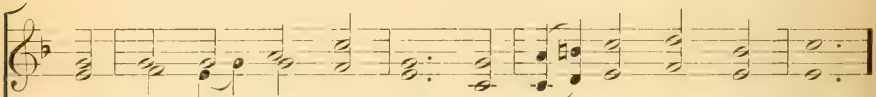
$\text{♩} = 66$



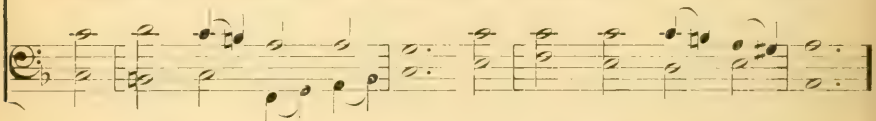
1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es!



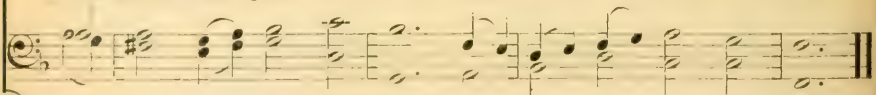
Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joice - es;



Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way



With count - less gifts of love; And still is ours to - day.



2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us!
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

General

467

How wondrous and great

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

BISHOP H. U. ONDERDONK. 1826

Lyons
From HAYDN

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!

How just, King of saints, And true are Thy ways!

Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy Name?

Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's ev'ry people
Confess Thee their God,

General

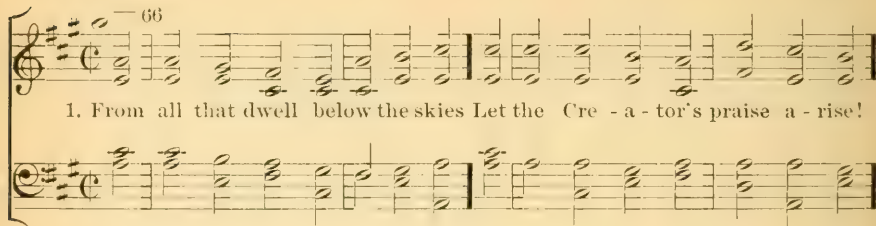
468

From all that dwell below the skies L. M.

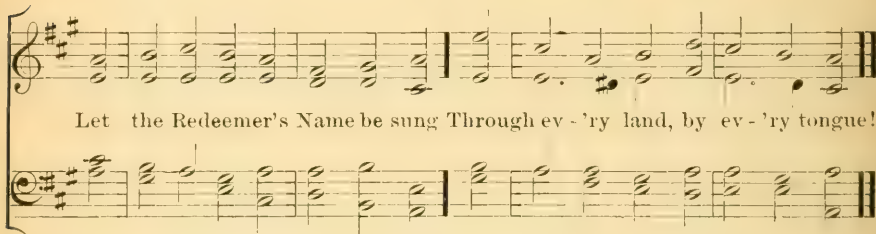
DR. WATTS. 1719

Old rooth
GENEVA PSALTER. 1551

66



1. From all that dwell below the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise!



Let the Redeemer's Name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

469

With one consent let all the earth L. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press:
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

General

470

All people that on earth do dwell

L. M.

REV. W. KETHE. 1560

Old rooth
OLD VERSION

♩ = 84

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing

to the Lord with cheer - ful voice: Him serve with fear, His

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and . . re - joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

General

471

Oh, praise ye the Lord

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

Hanover

DR. CROFT. 1699

TATE and BRADY. 1698

80

1. Oh, praise ye the Lord! Pre - pare your glad voice

His praise in the great As - sem - bly to sing:

In their great Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re - joice;

And chil - dren of Si - on Be glad in their King.

2 Let them His great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, Who their heads
With safety doth shield;
Such honor and triumph
His favor shall bring:
Oh, therefore forever
All praise to Him yield!

General

472

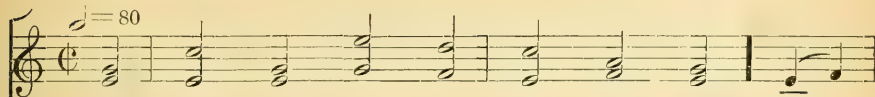
O come, loud anthems let us sing

L. M.

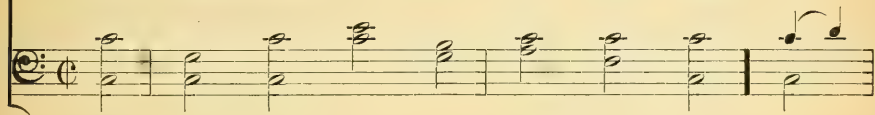
Triumphant

TATE and BRADY. 1698

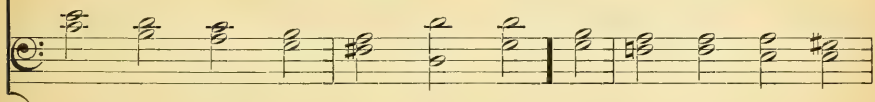
J. W. ELLIOTT. 1870



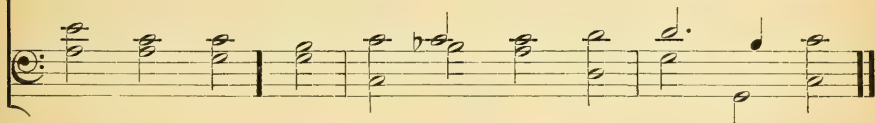
1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud



thanks to our al - might - y King, And high our grate - ful



voic - es raise, As our Sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.



- 2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.
- 4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Low on our knees with rev'rence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

General

473

Before Jehovah's awful throne

L. M.

WATTS-WESLEY. 1736

Beccles
GERMAN

$\text{♩} = 69$

1. Before Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can ere - ate, and He de - stroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs;
High as the heav'n our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

474

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul

S. M.

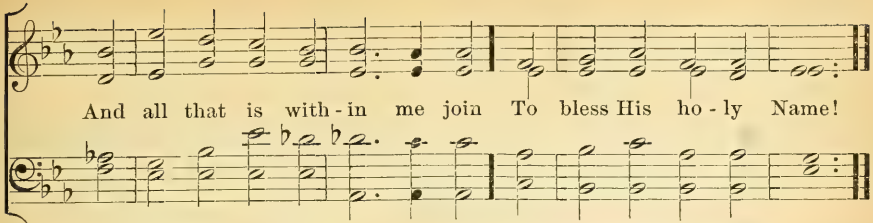
J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

Cruz
J. BARNBY. 1866

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro-claim!

General



And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho-ly Name!

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;
Prolongs thy feeble breath;

He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

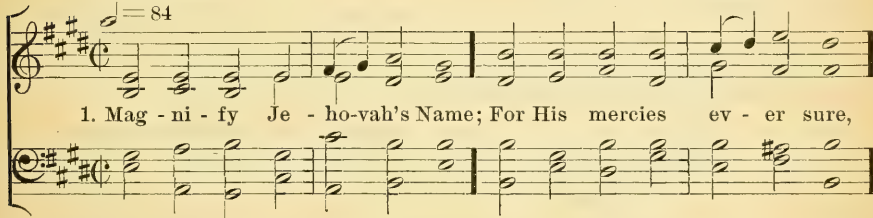
475

Magnify Jehovah's Name

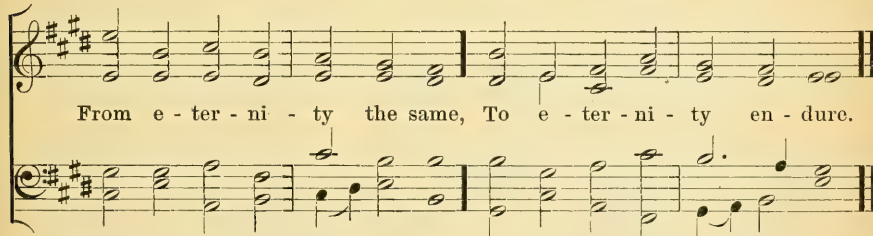
7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1822

Strattner
GERMAN. 1691



1. Mag-ni-fy Je-ho-vah's Name; For His mercies ev-er sure,



From e-ter-ni-ty the same, To e-ter-ni-ty en-dure.

2 Let His ransomed flock rejoice,
Gathered out of ev'ry land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,

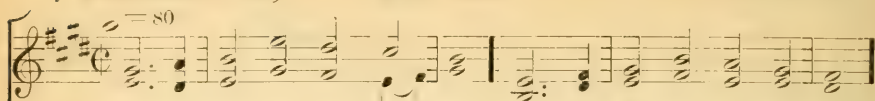
Sends deliv'rance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

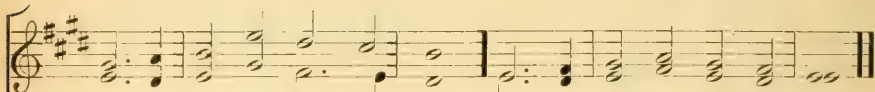
6 Oh, that men would praise the Lord,
For His goodness to their race!
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

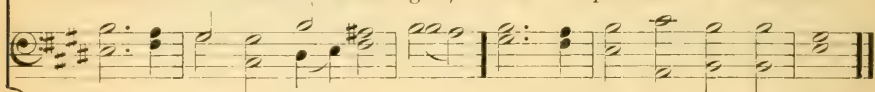
FIRST TUNE

Innocents
ENGLISH. 1800

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.



2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heav'ns and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

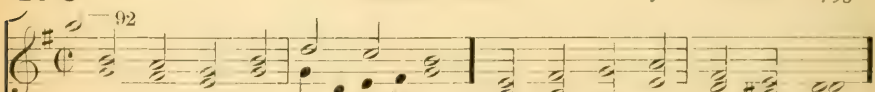
4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

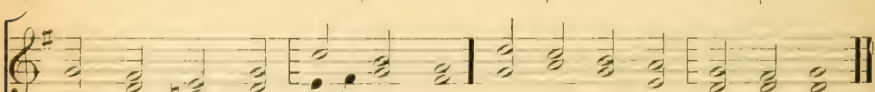
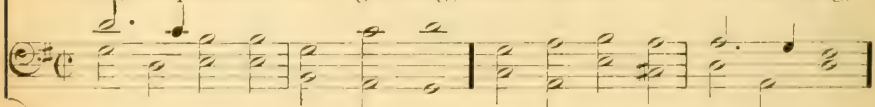
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

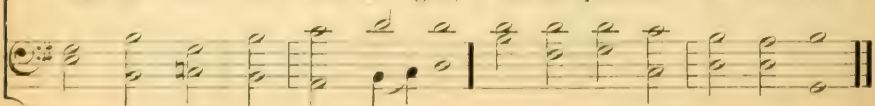
SECOND TUNE

Vienna
J. H. KNECHT. 1793

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done.



General

477

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea 8.8.8.4.

BISHOP CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1863

Almsgiving
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1868

♩ = 84

1. O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To
Thee all praise . . and glo - ry be; How shall we
show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all!

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sev'nfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
O Lord, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

General

478

Holy offerings, rich and rare

P. M.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1867

FIRST TUNE

Offerings
R. REDHEAD. 1870



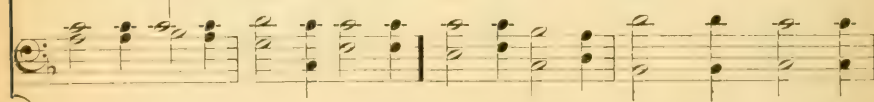
1. Ho - ly off-'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and pray'r,



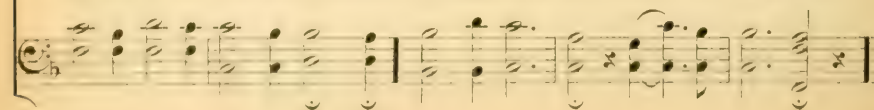
Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,



Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion;



On His al - tar laid, we leave them; Christ, present them! God, receive them!



General

2 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart;
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Off'rings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid, we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

478

SECOND TUNE

Homage
G. F. COBB

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Ho - ly off-rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and pray'r,
Pur - er life and purpose high, Clasp'd hands, up - lift - ed eye,
Low-ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion;
On His al - tar laid, we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them!

General

479

Oh, with due reverence let us all

C.M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

Dundee

ENGLISH. 1592

84

1. Oh, with due rev'rence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;

And prostrate at His footstool fall, To breathe our hum-ble pray'r.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with Thy ark,
But with Thy presence blest.

3 Clothe Thou Thy priests with righteousness,
Make Thou Thy saints rejoice;
And, for Thy servant David's sake,
Hear Thy Anointed's voice.

480

For Thee, O God, our constant praise

L. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

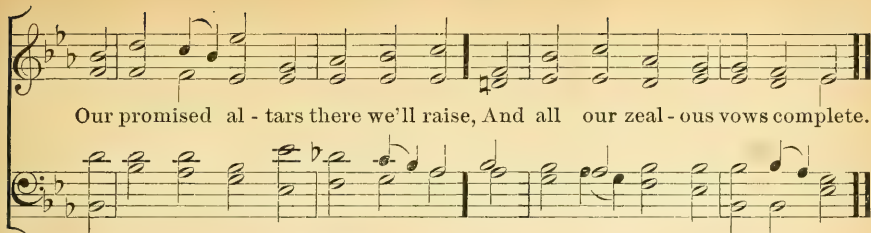
Sebastian

DR. WESLEY. 1872

76

1. For Thee, O God, our constant praise In Si-on waits, Thy chosen seat;

General



Our promised al - tars there we'll raise, And all our zeal - ous vows complete.

2 Thou, Who to ev'ry humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy list'ning ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

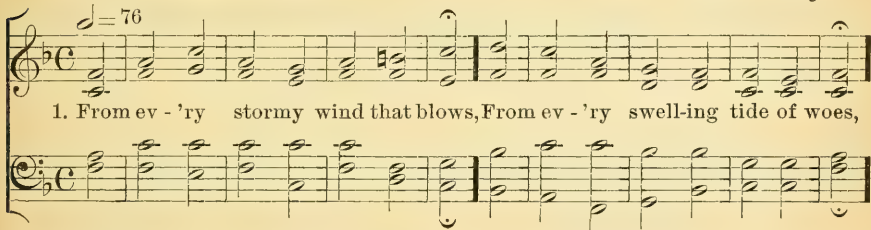
481

From every stormy wind that blows

L. M.

REV. H. STOWELL. 1828.

Cantionale
GERMAN. 1651



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

General

482

In loud exalted strains

6.6.6.6.8.8.

* Croft

REV. B. FRANCIS. 1774

DR. CROFT. 1700



1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise;



O'er heav'n and earth He reigns, Through ev - er - last - ing days;



But Si - on, with His presence blest, Is His de-light, His cho - sen rest.



2 O King of glory, come;
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

General

483

Christ is made the sure foundation

8.7.

"Angulare fundamentum."

SEVENTH CENTURY

NEALE. *Tr.*

FIRST TUNE

Corner stone

ALFRED S. BAKER. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Christ is made the sure foundation, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,

Cho - sen of the Lord, and precious, Binding all the Church in one;

Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

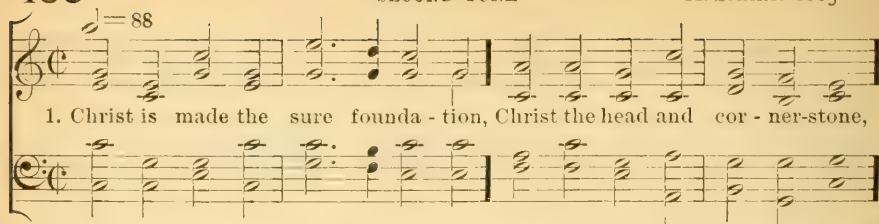
General

483

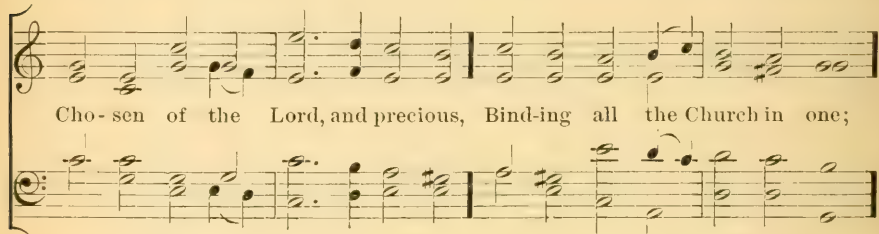
SECOND TUNE

Regent Square
H. SMART. 1865

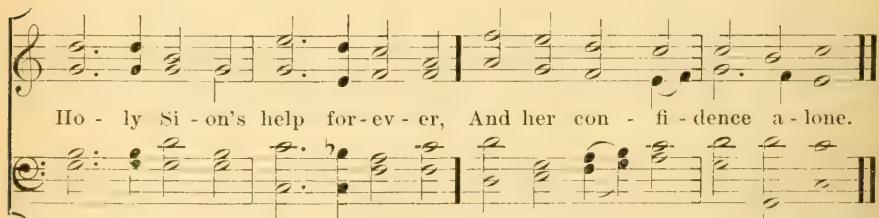
$\text{♩} = 88$



1. Christ is made the sure founda - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner-stone,



Cho - sen of the Lord, and precious, Bind - ing all the Church in one;



Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,

Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

484

We love the place, O God

6s.

Dilexi

DEAN BULLOCK. 1854

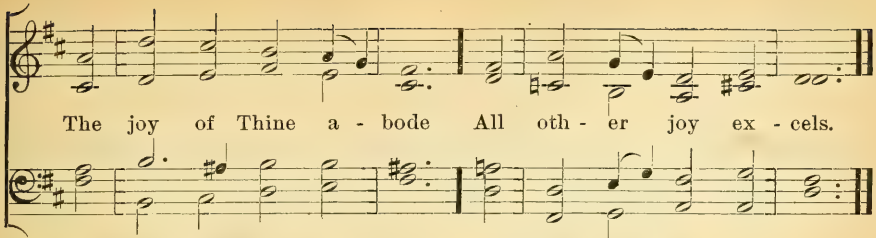
REV. S. M. BARKWORTH. 1877

$\text{♩} = 80$



1. We love the place, O God, Where - in Thine hon - or dwells;

General



The joy of Thine a - bode All oth - er joy ex - cels.

2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

3 We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as ever wont,
His blessing from above.

4 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.

5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wand'ers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.

6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven!

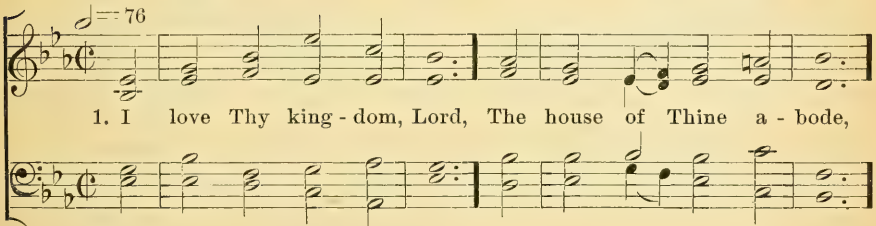
485

I love Thy kingdom, Lord

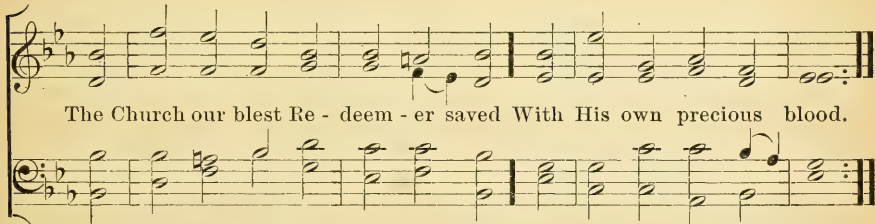
S. M.

REV. T. DWIGHT. 1800

Moravia
REV. L. WEST. 1800



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,



The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own precious blood.

2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my pray'rs ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from ev'ry snare and foe,
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

General

486

Like Noah's weary dove

S. M.

REV. DR. MUHLENBERG. 1826

Moravia
REV. L. WEST. 1800

76

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,

But not a rest - ing - place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found;

- 2 Oh, cease, my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And ev'ry longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Sion's hill.

487

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise

10s.

A. POPE. 1712

FIRST TUNE

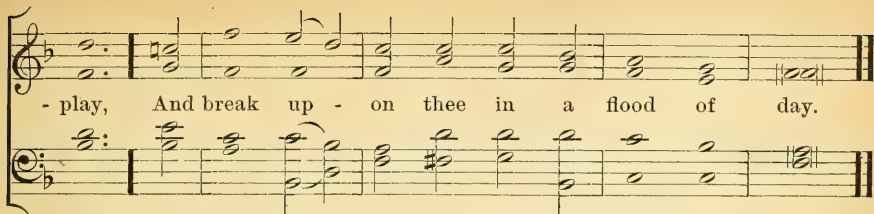
Russia
A. LWOFF. 1833

88

1. Rise, crowned with light, . . im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy

tow'ring head and lift thine eyes! See heav'n its sparkling por-tals wide dis -

General



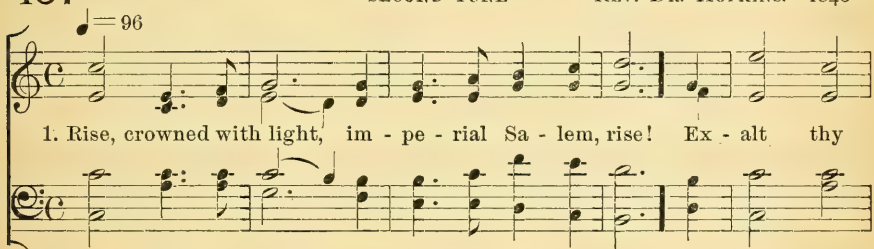
- play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving pow'r remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

487


SECOND TUNE

Salem,
REV. DR. HOPKINS. 1846

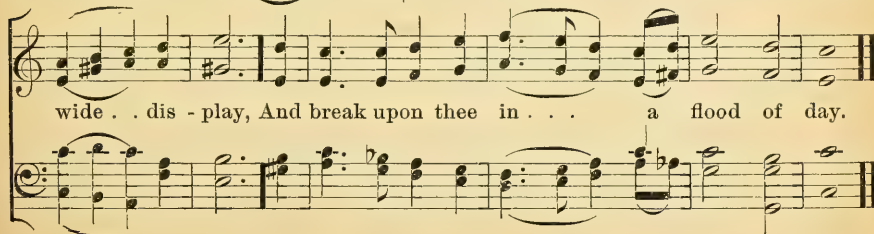


♩ = 96

1. Rise, crowned with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy



tow'ring head and lift . . . thine eyes! See heav'n its sparkling por - tals



wide . . . dis - play, And break upon thee in . . . a flood of day.

General

488

Triumphant Sion, lift thy head

L. M.

Truro

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

DR. BURNEY. 1760

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Tri - um - phant Si - on, lift thy head From

dust, and dark - ness, and the dead! Though hum - bled long, a -

- wake at length, And gird thee with thy Sav - iour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

General

489

Pleasant are Thy courts above

7s.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

Maidstone
DR. GILBERT

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove In the land of life and love;

Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,

For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy full-ness, God of grace

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heav'nly Father's breast!
Like the wand'ring dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length.
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

General

490

Glorious things of thee are spoken

8.7.

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

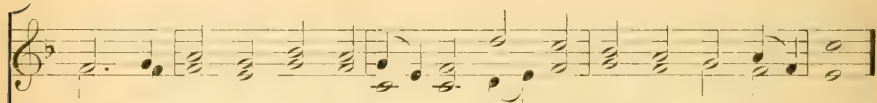
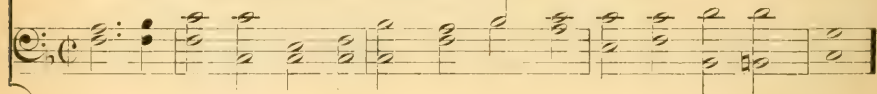
FIRST TUNE

Austria
F. J. HAYDN. 1797

= 76



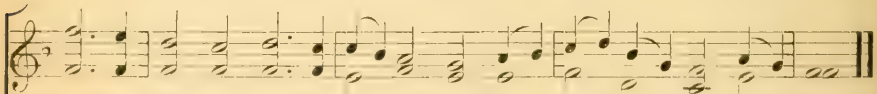
1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;



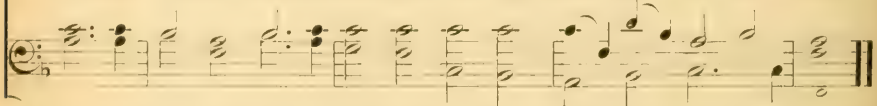
He, Whose word can-not be broken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?



With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.



2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

General

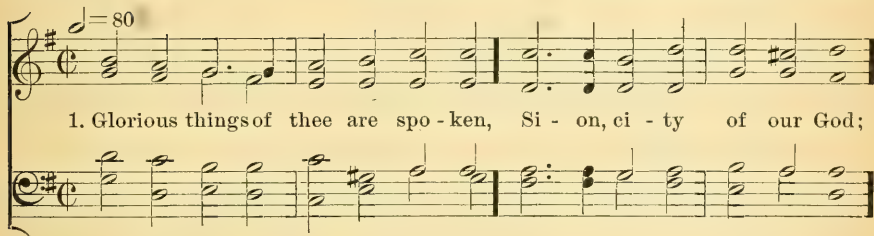
4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

490

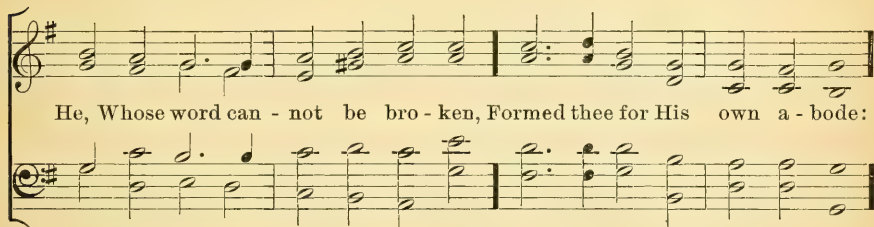
SECOND TUNE

Falfield
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1867

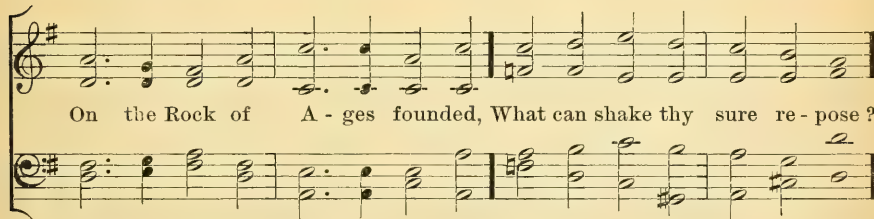
$\text{♩} = 80$



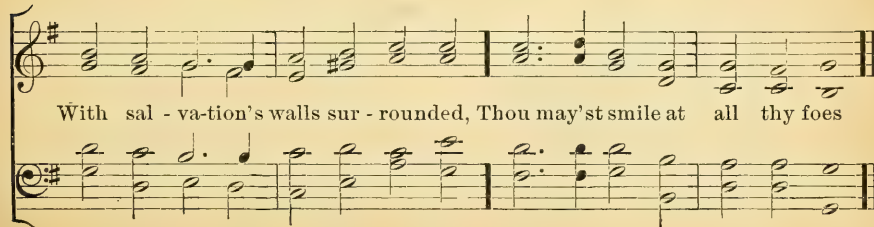
1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Si-on, ci-ty of our God;



He, Whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode:

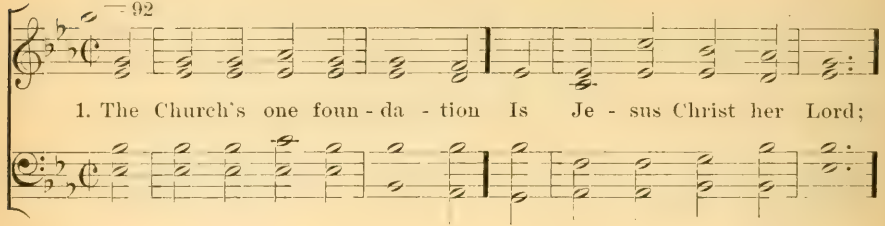


On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

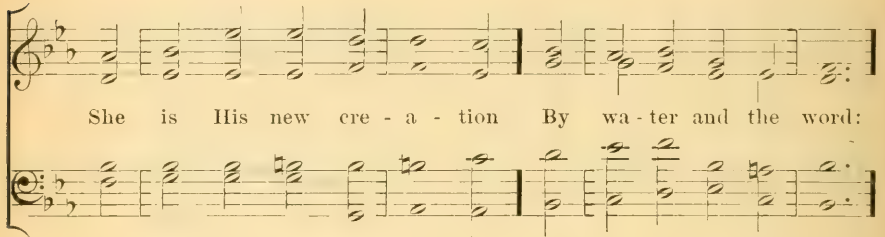


With sal-va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes

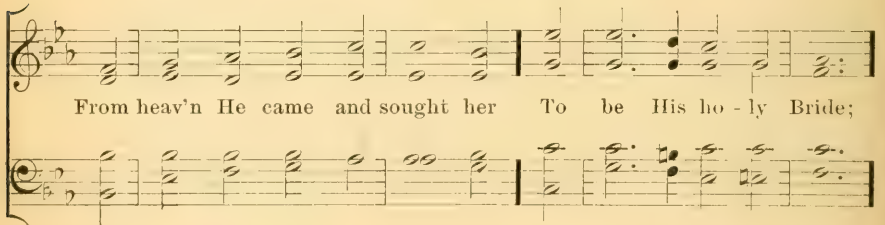
92



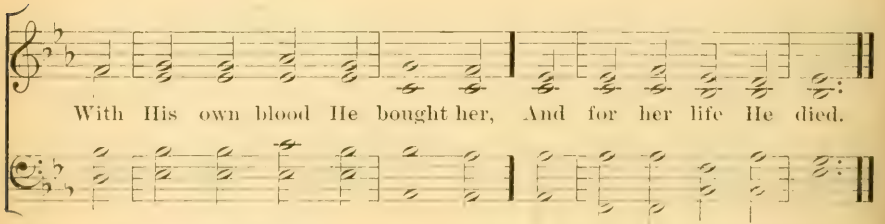
1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

2 Elect from ev'ry nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation,
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With ev'ry grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

General

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

492

One sole baptismal sign

6.6.6.6.8.8.

G. ROBINSON. 1842

St. Mildred
DR. STEGGALL

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove,

One faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watchword, Love:

From diff-'rent tem-ples though it rise, One song as-cend-eth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone!
And sighs from contrite hearts that
spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew!
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

General

493

Oh, 'twas a joyful sound to hear

C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1698

Mear
A. WILLIAMS. 1760

♩ = 76

1. Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say,

Up, Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 Oh, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;

With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

494

O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace

L. M.

REV. I. WILLIAMS. 1842

St. Petros
REV. R. F. DALE. 1880

♩ = 84

1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou God of peace, Pi - ty Thy Church, now rent in twain;

Bid wrath, and strife, and variance cease, And let us all be one a - gain;

General

- All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.
- 4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,
The Spirit one Whom He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One Faith on earth, one Hope of heaven.

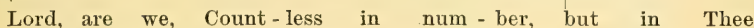
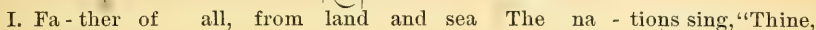
Father of all, from land and sea

8.8.8.4.

Repton
F. H. MESSITER. 1890

Repton

$d = 72$



May we be one, May we be one." { Stone, Mak - ing them one.
food, Mak - ing us one.

- Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

- 6 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
Oh, make us one!
- 7 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.
- 8 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

General

496

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation

11.11.11.5.

Pusey

PHILIP PUSEY. 1840

J. BARNBY. 1868

76

1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
night, and hope of ev' - ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - - y.

- 2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevai-leth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord!
- 4 Peace, in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Calm Thy foes raging!
- 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

General

497 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures 8.8.7.8.8.7.

"Psallat chorus corde mundo."

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR. 1150
CAMPBELL. Tr.

Evangelists
GERMAN. 1738

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Come, pure hearts, in sweet - est mea - sures Sing of those who

spread the trea - sures In the ho - ly gos - pels shrined!

Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their

pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear;
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters!
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesu, may Thy love adore!
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

General

498

How beauteous are their feet

S. M.

DR. WATTS. 1707

FIRST TUNE

Vesper
ANON

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

498

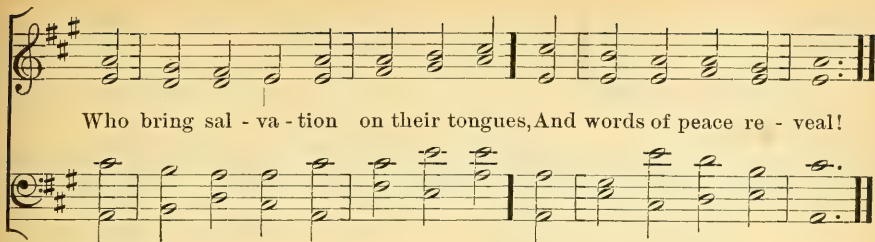
SECOND TUNE

St Michael
ENGLISH. 1562

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si - on's hill;

General



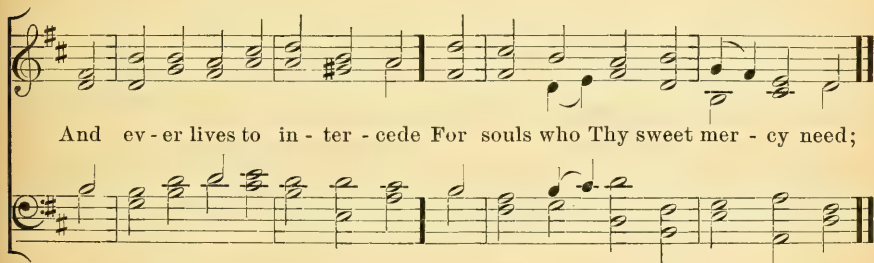
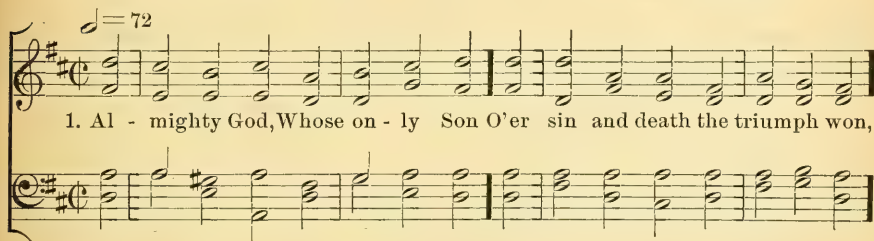
499

Almighty God, Whose only Son

L. M.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1868

Erfurt
GERMAN 1540



2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honor Thee.

4 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or ling'ring taint of bygone years:

3 And some within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

5 Oh, give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wand'ring sheep!
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire:

6 That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore,

General

500

To bless Thy chosen race

S. M.

Advent

TATE and BRADY. 1698

SIR JOHN GOSS

♩ = 76

1. To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;

-And cause the brightness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine;

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

4 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate Thy fame!
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name!

3 Oh, let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

501

A charge to keep I have

S. M.

St. Michael

C. WESLEY. 1762

ENGLISH. 1562

♩ = 76

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;

General

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfill:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

2 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Steadfast to walk on Christ's dear way
And God to glorify.

502

Heirs of unending life

S. M.

Franconia

GERMAN. 1720

B. BEDDOME. 1750

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we so - journ here,

Oh, let us our sal - va - tion work With trembling and with fear!

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the pow'r by which we act,
His be the glory too!

General

503

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve C. M.

DR. DODDRIDGE. 1755

FIRST TUNE

* Christmas
From G. F. HANDEL. 1750

69

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with

vig - or on; A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal,

And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

General

503

SECOND TUNE

St James
R. COURTEVILLE. 1695

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;

A heav'nly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.

504

My soul, be on thy guard

S. M.

G. HEATH. 1781

Redhead 105
R. REDHEAD. 1853

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
Up to His blest abode.

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy

strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and

it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

General

506

Oft in danger, oft in woe

7s.

H. KIRKE WHITE. 1812

FRANCES F. MAITLAND. 1827

University College

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1844

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christ - ians,

on - ward go: Fight the fight, main - tain the strife,

Strength - ened with the Bread of life

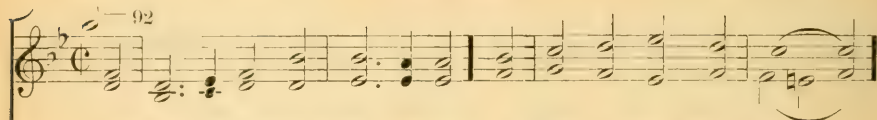
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heav'nly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall vict'ry tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall ev'ry tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

BISHOP HEEER. 1827

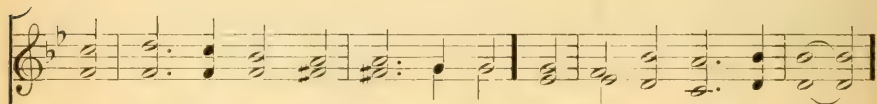
FIRST TUNE

All Saints 2

DR. CUTLER



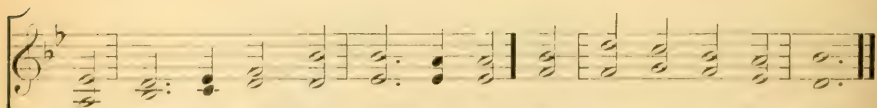
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain: . .



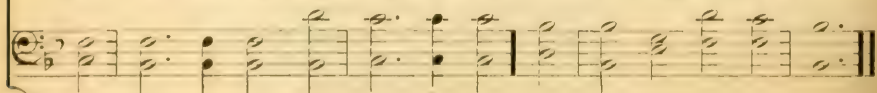
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? . .



2. Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umphant o-ver pain; . . .



Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.



General

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

507

SECOND TUNE

St. Anne
DR. CROFT. 1708

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:

His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in common time. The tempo is marked as 76 beats per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

General

508

Am I a soldier of the cross

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1724

Chichester
ENGLISH. 1621

76

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;

- I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

509

Soldiers of Christ, arise

S. M.

REV. C. WESLEY. 1749

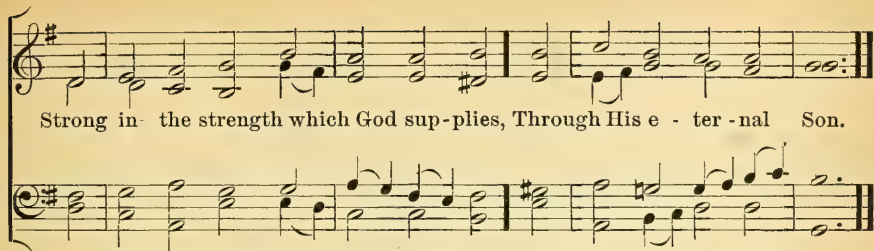
FIRST TUNE

St. Ethelwald
W. H. MONK. 1860

84

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on;

General

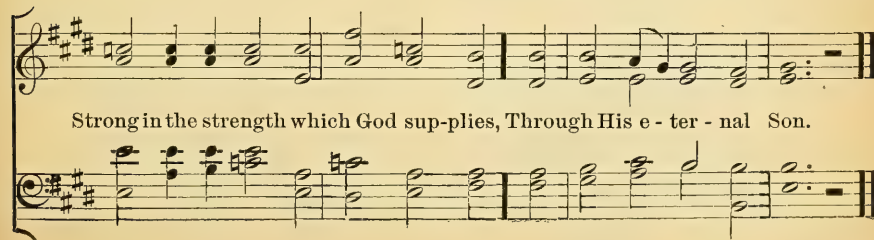
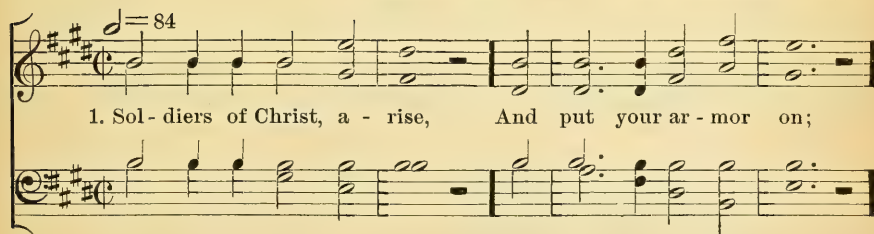


- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

509

SECOND TUNE

Panoply
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1872



General

510

Go forward, Christian soldier

7.6.

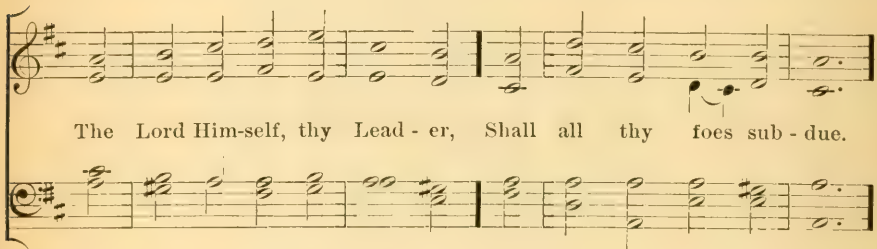
REV. L. TUTTIETT. 1861

Ceylon
S. REAY

$\text{♩} = 88$



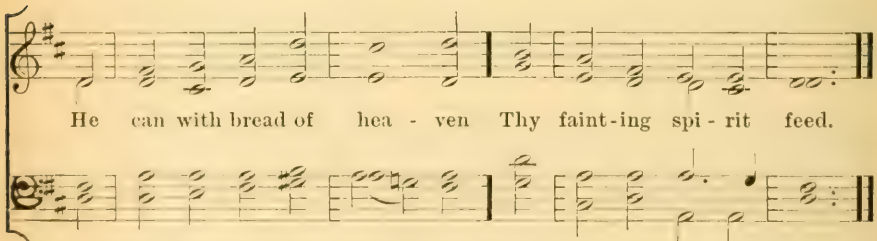
1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!



The Lord Him-self, thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.



His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hourly need;



He can with bread of hea - ven Thy faint-ing spi - rit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heav'n is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

General

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gath'ring night;
 The Lord has been thy shelter;
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past:
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last!

511

O happy band of pilgrims

7.6.

Στεφάνω ὑπὲρ χριστόν.

ST. JOSEPH of the STUDIUM. 830

NEALE. Tr.

Köcher

J. H. KNECHT. 1800

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. O hap - py band of pil-grims, If on - ward ye will tread

With Je - sus as your Fel - low To Je - sus as your Head!

2 Oh, happy if ye labor
 As Jesus did for men!
 Oh, happy if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
 He carried as your due:
 The crown that Jesus weareth,
 He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
 The hope in which ye yearn,
 The love that through all troubles
 To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels,
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heav'n on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize!

Excelsius

R. SEAGRAVE. 1742

FIRST TUNE

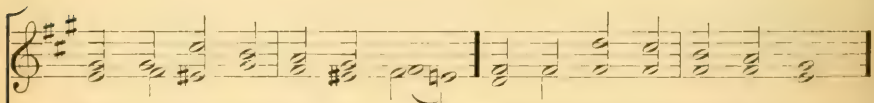
J. H. CORNELL. 1872



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;



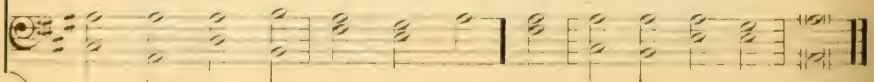
Rise from trans-it - o - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy des-tined place.



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove



General

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heav'n;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

512

SECOND TUNE

Joy
DR. E. HODGES. 1865
* From Beethoven

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace;

Rise from trans-it - o - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy destined place.

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

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General

513

Oh, where shall rest be found

S. M.

St. Bride

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

FIRST TUNE

DR. HOWARD. 1762

♩ = 69

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

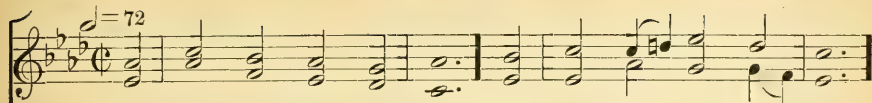
General

513

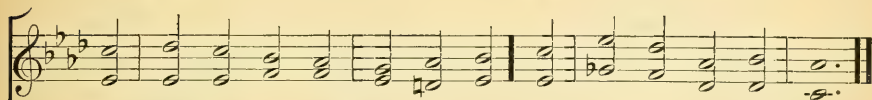
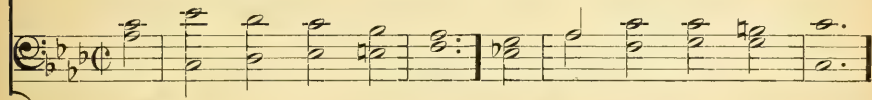
SECOND TUNE

Mecca

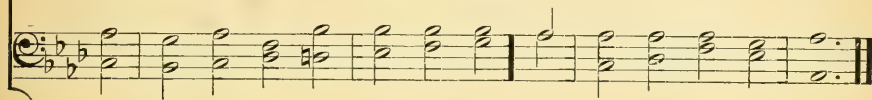
A. ROSE. 1890



1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?



'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.



- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

VII. PROCESSIONALS

514

We march, we march to victory

P. M.

Berchtesgaden

REV. G. MOULTRIE. 1865

FIRST TUNE

CLEMENT R. GALE. 1892

$\text{♩} = 100$

ORGAN. *f*

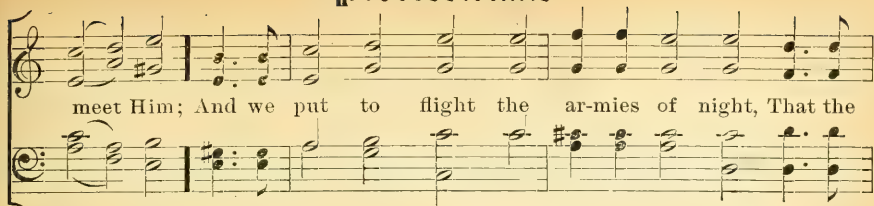
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the

cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking

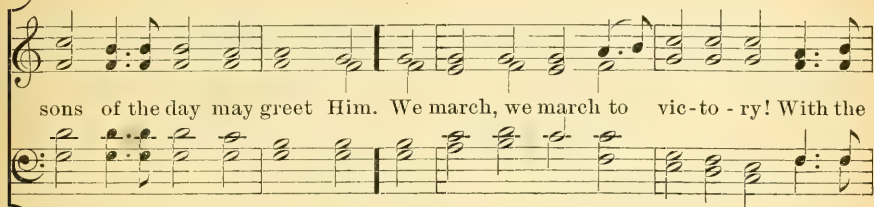
down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In rev - 'rent train to

Processionals



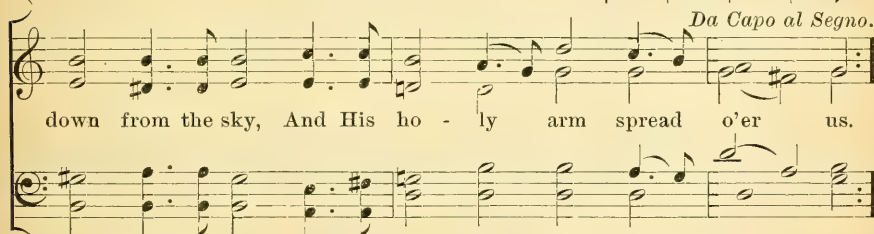
meet Him; And we put to flight the armies of night, That the



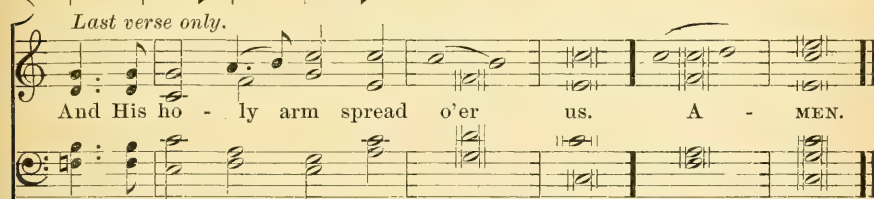
sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to vic-to - ry! With the



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking



Da Capo al Segno.
down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.



Last verse only.
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. A - MEN.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.</p> <p>3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen
gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.</p> | <p>4 Then onward we march, our arms to
prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from
the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.</p> |
|--|--|

In Processions, two paces should be taken to one measure of the music; starting with the left foot.

Processionals

514

SECOND TUNE

Warwick

C. WARWICK JORDAN. 1869

96

ORGAN. *f*


Voices in unison.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the


cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking down from the sky, And His

ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our

Processionals




rev - 'rent train to meet Him; And we put to flight the
march to the gold - en Si - on; For our Cap-tain has bro - ken the



ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him.
bra - zen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron.

ORGAN.

VOICES.



We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the

ff



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing

Processionals

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 2. Our
4. Then

sword is the Spirit of God on high, Our helmet is His sal - va - tion, Our
onward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ before us, With His

banner, the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword the In-car - na - tion.
eye of love looking down from above, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

Processionals

S: Final stanza.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the

cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye looking

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

Processionals

515

Brightly gleams our banner

6.5.

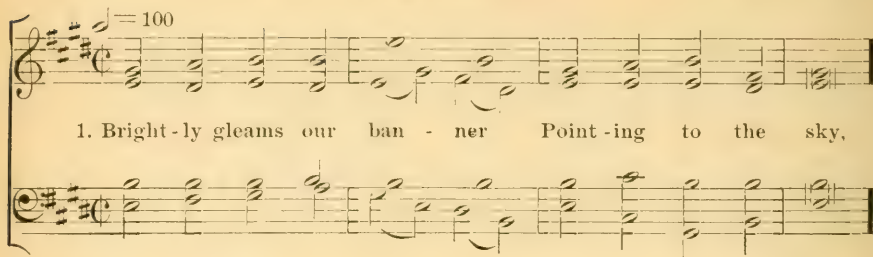
Vexillum

REV. T. POTTER. 1862

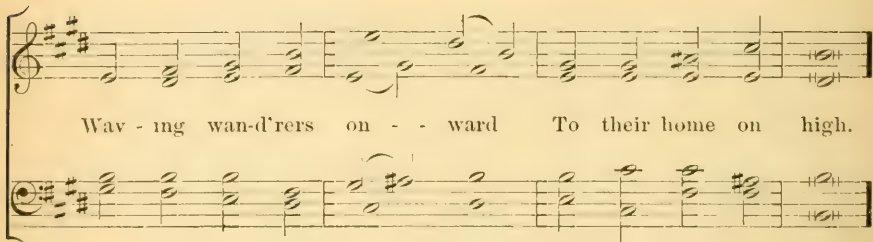
FIRST TUNE

H. SMART. 1874

$\text{♩} = 100$




1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner Point - ing to the sky,



Wav - ing wan-d'ers on - - ward To their home on high.

p



Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

cres.

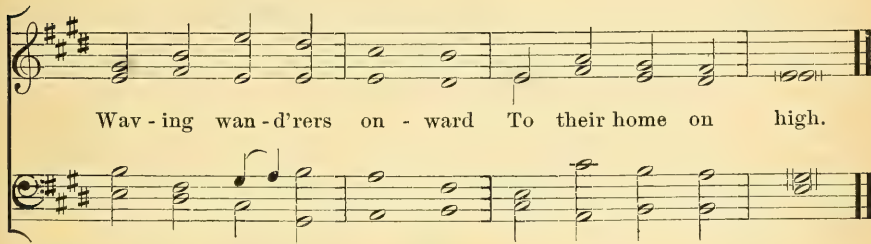


And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way.

Processionals



Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner Point - ing to the sky,



Wav - ing wan - d'ers on - ward To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over ev'ry foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Off'ring pray'rs and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

Professionals

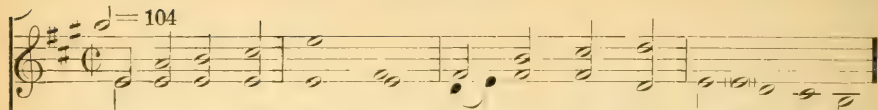
515

Gaisberg

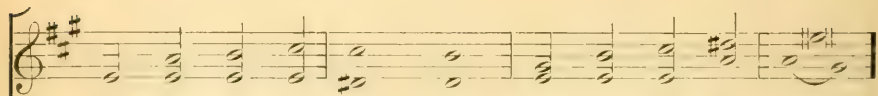
SECOND TUNE

CLEMENT R. GALE. 1893

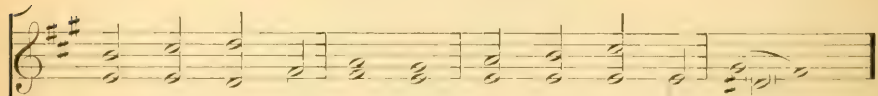
104



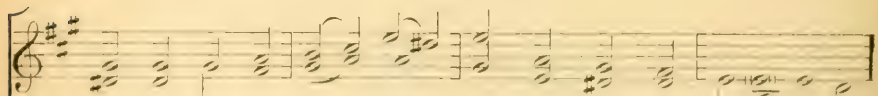
1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky,



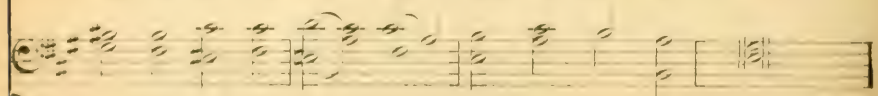
Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.



Journe-ying o'er the de - sert, Glad - ly thus we pray,



And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way. . . .



Processionals

Brightly gleams our ban - ner Pointing to the sky,

Wav - ing wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over ev'ry foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

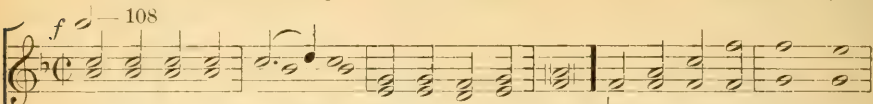
4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Off'ring pray'rs and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1865

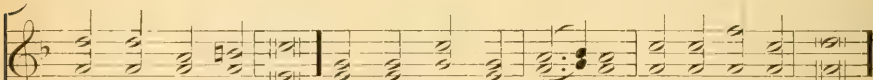
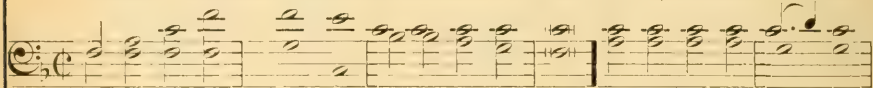
FIRST TUNE

St. Gertrude
SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1872

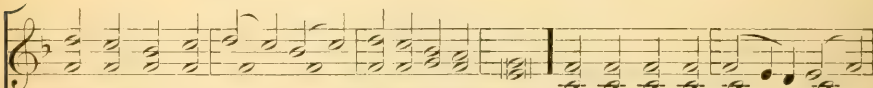
108



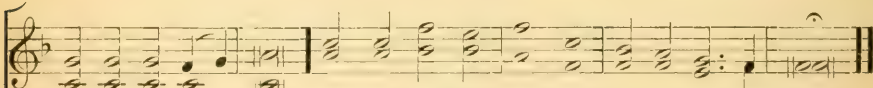
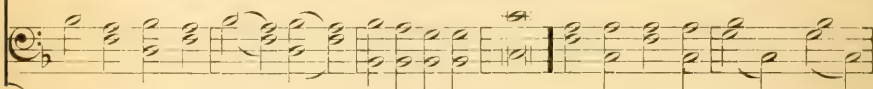
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus



Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe;



Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!



2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Processionals

516

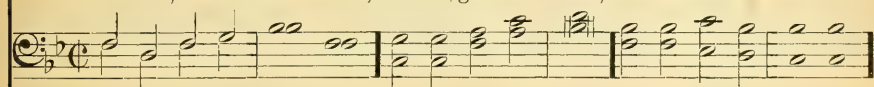
SECOND TUNE

Ecclesia
DR. GAUNTLETT. 1875

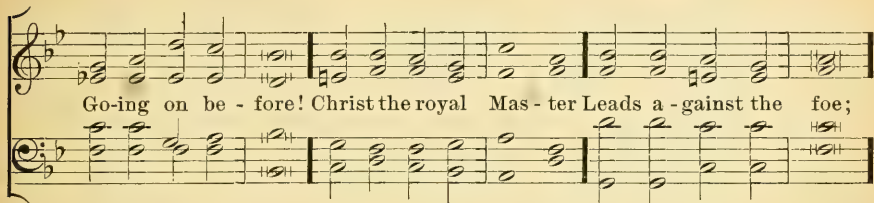
$\text{♩} = 108$



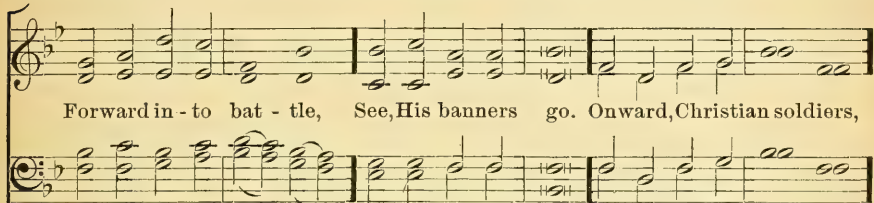
1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus



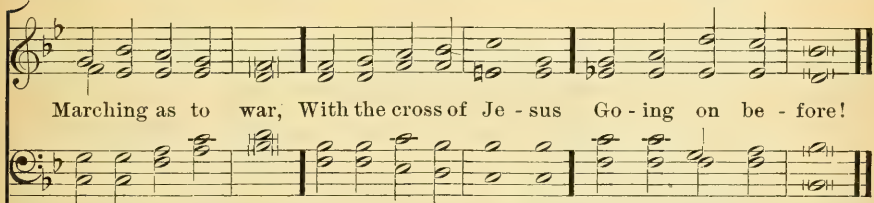
Go-ing on be-fore! Christ the royal Mas-ter Leads a-against the foe;



Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore!



- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.
- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Processionals

517

Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness

8.7.

St. Helen

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1870

DR. MARTIN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$ *Voices in Unison.*



1. Sing, ye faith - ful, sing with gladness! Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!

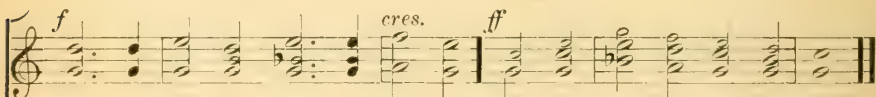


Harmony.



mf

With the praises of your Sav - iour Let His house resound a - gain!



Him let all your mu - sic hon - or, And your songs ex - alt His reign!



2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till th' appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruit of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominion
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all" at last.

Processionals

518

At the Name of Jesus

6.5.

CAROLINE M. NOEL. 1870

FIRST TUNE

Grosvenor
DR. STEGGALL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - 'ry tongue con-

- fess Him King of glo - ry now; 'Tis the Father's pleas - ure

We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word.

- 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heav'nly orders,
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;

- To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Processionals

518

Bavaria

SECOND TUNE

CLEMENT R. GALE, 1891

1. At the Name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,

Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess Him King of glo - ry now;

'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure We should call Him Lord,

Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might - y Word.

Processionals

- 2 At His voice creation
 Sprang at once to sight,
 All the angel faces,
 All the hosts of light,
 Thrones and dominations,
 Stars upon their way,
 All the heav'nly orders,
 In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,
 To receive a Name
 From the lips of sinners,
 Unto whom He came,
 Faithfully He bore it
 Spotless to the last,
 Brought it back victorious,
 When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,
 With its human light,
 Through all ranks of creatures,
 To the central height;
 To the throne of Godhead,
 To the Father's breast,
 Filled it with the glory
 Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
 There let Him subdue
 All that is not holy,
 All that is not true:
 Crown Him as your Captain
 In temptation's hour;
 Let His will enfold you
 In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
 Shall return again,
 With His Father's glory,
 With His angel train;
 For all wreaths of empire
 Meet upon His brow,
 And our hearts confess Him
 King of glory now.

Processionals

519

Saviour, blessed Saviour

6.5.

Edina

REV. G. THRING. 1862

FIRST TUNE

SIR H. S. OAKELEY. 1868

108

1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing;

Ped.

cres.

Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prais - es to our King.

p rit.

All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, . . .

Ped.

f rit. un poco.

Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne,

Processionals

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last!

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

519

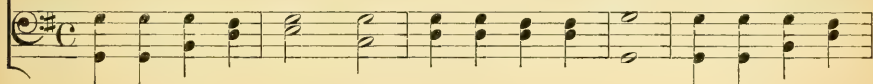
SECOND TUNE

Madison

G. EDWARD STUBBS. 1889



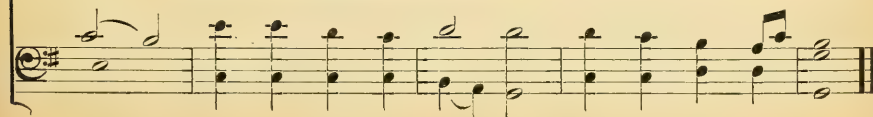
1. Sav-iour, blessèd Sav - iour, Lis-ten while we sing; Hearts and voices



rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to



be, . . Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.



Processionals

520

Rejoice, ye pure in heart

S. M.

Marion

REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE. 1865

A. H. MESSITER. 1883

FIRST TUNE

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and

sing! Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The

cross of - Christ your King! Re - joice, Re -

Re - joice,

- joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.

Re - joice,

Processionals

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
Rejoice, &c.

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
Rejoice, &c.

4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answe'ring echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
Rejoice, &c.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
Rejoice, &c.

6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!
Rejoice, &c.

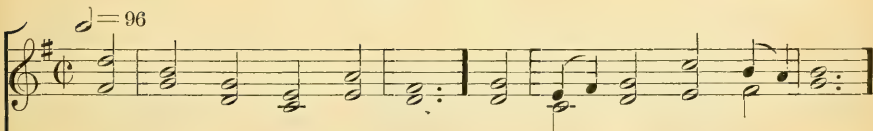
7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
Rejoice, &c.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!
Rejoice, &c.

520

SECOND TUNE

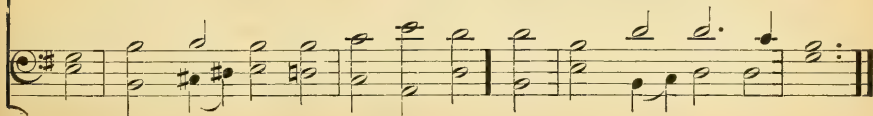
Day of Praise
DR. STEGGALL



1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing!



Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King!



Processionals

521

Through the night of doubt and sorrow

8.7.

B. S. INGEMANN. 1825

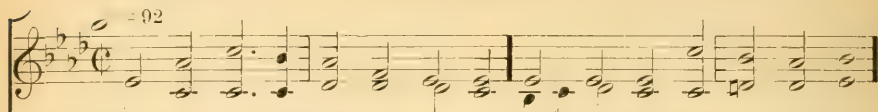
"Igjennem Nat og Traengsel."

Sanctuary

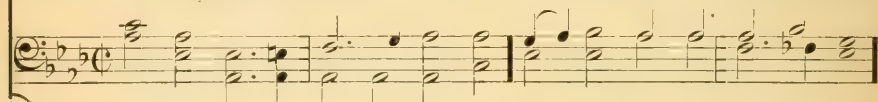
BARING-GOULD. *Tr.*

FIRST TUNE

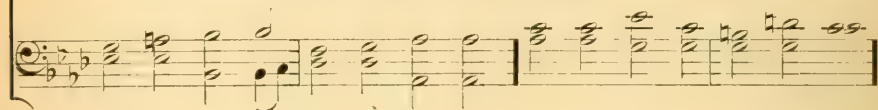
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870



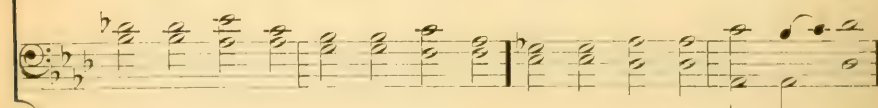
1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,



Sing-ing songs of ex-pect-a-tion, Marching to the promised land.



Clear be-fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light:



Brother clasps the hand of bro-ther, Stepping fear-less through the night.



Processionals

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Bright'ning all the path we tread:
 One, the object of our journey,
 One, the faith which never tires,
 One, the earnest looking forward,
 One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One, the march in God begun:
 One, the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the One Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers?
 Onward, with the Cross our aid!
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade!
 Soon shall come the great awaking;
 Soon the rending of the tomb:
 Then, the scatt'ring of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom!

521

SECOND TUNE

St. Oswald
 REV. J. B. DYKES 1861

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. { Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
 { Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light:

Sing - ing songs of ex - spect - a - tion, Marching to the promised land. {
 Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear - less through the night. }

Processionals

522

On our way rejoicing

6.5.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL. 1863

New Year
DR. A. H. MANN. 1885

100

1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move, . . .

Hear-ken to our prais - es, . . O Thou God of love!

Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be! . . .

Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from Thee! . .

Processionals

On our way re - joic - ing, As we homeward move,

Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!

2 If with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 Day by day Thou find us
 Doing what we can,
 Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
 Wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings,
 Fill the heart with peace.
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go;
 Conquered hath our Leader!
 Vanquished is our foe!
 Christ without, our safety;
 Christ within, our joy;
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
 Joyful songs we sing;
 Unto God the Saviour
 Thankful hearts we bring;
 Unto God the Spirit
 Bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing
 Now and evermore!
 On our way rejoicing, etc.

Processionals

523

Forward! be our watchword

6.5.

DEAN ALFORD. 1871

St. Boniface
H. SMART. 1872

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. For - ward! be our watch - word, Steps and voic - es joined;

Seek the things be - fore us, Not a look be - hind:

Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;

Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led?

Processionals

For - ward thro' the de - sert, Thro' the toil and fight!

Jor - dan flows be - fore us; Si - on beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word;
 Forward! marching eastward
 Where the heav'n is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;

Flows the gladd'ning river
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might!
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light!

4 To th' eternal Father
 Loudest anthems raise:
 To the Son and Spirit
 Echo songs of praise:
 To the Lord of glory,
 Blessed Three in One,
 Be by men and angels
 Endless honor done.
 Weak are earthly praises,
 Dull the songs of night:
 Forward into triumph!
 Forward into light!

Also the following :

311 Ancient of days.
 313 Lord of all being; throned afar.
 323 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
 365 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.
 367 Jesus, our risen King.
 368 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
 374 Crown Him with many crowns.
 378 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!
 382 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
 385 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.
 395 Those eternal bowers.
 396 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
 397 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
 400 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
 403 O mother dear, Jerusalem.
 404 I heard a sound of voices.
 407 For thee, O dear, dear country.
 408 Jerusalem the golden.
 420 Jesu, still lead on,

424 O Light, Whose beams illumine all.
 444 O Saviour, precious Saviour.
 445 When morning gilds the skies.
 446 Shepherd of tender youth.
 448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
 453 Praise to the Holiest in the height.
 454 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.
 455 O God of God! O Light of Light!
 458 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.
 459 Oh, worship the King.
 460 The God of Abraham praise.
 482 In loud exalted strains.
 483 Christ is made the sure foundation.
 484 We love the place, O God.
 489 Pleasant are Thy courts above.
 490 Glorious things of thee are spoken.
 491 The Church's one foundation.
 496 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.
 507 The Son of God goes forth to war.
 510 Go forward, Christian soldier.
 511 O happy band of pilgrims.
 579 O brothers, lift your voices.

VIII. LITANIES

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST

524

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove

7.7.7.6.

REV. R. F. LITLEDAL. 1867

Litany 3
DR. TURPIN. 1875

♩ = 92

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, hea - v'nly Dove, Dew descend - ing from a - bove,
Breath of life, and fire of love; Hear us, Ho - ly Spi - rit.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | Even Him Who for us bled;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 10 All Thy sev'nfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 4 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heav'n and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 12 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 6 Thou Whom Jesus, from His throne,
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 13 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our falt'ring tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 8 Coming with Thy pow'r to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. | 15 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |
| 9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed
With the true and living Bread, | 16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart;
Never more from us depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. |

Litanies

LITANY OF THE CHURCH

525

Jesu, with Thy Church abide

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1875

Litany 4
DR. TURPIN. 1875

$\text{♩} = 92$

1. Je - su, with Thy Church a - bide, Be her Sav-iour, Lord, and Guide,

While on earth her faith is tried: We be - seech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Be Thou with her all the days,
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 All her fettered pow'rs release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heav'nly gift of peace:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

9 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

10 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,

Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

16 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Litanies

LITANY FOR CHILDREN

526

Jesu, from Thy throne on high

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1870

Litany 5
E. A. SYDENHAM. 1880

96

1. Je - su, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.

2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

5 Jesu, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

7 Jesu, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

8 Be Thou with us ev'ry day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Litanies

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

15 Jesu, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

16 Jesu, from Thy heav'nly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

17 Jesu, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heav'n to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE

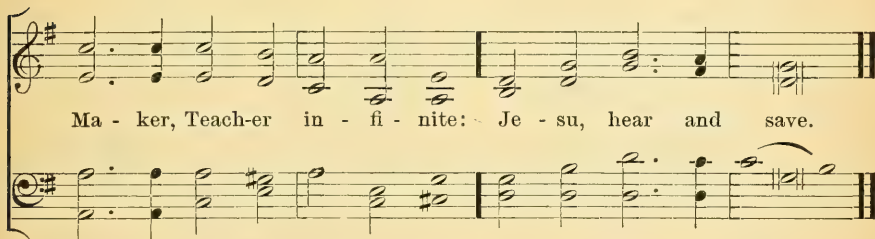
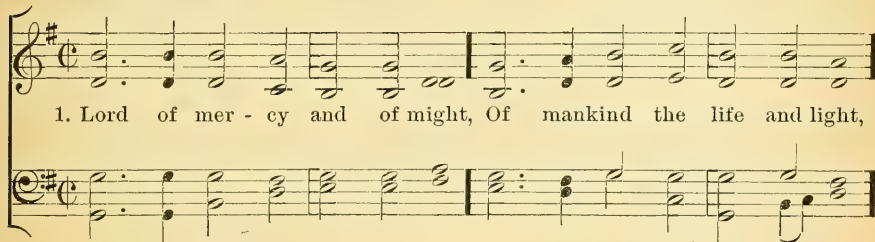
527

Lord of mercy and of might

7.7.7.5.

BISHOP HEBER. 1827

Litany 6
W. S. HOYTE. 1875



2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled:
Jesu, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
Jesu, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesu, hear and save.

Litanies

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE

528

God the Father, God the Son

7.7.7.6.

REV. R. F. LITLEDAL. 1867

Litany 7
F. CLAY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. God the Fa-ther, God the Son, God the Spi-rit, Three in One,

small notes for 1st stanza only.

Hear us from Thy heav'nly throne: Spare us, Ho-ly Trin-i-ty.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thou Who, leaving crown and throne,
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till with bitter tears he cried:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>5 Thou Who hanging on the tree
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me:"
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>7 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> | <p>8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.</p> <p>9 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offense,
And find truest penitence:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>11 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>12 That to sin forever dead,
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> <p>13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore:
We beseech Thee, Jesu.</p> |
|---|--|

Litanies

LITANY OF PENITENCE

529

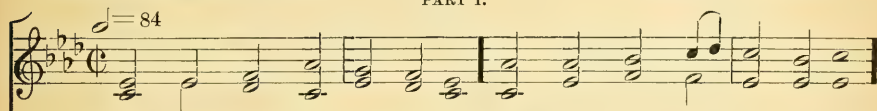
Father, hear Thy children's call

7.7.7.6.

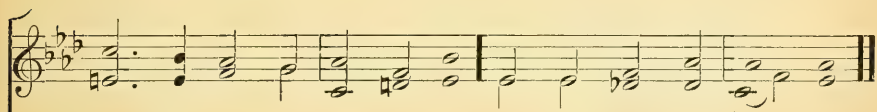
REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1875

PART I.

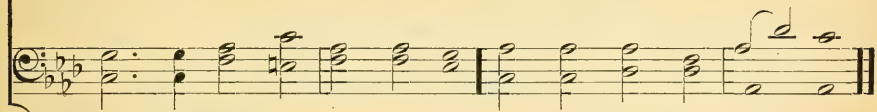
Litany 8
DR. TURPIN. 1875



1. Fa - ther, hear Thy children's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,



Pro - di - gals, con-fess - ing all; We be - seech Thee, hear us.



2 Christ, beneath Thy cross, we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Litanies

LITANY OF PENITENCE

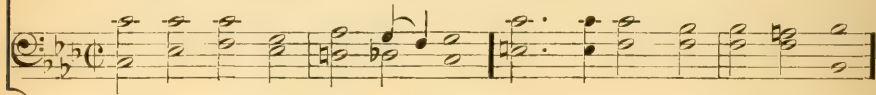
529

PART II

Litany 9
DR. TURPIN. 1875



9. By the gracious sav - ing call, Spo - ken ten - der - ly to all



Who have shared in A - dam's fall, We be - seech Thee, hear us.



10 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

11 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

12 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

13 By the love that speaks within.
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

14 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heav'n Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Litanies

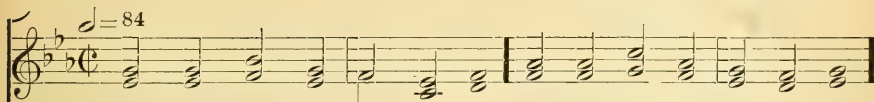
LITANY OF PENITENCE

529

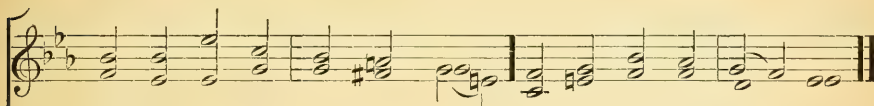
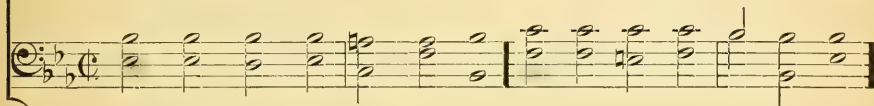
Litany 10

PART III

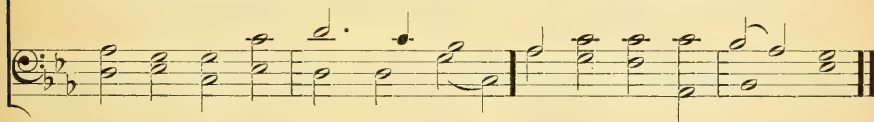
REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD. 1874



15. Teach us what Thy love has borne, That with lov-ing sor-row torn



Tru-ly con-trite we may mourn: We be-seech Thee, hear us.



16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

17 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

18 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heav'nly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

21 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

22 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Litanies

THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.

530

Jesu, in Thy dying woes

7.7.7.6.

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1874

Litany II
W. H. MONK. 1889

$\text{♩} = 63$. *The seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in unison, thus:*

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.
To-day shalt thou be with Me in Par - a - dise.
Woman, be - - - - - hold thy Son.
Be - - - - - hold thy mo - - - ther!
My God, My God, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me?
I thirst.
Father, into Thy hands I com - - - mend My spi - - - rit.

mp *dim.* *pp*

THE LITANY. $\text{♩} = 80$

1. Je - su, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life-blood flows,
Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - su.

PART I.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, XXIII. 34.

1 Jesu, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue,
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Litanies

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 43.

- 1 Jesu, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART III.

"Woman, behold thy son!" "Behold thy mother!"
ST. JOHN, xix. 26, 27.

- 1 Jesu, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend,

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART IV.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
ST. MATT. xxvii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heav'n is shown:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART V.

"I thirst."—ST. JOHN, xix. 28.

- 1 Jesu, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfill:
Satisfy Thy loving will:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

PART VI.

"It is finished."—ST. JOHN, xix. 30.

- 1 Jesu, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy suff'rings perfect made:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 Brighten all our heav'nward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day:

Hear us, Holy Jesu

PART VII.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 46.

- 1 Jesu, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

- 3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die,
Grace to reach the home on high:

Hear us, Holy Jesu.

IX. APPENDIX

For Children

531

Jesus, King of glory

6.5.

W. H. DAVISON. 1887

St. Alban
From HAYDN. 1775

f $\text{♩} = 96$

1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,

Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;

By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win.

For Children

Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,

Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
 Bending low the knee
 In Thine earthly temple,
 Lord, we worship Thee;
 Celebrate Thy goodness,
 Mercy, grace, and truth,
 All Thy loving guidance
 Of our heedless youth.
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear our grateful cry.

3 For the little children,
 Who have come to Thee;
 For the glad, bright spirits
 Who Thy glory see;
 For the loved ones resting
 In Thy dear embrace;
 For the pure and holy
 Who behold Thy face,
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear our grateful cry.

4 For Thy faithful servants
 Who have entered in;
 For Thy fearless soldiers
 Who have conquered sin;
 For the countless legions
 Who have followed Thee,
 Heedless of the danger,
 On to victory;
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
 Show us, Lord, Thy way;
 Through the darkness lead us
 To the heav'nly day.
 When our course is finished,
 Ended all the strife,
 Grant us with the faithful,
 Palms and crowns of life.
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Throned above the sky,
 Jesus, tender Saviour,
 Hear Thy children cry.

For Children

532

With gladsome hearts we come

6s.

LILY MACLEOD

Forn
A. H. MESSITER. 1890

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. With glad-some hearts we come With - in our ho - ly home,

Our Sav - iour's Name to sing. Oh, well His House we love!

Oh, joy all joys a - bove, To praise the child - ren's King!

2 The angels sing on high
Thy glory through the sky,
And then to earth they wing;
To guard us while we sleep,
And, as their watch they keep,
To praise the children's King.

3 Oh, may we, while we live,
Such willing service give,
A holy offering!
And still Thy glory show
By deeds of love below,
To praise the children's King.

4 And may our hearts aspire
To join the heav'nly choir,
Whose strains forever ring;
And learn on earth their hymn,
The song of seraphim,
To praise the children's King.

5 O Light of Light, to Thee
Let earth and sky and sea
Eternal homage bring;
And grant us through Thy love,
Before Thy throne above,
To praise the children's King.

For Children

533

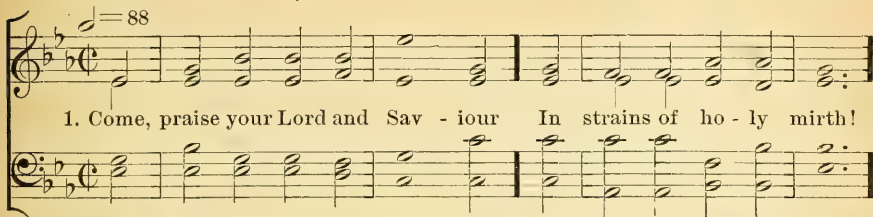
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour

7.6.

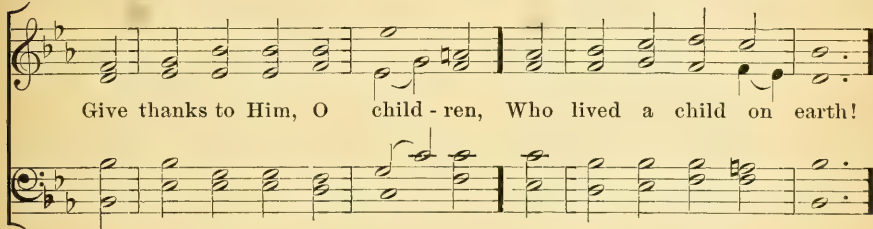
Lausanne

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1872

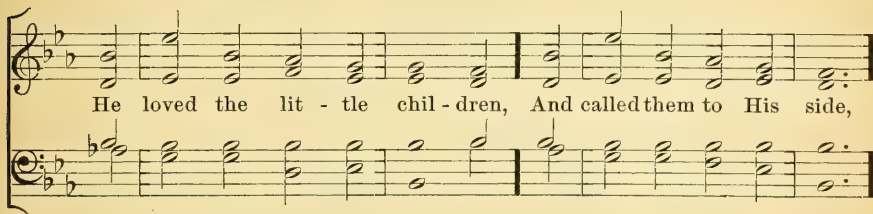
$\text{♩} = 88$



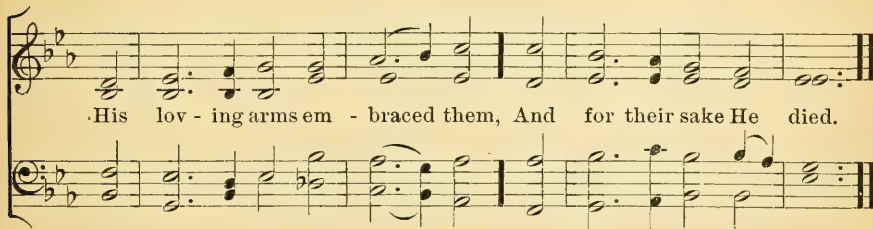
1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav - iour In strains of ho - ly mirth!



Give thanks to Him, O child - ren, Who lived a child on earth!



He loved the lit - tle chil - dren, And called them to His side,



His lov - ing arms em - braced them, And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.

Oh, give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

For Children

534

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me

8.7.

MARY DUNCAN. 1839

Stuttgart
GERMAN. 1715

84

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;

Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my ev'ning prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

535

Now the day is over

6.5.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD. 1865

FIRST TUNE

Ward
W. H. AYLRARD. 1869

84

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

for Children



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort ev'ry suff'rer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

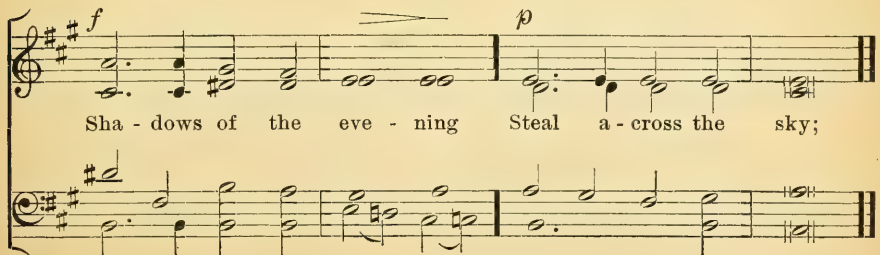
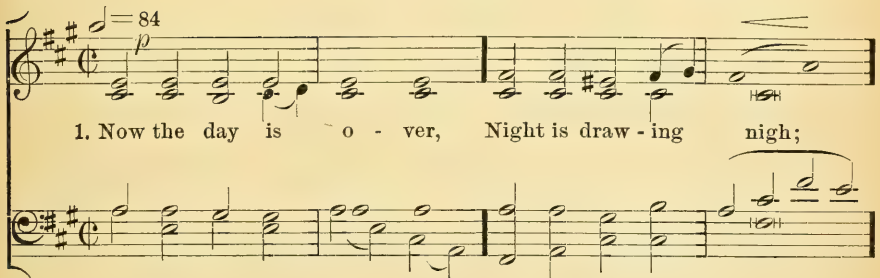
6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

535

SECOND TUNE

Merrial

J. BARNBY. 1868



For Children

536

We come, Lord, to Thy feet

S. M.

ANON. 1850

Vespertine

H. SMART. 1877

= 84

1. We come, Lord, to Thy feet On this Thy ho - ly day:

Oh, come to us, while here we meet To learn, and praise, and pray!

2 Our many sins forgive;
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 Lord, fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labors own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne.

537

Glory to the blessed Jesus

8.5.7.5.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Belling

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

= 92

1. Glo - ry to the bless - ed Je - sus! Who for us was born,

In the sta - ble, cold and poor, On glad Christmas morn.

For Children

2 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.

3 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter day.

4 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
He, Who is our Way,

Went up in a cloud to heaven,
On Ascension day.

5 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who, at Whitsuntide,
Sent His Holy Spirit down,
With us to abide.

6 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above.

538

All my heart this night rejoices

8.3.3.6.

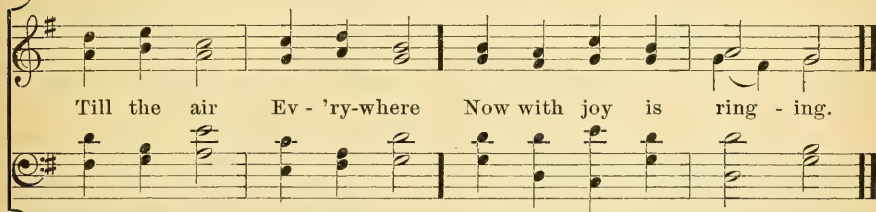
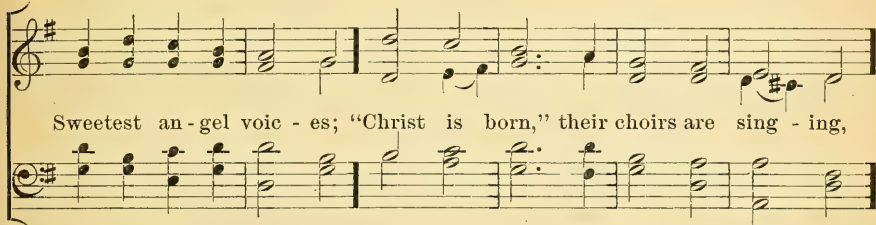
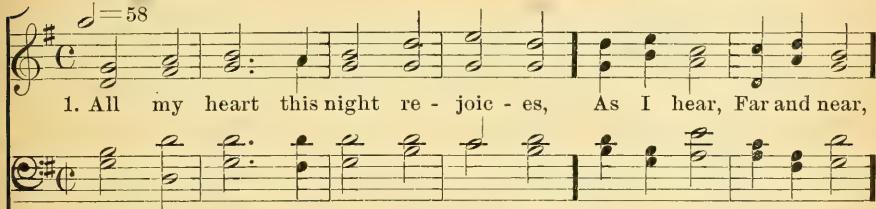
P. GERHARDT. 1656

Bonn

WINKWORTH. Tr.

J. G. EBELING. 1666

$\text{♩} = 58$



2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!

Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

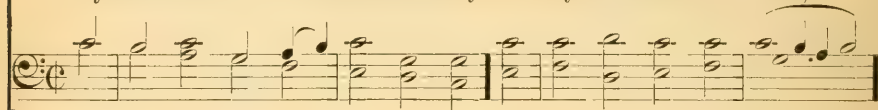
4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day 8.6.8.6.8.6.8.4.

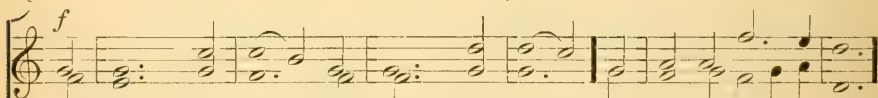
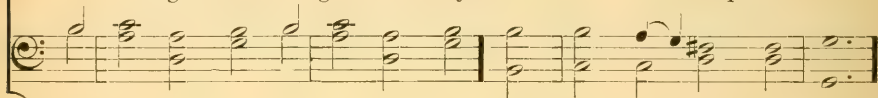
W. C. DIX. 1865

Gaudete
S. SMITH. 1874

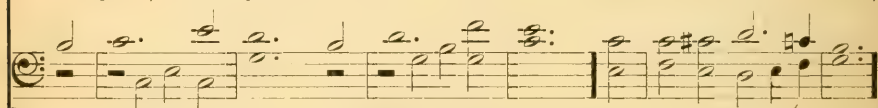
1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The roy - al Child is born;



And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.

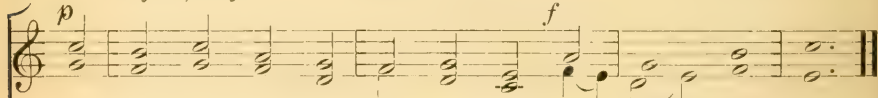


Re - joice, Re - joice! Th' in - car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;



Rejoice, re - joice!

Th' incarnate Word



No sweet - er sound than this is heard, Em - man - u - el!



2 Low at the cradle throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, etc.

3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, etc.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, etc.

For Children

540

Once in royal David's city

8.7.8.7.7.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1848

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1856

Irby

♩ = 84

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,

Where a moth - er laid her ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed;

Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous child -
He would honor and obey, [hood,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heav'n above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

For Children

541

Now a new year opens

6.5.

REV. S. C. CLARKE, 1881

The Bourne
M. A. S. 1881

96

1. Now a new year o - pens, Now we new - ly turn

To the ho - ly Sav - iour, Les - sons fresh to learn.

2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led.

542

Saw you never, in the twilight

8.7.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1853

St Hilda
J. BARNBY. 1861

92

1. Saw you nev - er, in the twilight, When the sun had left the skies,

Up in heav'n the clear stars shining Through the gloom, like sil - ver eyes ?

For Children

So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle stranger star,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle;
There our heart's best treasures bring;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

543

Lamb of God, for sinners slain

7s.

BISHOP WOODFORD.

Whitehall
O. GIBBONS. 1620

1. Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain; By Thy mer - cy born a - gain,

For Thy guidance still we pray, Lest from grace we fall a - way.

2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Holy may we ever be.

3 Aid us with Thy daily grace
Steadfastly to run our race;

Grant us vict'ry in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,
God, Who gavest us new birth;
Praise from all the heav'nly host;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

For Children

544

There is a green hill far away

C. M.

Horsley 1

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1848

W. HORSLEY. 1828

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heav'n, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

545

Golden harps are sounding

6.5.

Hermas

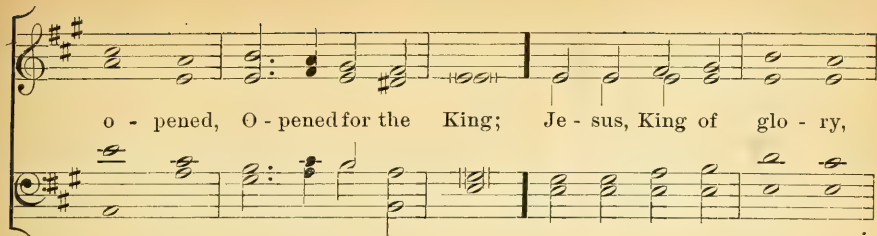
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1871

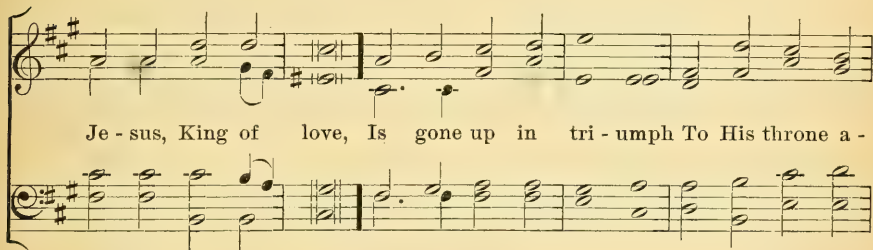
96

1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An - gel voic-es sing, Pearly gates are

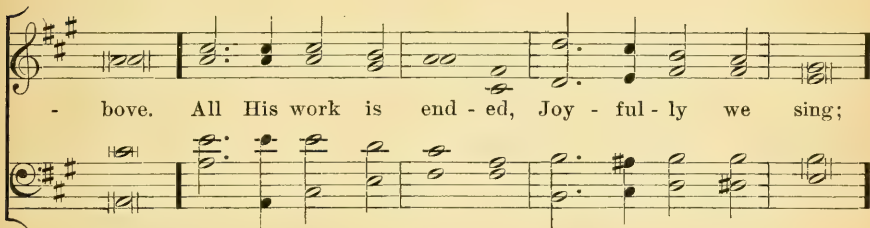
For Children



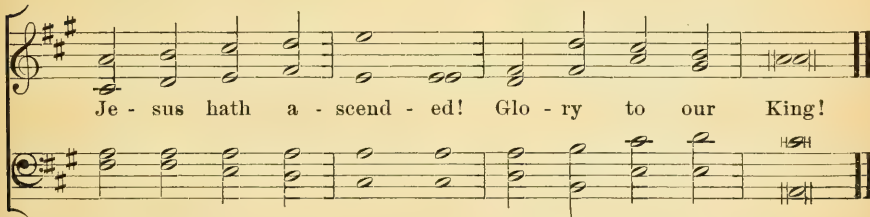
o - pened, O - pened for the King; Je - sus, King of glo - ry,



Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a -



- bove. All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing;



Je - sus hath a - scend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high!
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

For Children

546

Great Creator, Lord of all

7.7.5.7.7.5.

San Remo

REV. T. B. POLLOCK. 1876

E. W. BARBER. 1880

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Great Cre-a-tor, Lord of all, Fa-ther, Friend, on Thee we call;
Hear Thy children's prayer. Guide us, rule us, as is best, With Thy lov-ing
fa-vor blest, Till we reach Thy home of rest, And are with Thee there.

2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare;
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

3 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Purity, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore;

Guide our spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever blessed Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above.

547

Glory to the Father give

Elm 7s.

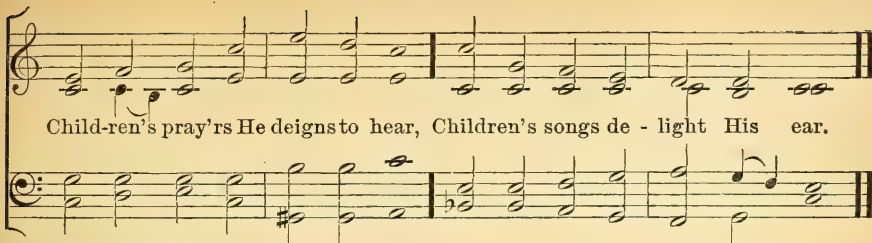
J. MONTGOMERY. 1825

J. B. CALKIN. 1872

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther give, God in Whom we move and live;

For Children



2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;

Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

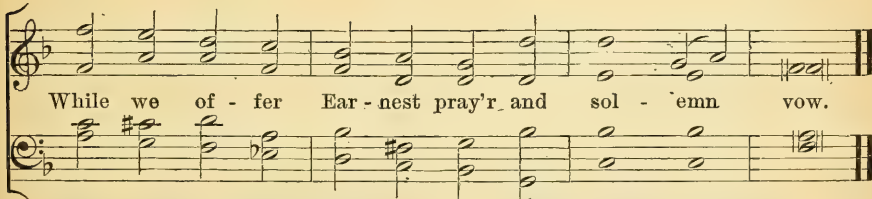
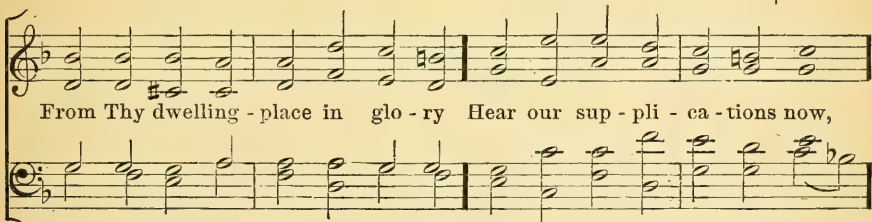
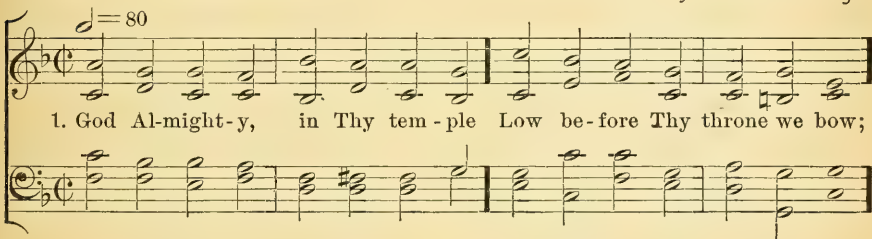
548

God Almighty, in Thy temple

8.7.8.7.4.7.

REV. R. H. BAYNES. 1880

Eton College
SIR J. BARNBY. 1885



2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heav'nly blessing,
As Thou didst in days of old;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;
Ever dwell our hearts within;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,

Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heav'n's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us
In each sore and bitter strife:
Oh, preserve us
Unto everlasting life!

549

For Children

King of glory! Saviour dear!

7s.

MRS. MITCHELL. 1881

REV. T. R. MATTHEWS. 1874

Scarcho

♩ = 80

1. King of glo - ry! Sav - iour dear! Grant us grace to per - se - vere:

Lead - er of the hosts of God, May we tread where Thou hast trod!

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died:
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love, for all Thy woe?

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

3 They for Thee faced axe and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel:
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name;

5 Persevere! Thy yoke is light.
Persevere! Thy crown is bright.
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King!

550

Jesus, high in glory

6.5.

AMERICAN. 1847

Europa
M. A. S. 1881

♩ = 84

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'n - ing ear; . . .

When we bow be - fore Thee, Chil - dren's prais - es hear.

For Children

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heav'n's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heav'nly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heav'nly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

551

God of mercy, throned on high

7s.

H. NEELE. 1829

Whitehall
O. GIBBONS. 1620

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. God of mer - cy, throned on high, Lis - ten from Thy loft - y seat;

Hear, oh, hear our low - ly cry! Guide, oh, guide our wand'ring feet!

2 Young and erring trav'lers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Make us, take us, keep us Thine.

4 When perplexed in dangers' snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with deepest care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel ev'ry day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on ev'ry soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll.

For Children

552

Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep

7s.

St. Bees

JANE E. LEESON. 1842

FIRST TUNE

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;

No - thing can Thy pow'r withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 We would praise Thee ev'ry day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.

5 Where Thou ledest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

552

SECOND TUNE

Pilgrimage

SIR R. P. STEWART

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lambs, in safe - ty keep;

No - thing can Thy pow'r withstand; None can pluck us from Thy hand.

A. MIDLANE. 1860

In memoriam
SIR J. STAINER. 1875

$\text{♩} = 63$

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A friend Who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years, This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from ev'ry turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where ev'ry little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For ev'ry one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a song for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

5 There's a crown for little children

Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone:
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own.

For Children

554

Come, Christian children, come and raise

C. M.

Solo

DOROTHY A. THRUPP 1830

SIR J. BARNEY

$\text{♩} = 112$

1. Come, Christian children, come and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise The glo - ries of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him Who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.

4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from ev'ry harm.

3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in ev'ry page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to th' appointed place
At His right hand in bliss.

555

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd

8.7.

JANE E. LEESON. 1842

Blagdon

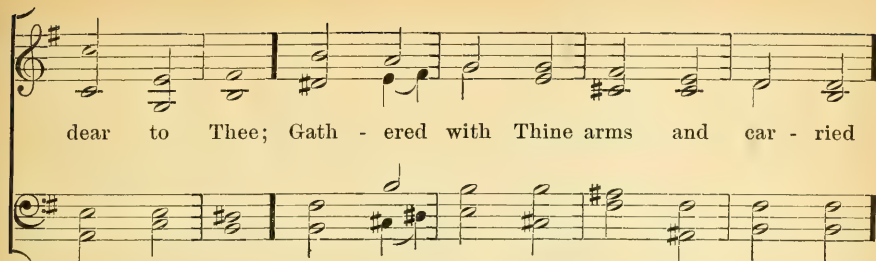
REV. J. KEELE. 1857

C. E. STEPHENS. 1885

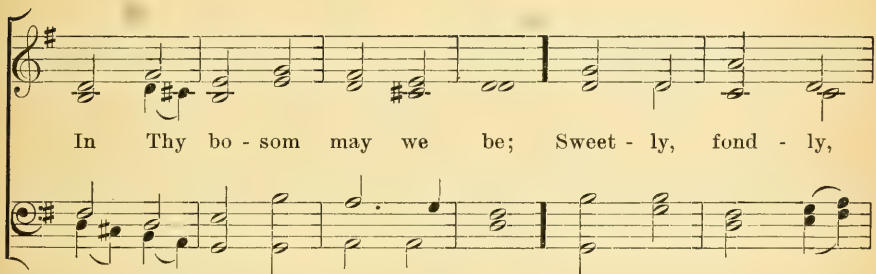
$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Child - ren all are

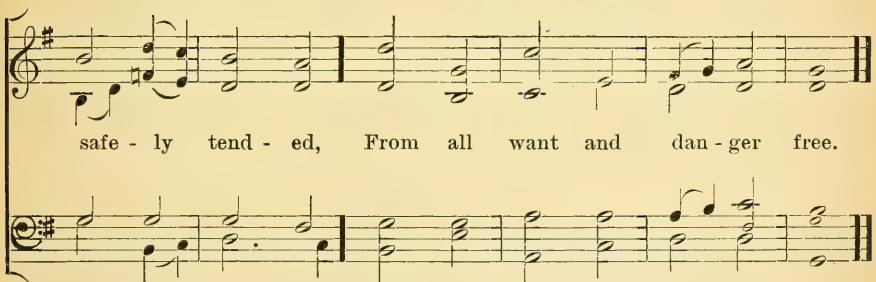
For Children



dear to Thee; Gath - ered with Thine arms and car - ried



In Thy bo - som may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly,



safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly,
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heav'nly pastures lead us,
Where Thy own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heav'nly might.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May we our thank-off'rings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

for Children

556

Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing

8.7.

BP. CHR. WORDSWORTH. 1863

Iona
SIR J. STAINER. 1868

♩ — 84

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy child - ren gath - ered here,

May they all, Thy Name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

cres.

May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

f

And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Steadfast un - to death en - dure,

2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness
Bless and make them like to Thee.
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heav'nly rest,

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine.

For Children

557

When in the Lord Jehovah's Name

8.8.8.8.7.

Hosanna 1

DEAN ALFORD. 1845

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. When in the Lord Je - ho - vah's Name, The Sav - iour low - ly
 rid - ing came, Loud - est and first an in - fant thron -
 Greet - ed His com - ing with their song, Ho -
 - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - - - es!

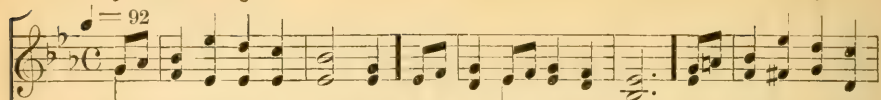
2 We too are taught to know the Lord,
 To fear His Name, to read His Word;
 And though we simple are and young,
 Can praise Him with our joyful song,
 Hosanna in the highest!

3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by
 To judgment from His throne on high;
 And from the saints' assembled throng
 Shall burst upon the world the song,
 Hosanna in the highest!

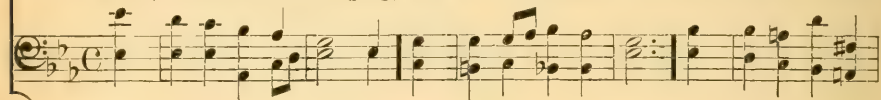
4 Then may our youthful band be found
 With coronals of triumph crowned;
 Raising, the heav'nly hosts among,
 Our chorus of eternal song,
 Hosanna in the highest!

REV. J. KING. 1830

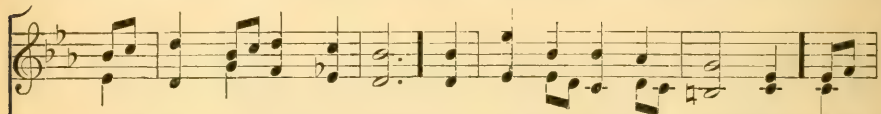
* Tours
B. TOURS



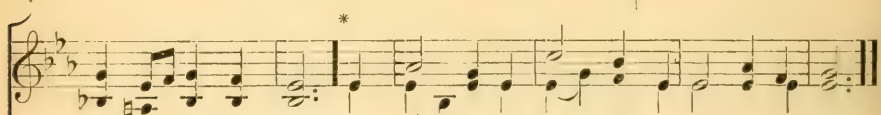
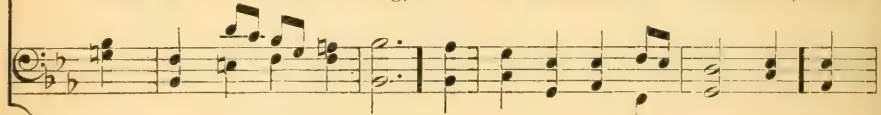
1. When, His salva-tion bringing, To Si-on Jesus came, The children all stood



sing - ing Ho-san - na to His Name; Nor did their zeal of - fend Him,



But as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And



smiled to hear their song. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang.



2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son:
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's,
Hosanna to Jesus, our King.

For Children

559

Hosanna! Raise the pealing hymn

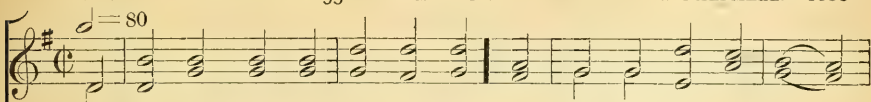
C. M.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL. 1833

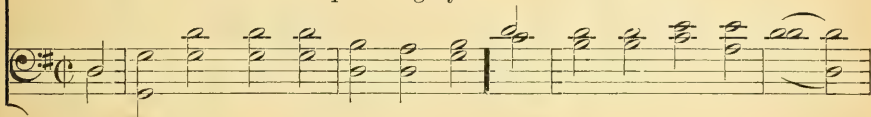
FIRST TUNE

Dinard

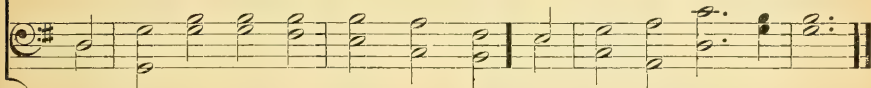
E. CHEPMELL. 1880



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:



With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word.



2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Thy Blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Sov'reign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!

4 Hosanna! Once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our ever grateful song.

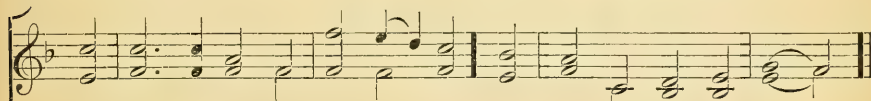
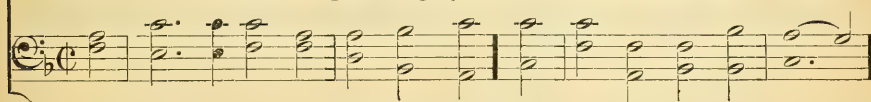
559

SECOND TUNE

Jessica
ANON. 1884



1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord:



With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word.



For Children

560

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear

P. M.

REV. G. S. HODGES. 1876

Hosanna 2
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

2. = 52

1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the child - ren dear, In the
3. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -

old - en days when the LORD lived here; He
joi - ces the hymns of His own to hear; We

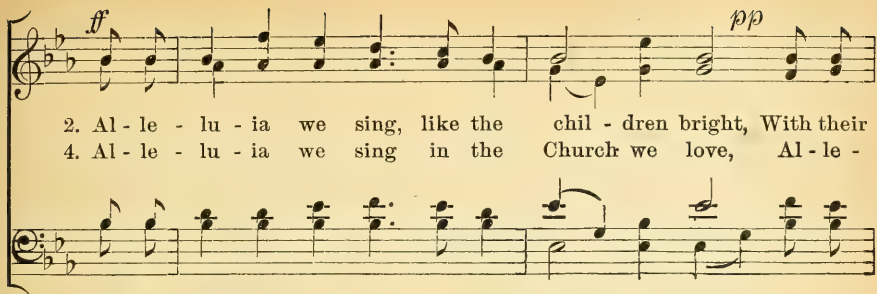
cres.

bles'd lit - tle children, and smiled on them, While they
know that His heart will nev - er wax cold To the

chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

For Children

ff *pp*

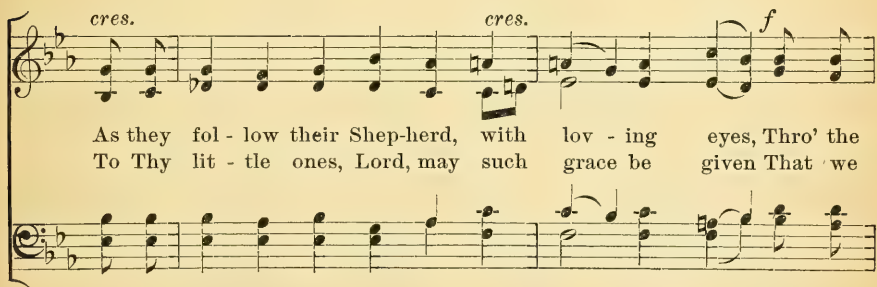


2. Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their
4. Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le -



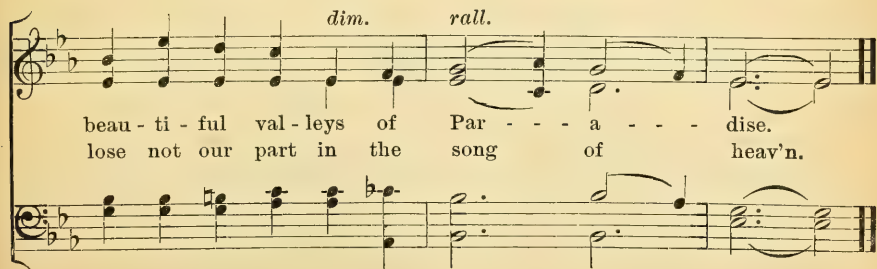
harp of gold and their rai - - - ment white,
lu - ia re - sounds in the Church a - bove;

cres. *cres.* *f*



As they fol - low their Shep-herd, with lov - ing eyes, Thro' the
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given That we

dim. *rall.*



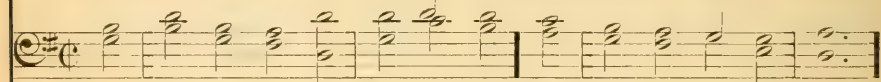
beau - ti - ful val - leys of Par - - - a - - - dise.
lose not our part in the song of heav'n.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1816

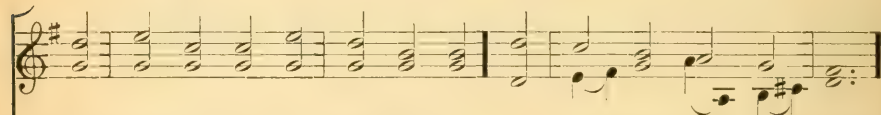
Carol
OLD ENGLISH



1. When Je - sus left His Fa - ther's throne, He chose an hum - ble birth;



Like us, un - hon - ored and un - known, He came to dwell on earth. . .



Like Him may we be found be - low, In wis - dom's path of peace;



Like Him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease.



2 Sweet were His words and kind His look,
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.
Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we forever lie.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and
strowed
Their garments on the ground.
Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

For Children

562

I think when I read that sweet story of old P.M.

JEMIMA LUKE. 1841

Punsy

REV. H. J. POOLE. 1885

$\text{♩} = 104$

Voices in Unison.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was

here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil-dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

For Children

563

Saviour! teach me, day by day

7s.

JANE E. LEESON. 1842

Redhead 43
R. REDHEAD. 1850

84

1. Sav-iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o-bey;

Sweet-er lessons can-not be, Lov-ing Him Who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me.

564

Dear Jesus, ever at my side

C. M.

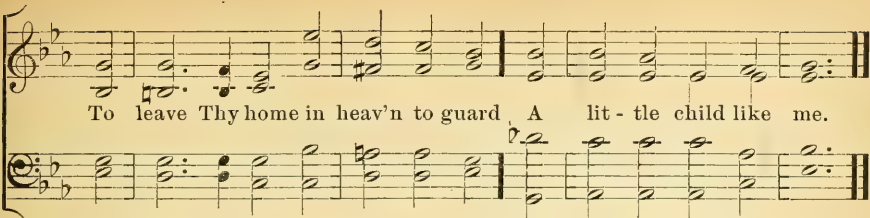
REV. F. W. FABER. 1849

Edgbaston
A. R. GAUL. 1870

84

1. Dear Je-sus, ev-er at my side, How lov-ing Thou must be,

For Children



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard, A lit - tle child like me.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too;
Thy pray'r is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

565

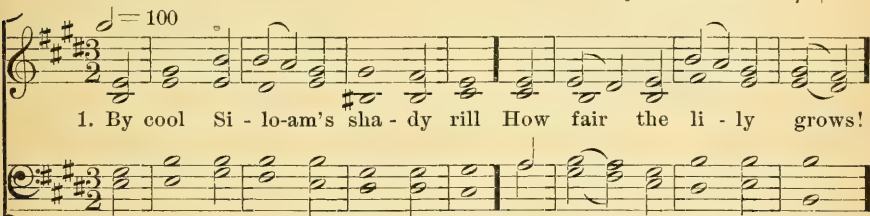
By cool Siloam's shady rill

C. M.

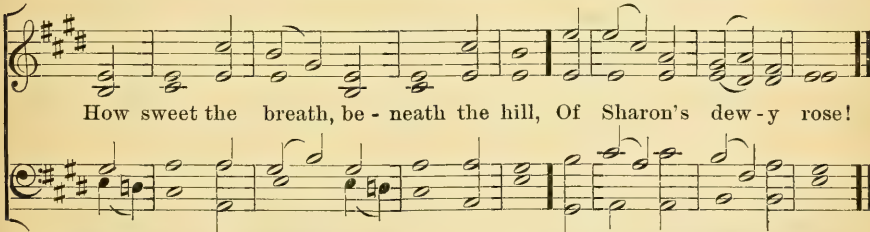
BISHOP HEBER. 1812

Rohrau

J. M. HAYDN. 1769



1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows!



How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influences sweet,
Is upward-drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

For Children

566

Lamb of God. I look to Thee

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

Exemplum
H. F. HEMY

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Lamb of God, I look to Thee: Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;

Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my heav'nly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me.

567

Jesus, meek and gentle

6.5.

REV. G. R. PRYNNE. 1856

Plymouth
W. JONES. 1872

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,

Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down ev'ry idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

For Children

568

Hushed was the evening hymn

6.6.6.6.8.8.

Samuel

REV. J. D. BURNS. 1856

SIR A. SULLIVAN. 1874

p $\text{♩} = 76$

1. Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were

dark, The lamp was burn - ing dim, Be - fore the sa - cred ark:

When suddenly a voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word!
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

For Children

569

Fair waved the golden corn

S. M.

REV. J. H. GURNEY. 1851

Lydney
ANON. 1885

♩ = 88

1. Fair waved the gold - en corn In Ca - naan's pleas - ant land,

When, full of joy, some shin - ing morn, Went forth the reab - er - band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our ev'ning hours.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

570

Above the clear blue sky

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

REV. J. CHANDLER. 1870

Children's voices
E. J. HOPKINS

♩ = 54

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In hea - ven's bright a - bode, The

For Children

an - gel host on high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le -

- lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King Al - le - lu - ia!

2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

4 Oh, may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound:
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Aura
CLEMENT R. GALE. 1893

♩ = 88

1. Great Shep - herd of the sheep, Who all Thy
flock doth keep, Lead - ing by wa - ters calm;
Do Thou my foot - steps guide, To fol - low by Thy
side; Make me Thy lit - - tle lamb.

2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear:

And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,
Thou bringest me in love,
Safe to Thy fold above,
Forever to abide.

For Children

572

Lord, Thy children guide and keep

7s.

BP. W. W. HOW. 1854

Epsom
REV. S. J. ROWTON. 1880



1. Lord, Thy children guide and keep, As with fee-ble steps they press



On the pathway rough and steep Through the wea-ry wil-der-ness.



Ho-ly Je-sus, day by day, Lead us in the narrow way.



2 There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to tread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flow'ry glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights!
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest!
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

For Children

573

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us

8.7.8.7.4.7.

St. Raphael

REV. H. F. LYTEL. 1836

E. J. HOPKINS. 1863

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;

In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds prepare:

Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us learn Thy will;
 Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessèd Jesus!
 Thou hast loved us: love us still.

574

Grant us, O our heavenly Father

8.7.

Dawn

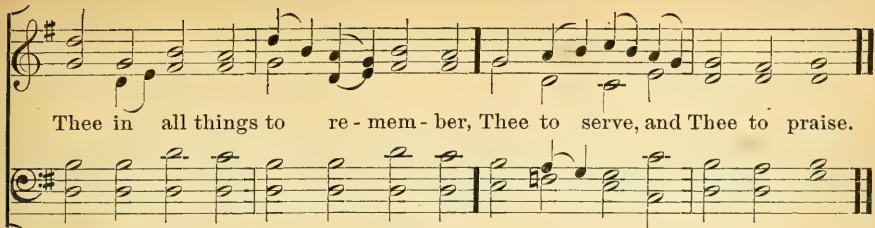
REV. G. THRING. 1881

C. GOUNOD. 1885

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. Grant us, O our heav'nly Fa-ther, In the dawning of our days,

For Children



Thee in all things to re-mem-ber, Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.

- 2 With the cross of Christ, our Saviour,
Stamped upon our infant brows,
May we in the battle's dawning
Heed His word, and keep our vows
- 3 Then in Holy Confirmation,
By the laying on of hands,
Strength may we receive, and blessing,
To obey our Lord's commands.
- 4 Drawing nearer still and nearer,
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an off'ring bring.
- 5 Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move

- Through the world unharmed, rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love:
- 6 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us,
As we do it with our might.
- 7 Serving Thee, our heav'nly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning,
Till our work on earth is done:
- 8 Till the shadows of the evening
Shall forever pass away,
And the Resurrection-morning
Kindle into perfect day.

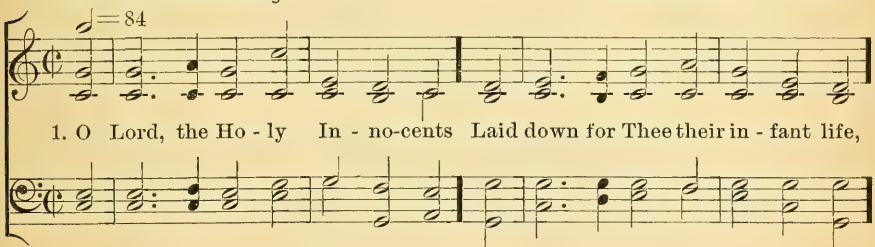
575

O Lord, the Holy Innocents

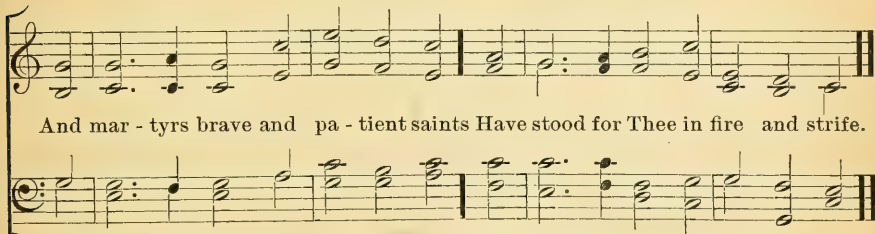
L. M.

MRS. ALEXANDER. 1850

Alstone
C. E. WILLING. 1868



1. O Lord, the Ho-ly In-no-cents Laid down for Thee their in-fant life,



And mar-tyrs brave and pa-tient saints Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.

- 2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?
- 3 Oh, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.
- 4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

- 5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.
- 6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little word of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

For Children

576

Jesus, gentlest Saviour

6.5.

REV. F. W. FABER. 1854

Ward
W. H. AYLWARD. 1869

♩ = 84

1. Je - sus, gentlest Sav - iour, God of might and pow'r,

Thou Thy - self art dwell - ing With us at this hour.

- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
 Heav'n is all too strait
 For Thine endless glory,
 And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
 Of the farthest star,
 Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
 And the God of wonders
 Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
 Thou art with us now;
 Fill us with Thy goodness
 Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Multiply our graces;
 Give us love and fear,
 And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
 Grace to persevere!
- 7 Oh, how can we thank Thee
 For a gift like this,
 Gift that truly maketh
 Heav'n's eternal bliss?

For Children

577

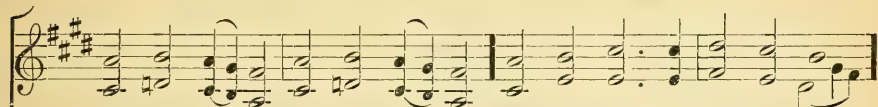
In the vineyard of our Father 8.7.8.7.4.7.

T. MCKELLAR. 1845

Harford
C. H. LLOYD. 1881



1. In the vineyard of our Fa-ther Dai - ly work we find to do:



Scat-tered gleanings we may gath-er, Though we are but young and few;



Lit - tle clus - ters Help to fill the gar - ners too.



2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gath'ring gladly
Free-will off'rings by the way.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heav'nly Father, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing all eternity.

For Children

578

God in heaven, hear our singing

8.7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1869

Marine
W. SMEDLEY. 1880

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. God in heaven, hear our sing-ing! On - ly lit - tle ones are we;

Yet a great pe - ti - tion bringing, Fa - ther, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest!
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!

4 Father, send the glorious hour!
Ev'ry heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

Also the following :

526 Jesu, from Thy throne on high.

Lay Helpers

579

O brothers, lift your voices

7.6.

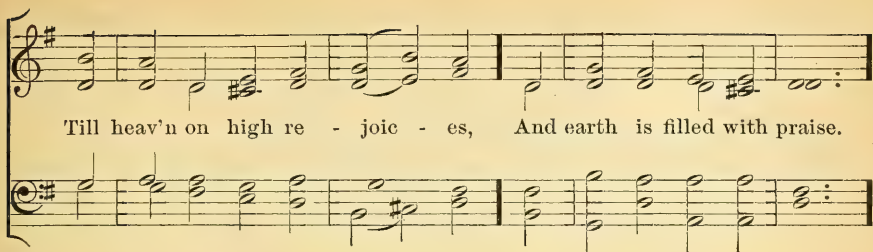
BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1848

Eastham
REV. SIR F. OUSELEY. 1867

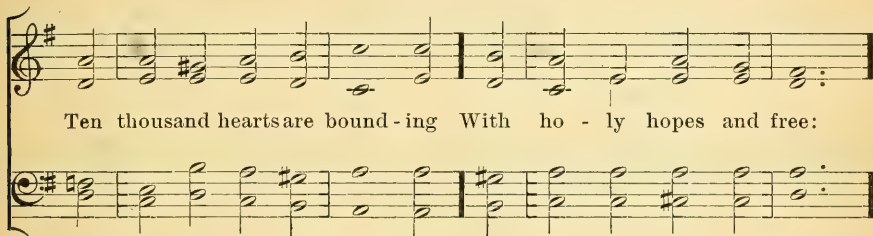
$\text{♩} = 88$

1. O brothers, lift your voice - es, Triumphant songs to raise;

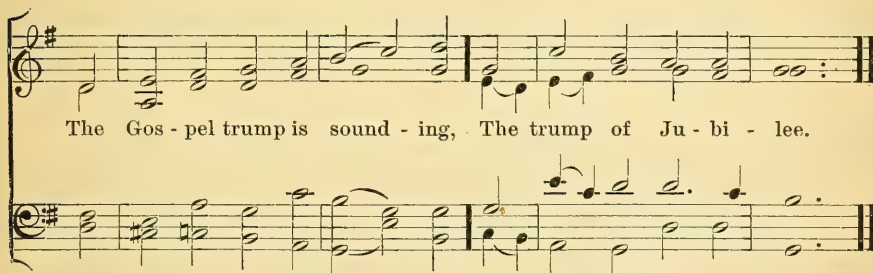
Lay Helpers



Till heav'n on high re - joic - es, And earth is filled with praise.



Ten thousand hearts are bound - ing With ho - ly hopes and free:



The Gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of Ju - bi - lee.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
 Shall be the conflict's close:
 The cross hath been victorious,
 And shall be o'er its foes.
 Faith is our battle-token:
 Our Leader all controls;
 Our trophies, fetters broken;
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
 To Thee all praise be due!
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
 Has freed our brethren too.
 Not unto us: in glory
 The angels catch the strain,
 And cast their crowns before Thee
 Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
 Thy presence we adore:
 Praise, glory, adoration
 Be Thine for evermore!
 Still on in conflict pressing
 On Thee Thy people call,
 Thee, King of kings confessing,
 Thee, crowning Lord of all.

Lay Helpers

580

Christ for the world we sing

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Bath

REV. S. WOLCOTT. 1869

A. H. MESSITER. 1890

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Christ for the world we sing! The world to Christ we bring, With loving zeal;

p

The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and o - ver - borne,

f

Sin - sick and sor - row - worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord,

Lay Helpers

4 Christ for the world we sing!
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

581

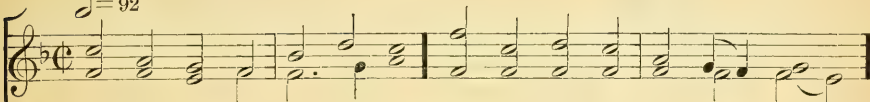
Soldiers of the cross, arise

7s.

BP. W. W. How. 1854

Crucis milites
M. B. FOSTER. 1889

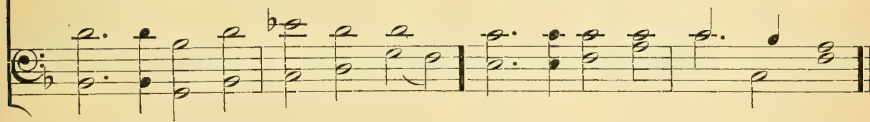
$\text{♩} = 92$



1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Gird you with your ar-mor bright!



Might-y are your en-e-mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight.



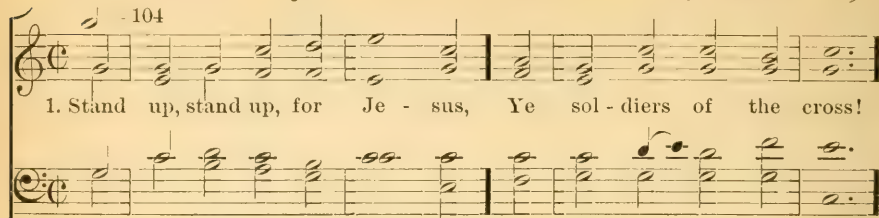
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

- 5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!
- 6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord!

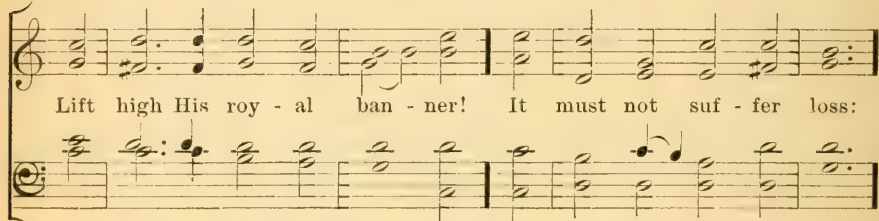
REV. G. DUFFIELD. 1858

Stand up
SIR J. BARNEY. 1889

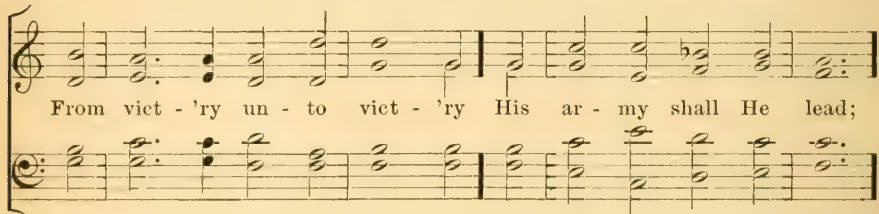
- 104



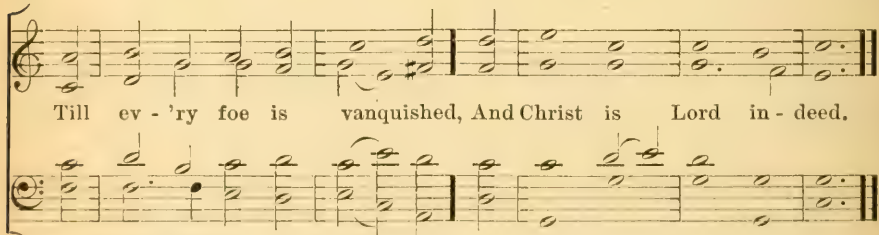
1. Stand up, stand up, for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner! It must not suf - fer loss:



From vict - 'ry un - to vict - 'ry His ar - my shall He lead;



Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

- Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!
- 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Lay Helpers

583

Work, for the night is coming

7.6.7.5.

ANNA L. WALKER. 1868

Alpha
J. H. LESLIE. 1880

$\text{♩} = 96$

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morning hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Lay Helpers

584

Go, labor on! spend and be spent

L. M.

DR. BONAR. 1843

Sancta
E. PIERUCCINI

♩ - 92

1. Go, la - - bor on! Spend and be spent!

Thy joy to do the Fa - - ther's will;

It is the way the Mas - - ter went;

Should not the ser - - vant tread it still?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heav'nly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?</p> <p>3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.</p> <p>4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hast'ning on:</p> | <p>Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.</p> <p>5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wand'rer to come in!</p> <p>6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"</p> |
|--|---|

Lay Helpers

585

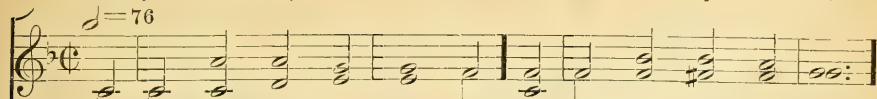
O Thou before Whose presence

7.6.

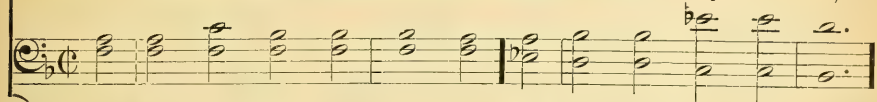
REV. S. J. STONE. 1889

Calkin
J. B. CALKIN

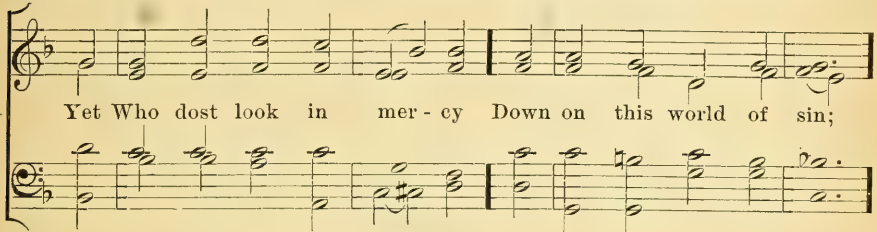
$\text{♩} = 76$



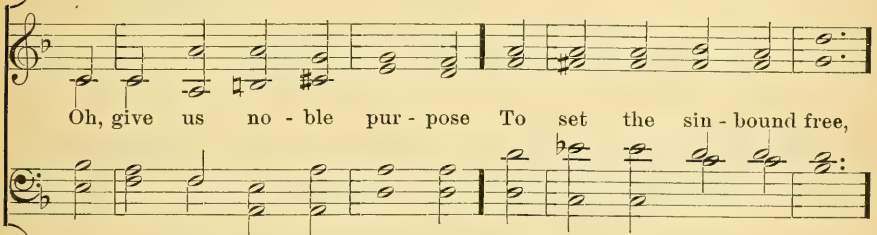
1. O Thou be - fore Whose pre - sence Naught e - vil may come in,



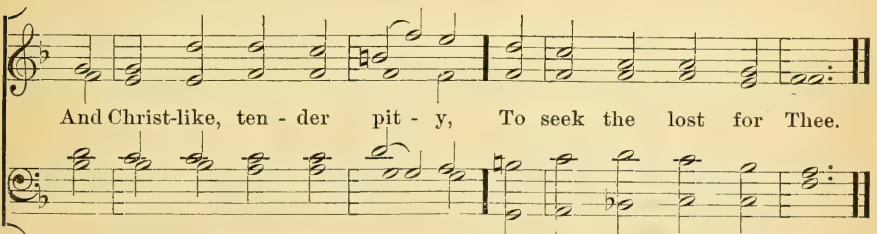
Yet Who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;



Oh, give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,



And Christ-like, ten - der pit - y, To seek the lost for Thee.



- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see:
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:

- For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on, till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity,

Lay Helpers

586

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak **L.M.**

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1872

Holland
B. TOURS. 1875

76

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In

liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought, so

let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wand'ring and the way'ring feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Lay Helpers

TEACHERS

587

Shine Thou upon us, Lord

6s.

REV. J. ELLERTON. 1881

Blessed Home

SIR J. STAINER. 1875

♩ = 92

1. Shine Thou up - on us, Lord, True Light of men, to - day;

And through the writ - ten Word Thy ve - ry self dis - play;

That so from hearts which burn With gaz - ing on Thy face,

The lit - tle ones may learn The won - ders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wand'ring thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be;

That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served, with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with ev'ry heart.

Lay Helpers

GUILDS or FRIENDLY SOCIETIES

588

Through Him, Who all our sickness felt **C. M.**

* *Dursley*

REV. C. WESLEY. 1742

ANON

76

1. Through Him, Who all our sick - ness felt, Who

all our sor - rows bare, Through Him, in Whom Thy

full - ness dwelt, We lift to Thee our pray'r.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's burdens bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
To soothe another's care.

3 Help us to build each other up,
Help us ourselves to prove;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

4 Complete at length Thy work of grace,
And take us to Thy rest,
Among the saints who see Thy face
To be forever blest.

Also the following :

- 161 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.
- 162 The son of Consolation.
- 496 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation.
- 499 Almighty God, Whose only Son.
- 505 Fight the good fight with all thy might.
- 507 The Son of God goes forth to war.
- 510 Go forward, Christian soldier.
- 511 O happy band of pilgrims.
- 520 Rejoice, ye pure in heart!
- 521 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
- 522 On our way rejoicing.
- 579 O brothers, lift your voices.

Parochial Missions

589

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing 8.7.8.7.3.

Etiam

ELIZABETH CODNER. 1861

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scat-t'ring
full and free! Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;
Let some por - tion fall on me, E - - - ven me!

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
Even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me,
Even me!

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me!

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of God, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me!

7 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,
Even me!

Parochial Missions

590

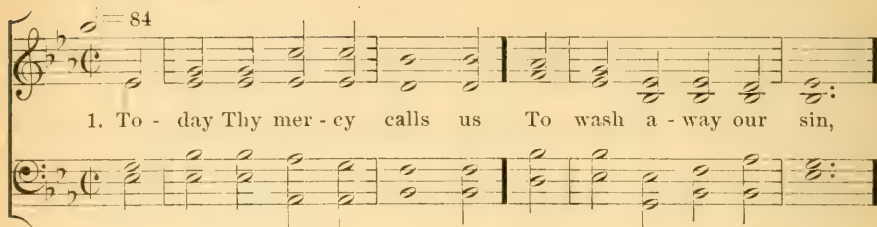
To-day Thy mercy calls us

7.6.

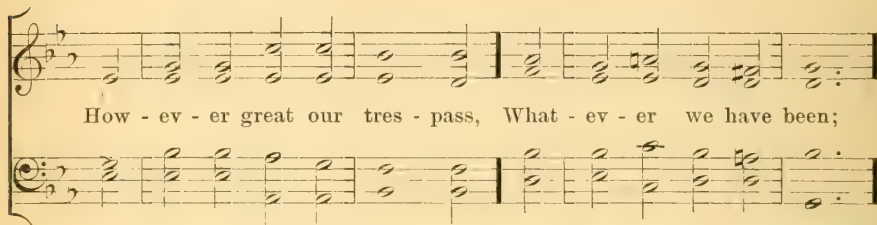
O. ALLEN. 1862

Intercessor
SIR A. SULLIVAN

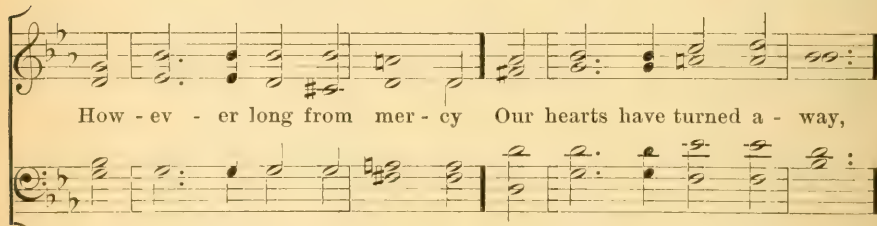
84



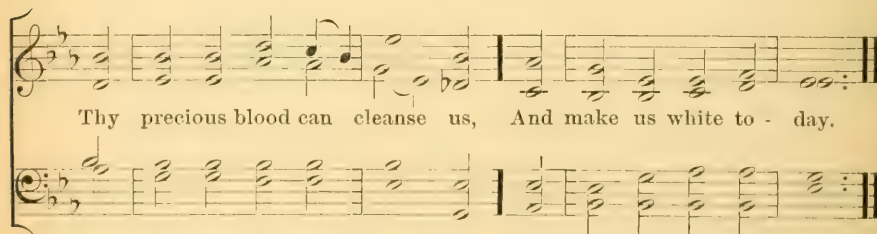
1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin,



How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turned a - way,



Thy precious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits;
His blessèd angels gather
Around the heav'nly gates:
No question will be asked us
How often we have come;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

Parochial Missions

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy!
 Oh, ever-open door!
 What shall we do without Thee
 When heart and eyes run o'er?
 When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One ear will hear our prayer.

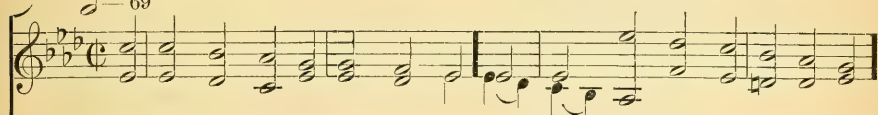
591

When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend L. M.

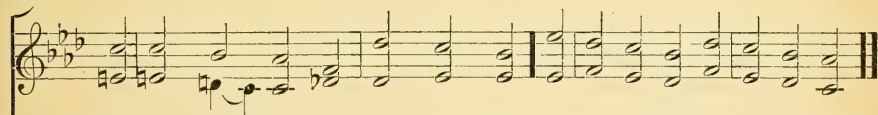
REV. H. F. LYTE. 1833

St. Lawrence
 REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

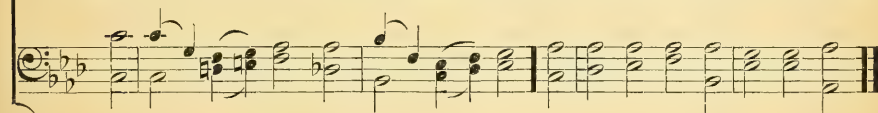
$\text{♩} = 69$



1. When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend, And plead with Thee for mercy there,



Think of the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend, And for His sake receive my prayer.



2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
 My thousand stains of deepest dye!
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,
 And ev'ry plighted promise there!
 How pray'r should evermore be heard,
 And how Thy glory is to spare.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
 The trembling creature of Thy hand;
 Think how my heart to sin is prone,
 And what temptations round me stand.

5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with Thy grace divine;
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
 And let His merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
 Thine arm can never shortened be;
 Behold me here; my heart is full;
 Behold, and spare, and succor me.

Parochial Missions

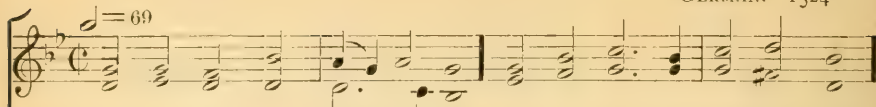
592

Jesus Christ is passing by

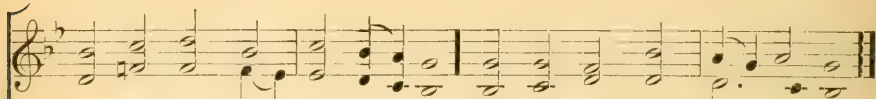
7s.

J. DENHAM SMITH

Liguria
GERMAN. 1524



1. Je - sus Christ is pass-ing by; Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;



As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, "Be mer - ci - ful to me."



2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
Will He always be so nigh?
Now is the accepted day;
Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
Art thou bidden to forbear?
Let no obstacle defeat;
Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"
Rise and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me:
Let it penetrate my soul;
All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet! the touch of power
Comes; it is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name!
He is ever still the same;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

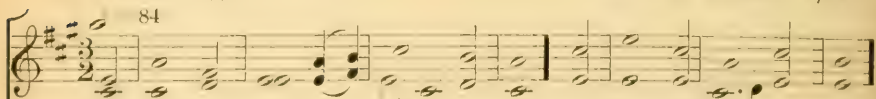
593

There is a fountain filled with blood

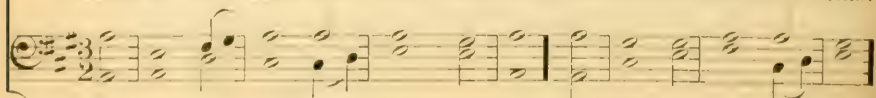
C. M.

W. COWPER. 1771

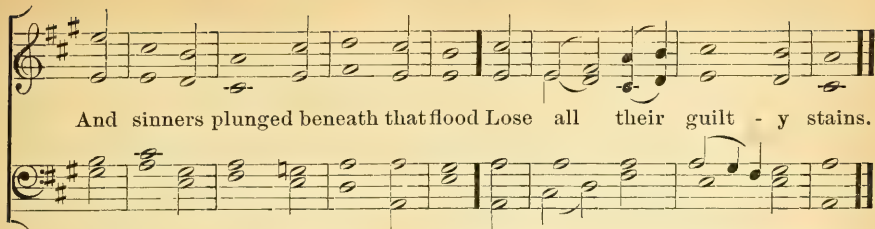
Martyrdom
H. WILSON. 1768



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins:



Parochial Missions



And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

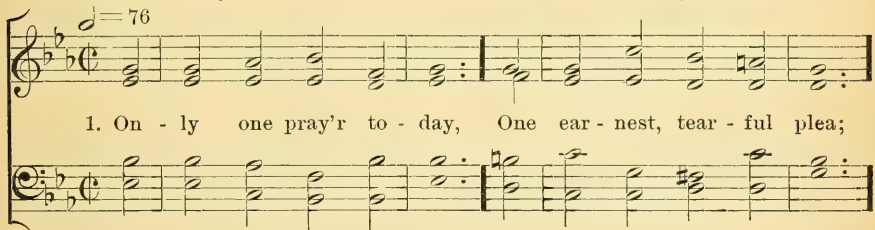
594

Only one prayer to-day

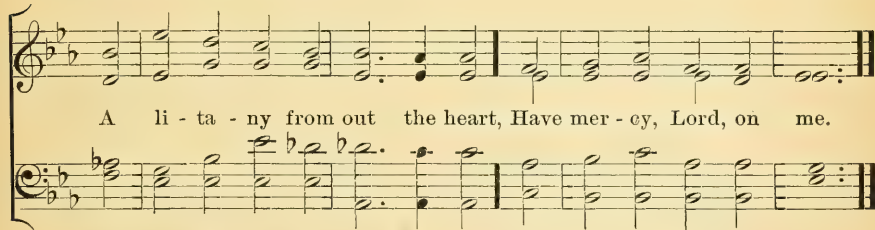
S. M.

W. C. DIX. 1867

Crux
SIR J. BARNEY. 1866



1. On - ly one pray'r to - day, One ear - nest, tear - ful plea;



A li - ta - ny from out the heart, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

2 Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee:
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

3 Because of Jesus' cross,
And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

4 No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be:
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me!

5 In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free;
In life to die, in death to live;
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

Parochial Missons

595

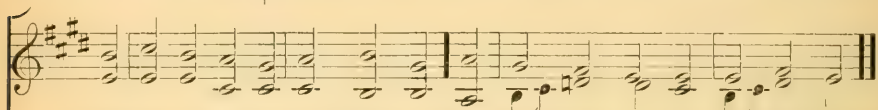
Turned by Thy grace, I look within L. M.

REV. E. A. BRADLEY

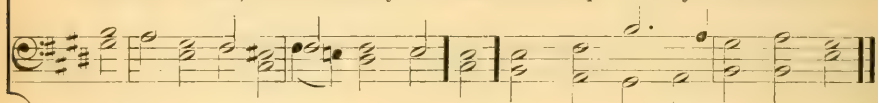
Manna
SIR. J. BARNEY. 1862



1. Turned by Thy grace, I look within My restless soul, nor knew till now



The stains I bear, the wounds my sin Has scarred up - on my Saviour's brow.



2 The sight afflicts my guilty soul:
My conscience cries and spares me
not.
Grief's bitter waves now o'er me roll:
Tears flow that cannot cleanse one spot.

3 O God, my God, I see my sin:
I crucified the Lord of love.
Wormwood and gall I gave to Him;
And sorely grieved God's holy Dove.

4 Turned back and won by grace so free,
My sin confessed I'll ne'er repeat:
Converted now, my aim shall be
To tread the prints of Christ's dear
feet.

5 The wrong my sin has done, confessed,
Return four-fold shall now make right.
My soul shall then by God be blest
Through Christ's atonement in His
sight.

6 Forgiveness for the wrongs done me,
With my whole heart I freely give;
'Tis only so that there can be
Pardon from Christ and grace to live.

7 My sin thus seen, wept o'er, confess,
Turned from and loathed as paining
Thee,
As Thou forgiv'st, O Saviour blest,
Is pardoned, cleansed! My soul is free.

596

The Spirit, in our hearts

S. M.

BISHOP ONDERDONK. 1826

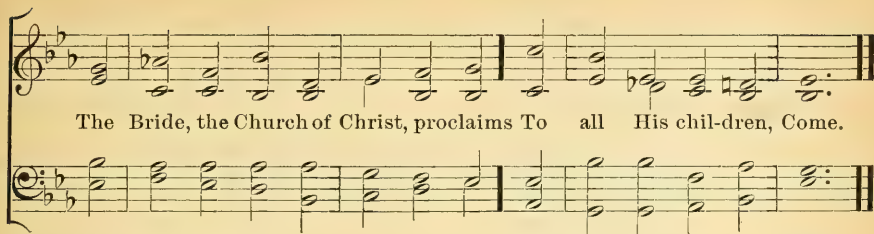
** Ben Rhydding*
A. R. REINAGLE. 1850



1. The Spi - rit, in our hearts, Is whisp'ring, Sin - ner, come:



Parochial Missions



The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all His chil-dren, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say

To all about him, Come:

Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,

Oh, let him freely come.

And freely drink the stream of life!

'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,

Declares, I quickly come.

Lord! even so; I wait Thy hour!

Jesus, my Saviour, come.

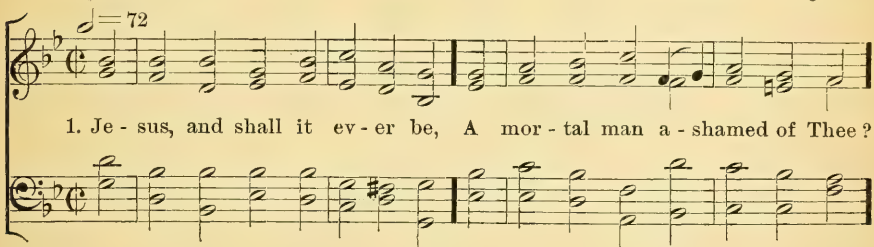
597

Jesus, and shall it ever be

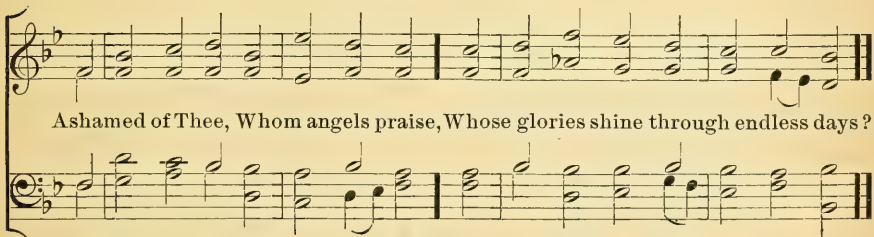
L. M.

J. GRIGG. 1765

Breslau
GERMAN. 1630



1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?



Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far

Let night disown each radiant star;

'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,

Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon

Let morning blush to own the sun!

He sheds the beams of light divine

O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend

On Whom my hopes of heav'n depend!

No; when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more revere His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!

I'll boast a Saviour crucified;

And oh, may this my portion be,

My Saviour not ashamed of me.

Parochial Missions

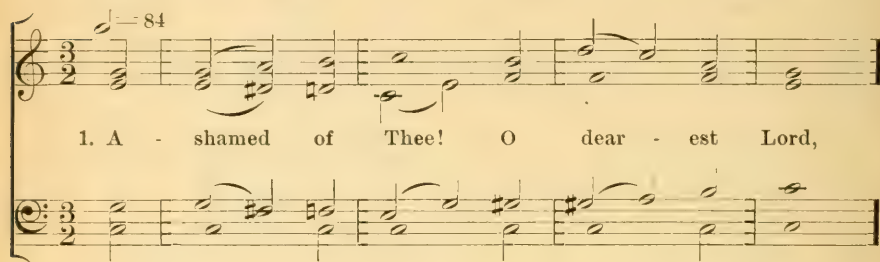
598

Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord

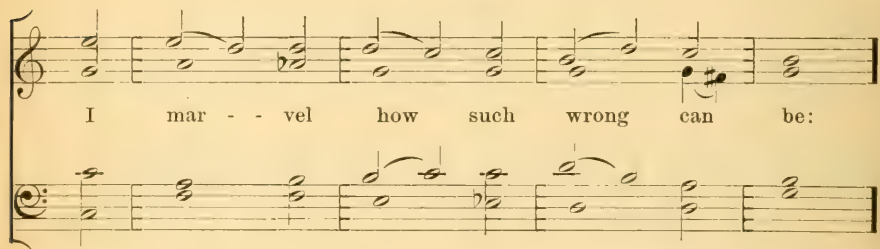
L. M.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. 1882

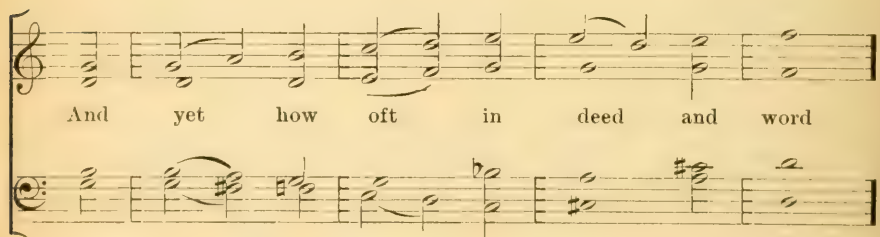
Santa
E. PIERUCCINI



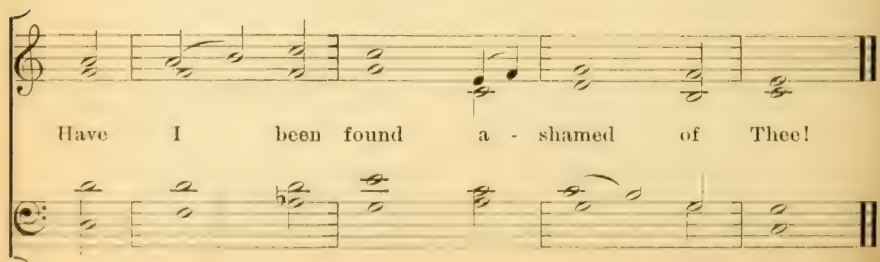
1. A - shamed of Thee! O dear - est Lord,



I mar - - vel how such wrong can be:



And yet how oft in deed and word



Have I been found a - shamed of Thee!

Parochial Missions

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod
To bring me to Thy home above.</p> <p>3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.</p> | <p>4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine [place.
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-</p> <p>5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day,
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me!</p> |
|---|--|

599

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord

7s.

W. COWPER. 1768

St. Bees
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1870

$\text{♩} = 80$

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour, hear His word;

Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me?"

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.</p> <p>3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will He remember thee.</p> | <p>4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.</p> <p>5 We shall see His glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partners of His throne shall be;
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"</p> |
|--|--|

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

Parochial Missions

600

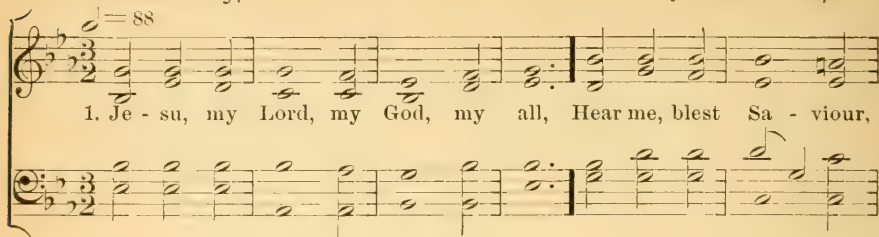
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all

8s.

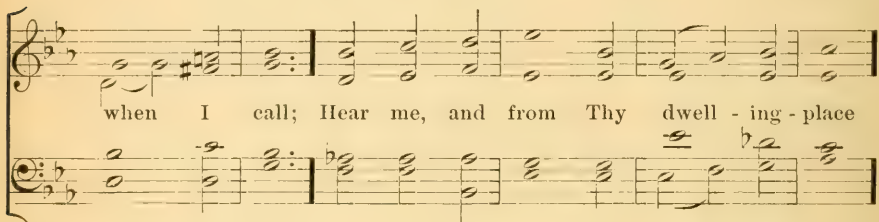
H. COLLINS. 1854

Adoro
J. BARNBY. 1872

♩ = 88

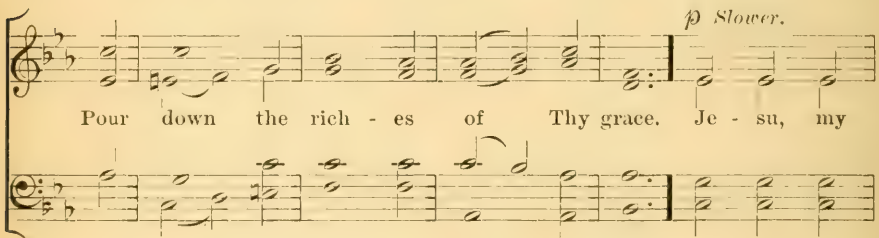


1. Je - su, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sa - viour,



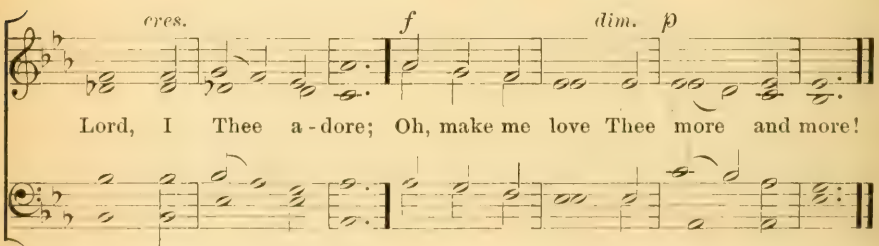
when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

p Slower.



Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - su, my

cres. f dim. p



Lord, I Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast
brought!

Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

Parochial Missions

601

I need Thee, precious Jesus

7.6.

Genesis

REV. F. WHITFIELD. 1855

DR. GARRETT. 1889

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je-sus, For I am full of
sin; My soul is dark and guilt-y, My heart is dead with-
- in. I need the cleansing foun-tain Where I can al-ways
flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my ev'ry trial,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing my Jesus' praises,
To gaze, O Lord, on Thee.

Parochial Missions

602

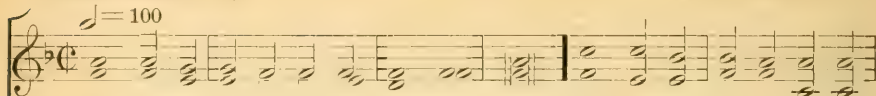
I need Thee every hour

6.4.6.4.7.6.7.4.

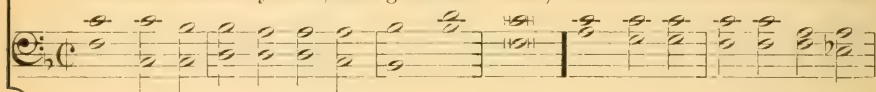
MRS. HAWKS. 1872

* Leeds
DR. WESLEY

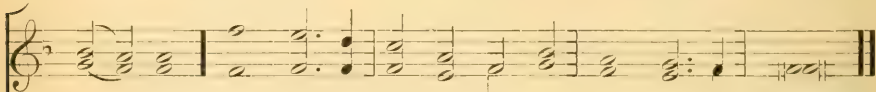
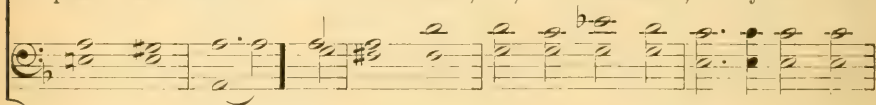
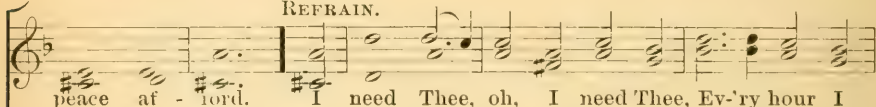
$\text{♩} = 100$



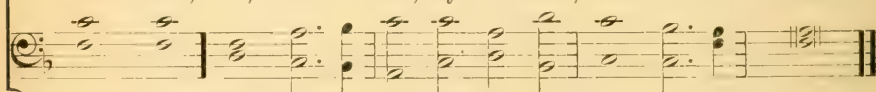
1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can



REFRAIN.



need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sav-iour, I come to Thee!



2 I need Thee ev'ry hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.
I need Thee, &c.

3 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.
I need Thee, &c.

4 I need Thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.
I need Thee, &c.

5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou bless'd Son!
I need Thee, &c.

603

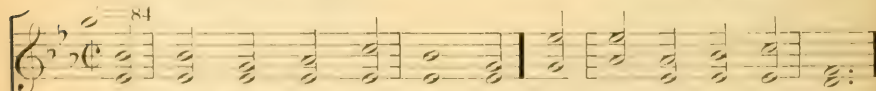
I could not do without Thee

7.6.

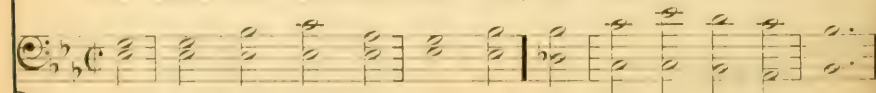
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1873

Lancashire
H. SMART. 1870

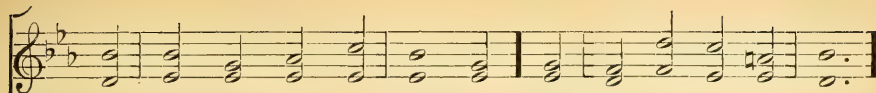
84



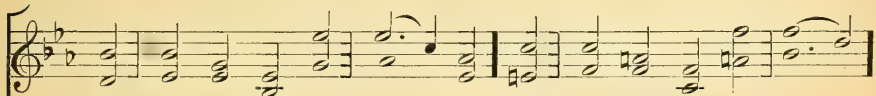
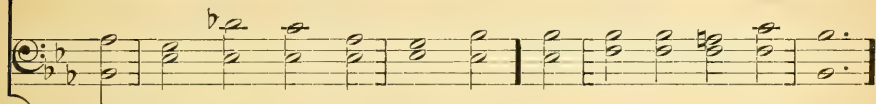
1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,



Parochial Missions



Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;



Thy right-eousness, Thy par - don, Thy precious blood, must be



My on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.



- 2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.
- 3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song:
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.
- 4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

- How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!
- 5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.
- 6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Parochial Missions

604

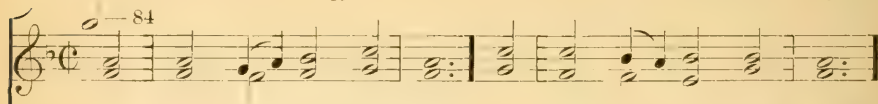
Thy life was given for me

6s.

Waltham 2

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1859

W. H. MONK. 1889



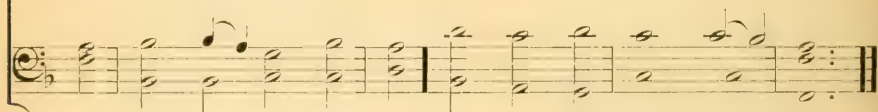
1. Thy life was giv'n for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed



That I might ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee?



2 Long years were spent for me

In weariness and woe,

That through eternity

Thy glory I might know.

Long years were spent for me:

Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,

Thy rainbow-circled throne,

Were left for earthly night,

For wand'rings sad and lone.

Yea, all was left for me:

Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,

Down from Thy home above,

Salvation full and free,

Thy pardon and Thy love.

Great gifts Thou broughtest me:

What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,

My years for Thee be spent!

World-fetters all be riven,

And joy with suffering blent!

Thou gav'st Thyself for me:

I give myself to Thee.

Parochial Missions

605

I lay my sins on Jesus

7.6.

DR. BONAR. 1843

Depono
J. B. CALKIN. 1867

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains

White in His blood most precious, Till not a spot re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases;
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine,
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.

I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heav'nly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Parochial Missions

606

Just as I am, without one plea

8.8.8.6.

St. Crispin

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836

FIRST TUNE

SIR G. J. ELVEY

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy

blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me

rall

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid' my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
spot,

O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Parochial Missions

606

SECOND TUNE

Herman
REV. J. NEVETT STEELE. 1876

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

606

THIRD TUNE

Misericordia
H. SMART. 1875

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.

Parochial Missions

607

Love of Jesus, all divine

7s.

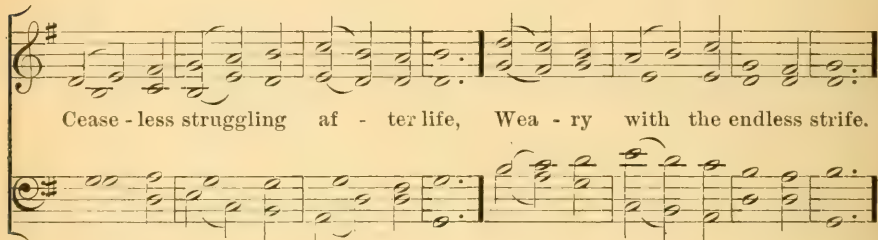
DR. BOTTOME. 1872

Maidstone
DR. GILBERT

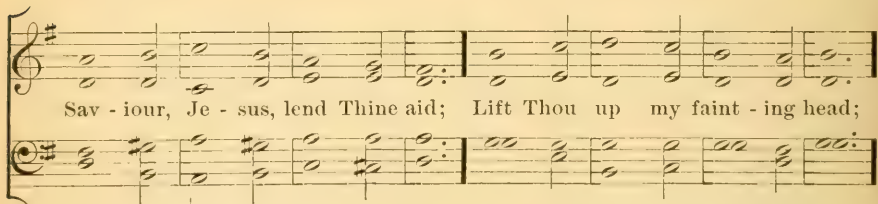
♩ = 88



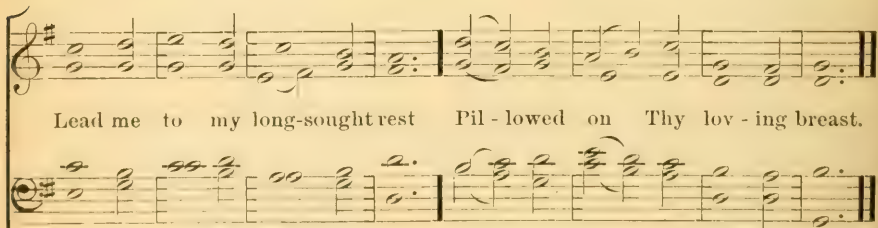
1. Love of Je - sus, all di-vine, Fill this long-ing heart of mine;



Cease - less struggling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the endless strife.



Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid; Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;



Lead me to my long-sought rest Pil - lowed on Thy lov - ing breast.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour:
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know,
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Parochial Missions

608

Lo! the voice of Jesus

6.5.

REV. A. E. EVANS. 1870

Magdalene
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1857

$\text{♩} = 88$

1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond - ly speaks to all:

He it is Who frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall;

He it is Whose na - ture, Hu - man as our own,

p *pp*

Pleads for ev - 'ry crea - ture By the Fa - ther's throne.

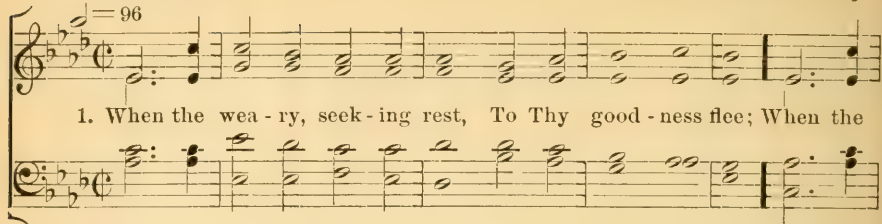
2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest:
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure:
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight.

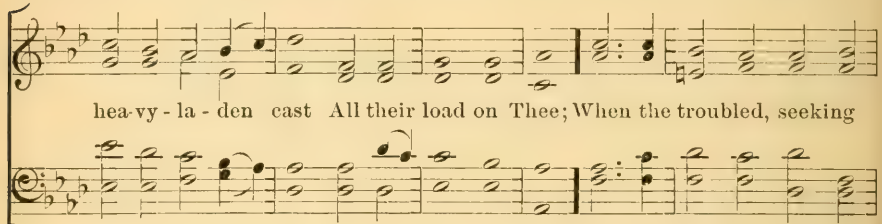
DR. BONAR. 1866

Intercession
W. H. CALLCOTT. 1875

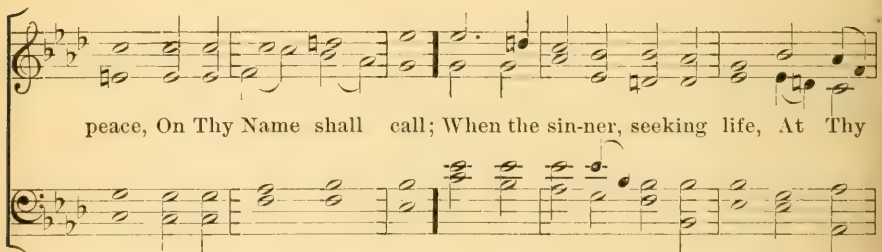
= 96



1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee; When the



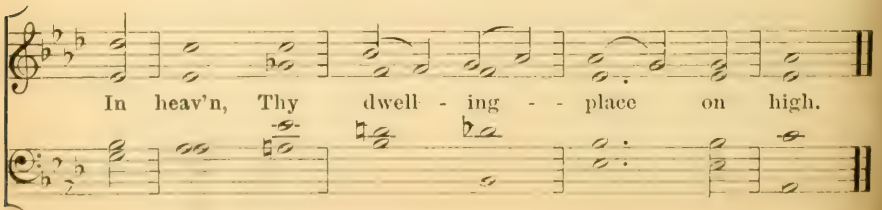
hea - vy - la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking



peace, On Thy Name shall call; When the sin - ner, seeking life, At Thy



feet shall fall: Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry



In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - - place on high.

Parochial Missions

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave

Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high.

610

O holy Saviour, Friend unseen

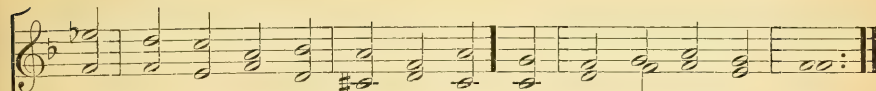
8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

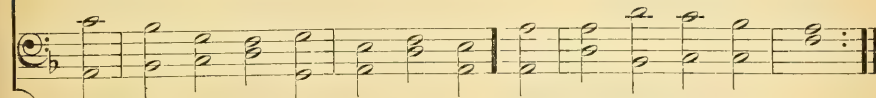
Isaian
SIR J. BARNEY



1. O ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend unseen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;



Help me, throughout life's vary-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.



2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-
grown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Parochial Missions

611

Jesus, merciful and mild

7s.

Hart

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1858

B. MILGROVE. 1770

80

1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child:
Thou art ready to for - give, Thou canst bid the sin - ner live;

On no oth - er arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline. }
Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. }

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heav'nly dwelling-place;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,
Thou hast made me truly Thine;
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;
Reconciled my heart to God.
Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore.

612

Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow

8.7.8.8.7.

Seraphim

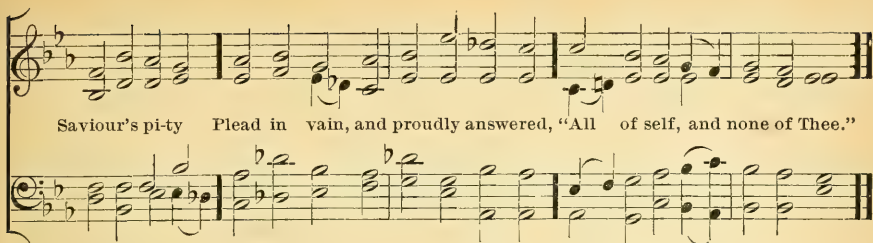
H. SMART

REV. T. MONOD. 1874

80

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sorrow, That a time could ev - er be When I let the

Parochial Missions



Saviour's pi-ty Plead in vain, and proudly answered, "All of self, and none of Thee."

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursèd tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,

Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

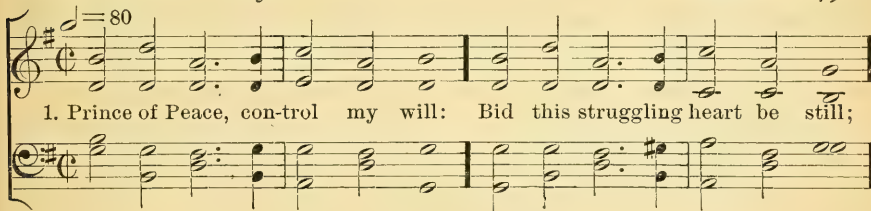
613

Prince of Peace, control my will

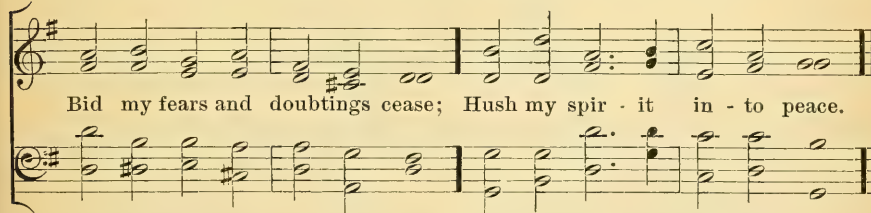
7s.

MRS. SHINDLER. 1858

Pleyel
I. PLEYEL. 1790



1. Prince of Peace, con-trol my will: Bid this struggling heart be still;



Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

Parochial Missions

614

Lord Jesus, think on me

S. M.

SYNESIUS. 430
CHATFIELD. 77.

Μνώεο Χριστὲ.

Ludgate
E. GILDING. 1762

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Lord Je - sus, think on me, And purge a - way my sin;

From earth-born passions set me free, And make me pure with - in.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heav'nly way.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may th' eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

615

O Jesus, I have promised

7.6.

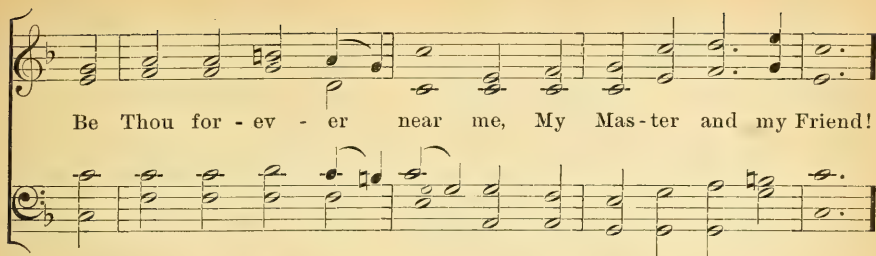
REV. J. E. BODE. 1869

Day of rest
J. W. ELLIOTT. 1874

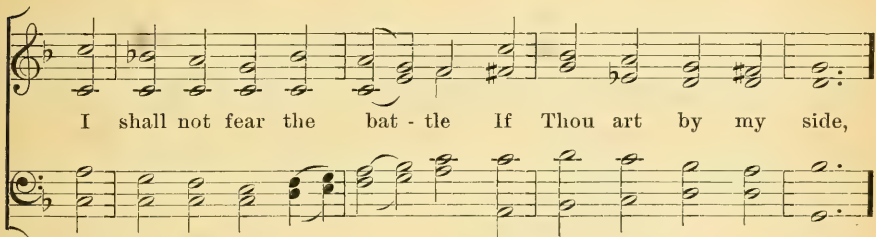
$\text{♩} = 84$

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Parochial Missions

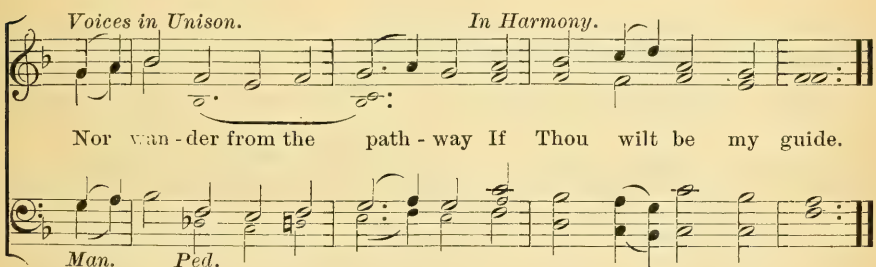


Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend!



I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Voices in Unison. *In Harmony.*



Nor wan-der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my guide.

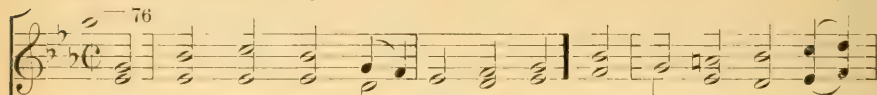
Man. Ped.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!
Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant my own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heav'n receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!



1. He lead - eth me! oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly



com - fort fraught! What - e'er I do, wher - e'er - I be, Still



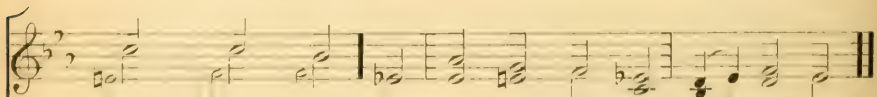
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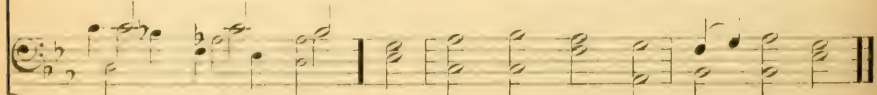
'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me!



By His own hand He lead - eth me! His faith - ful fol - lower



I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



Parochial Missions

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:

Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me! &c.

617

Glory be to God the Father

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Westminster

J. TURLE. 1862

DR. BONAR. 1866

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Glo - ry be to God the Father! Glo - ry be to God the Son!

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!

Heav'n and earth your praises bring!
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, pow'r, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

618

Revive Thy work, O Lord

S. M.

Swabia

GERMAN. 1600

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE. 1875

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smold'ring embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hung'ring for the Bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

619

Call them in! the poor, the wretched

8.7.

Love Divine

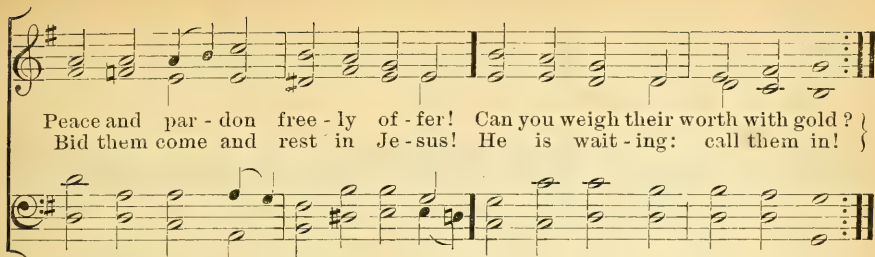
SIR J. STAINER.

ANNA SHIPTON. 1862

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. } Call them in! the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the fold;
 } Call them in! the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin;

Parochial Missions



Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold? }
 Bid them come and rest in Je - sus! He is wait - ing: call them in! }

2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
 Bid the stranger to the feast!
 Call them in! the rich, the noble,
 From the highest to the least.
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,
 He hath all their sorrows seen;
 Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
 Wait the lost ones: call them in!

3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
 Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame:
 Speak love's message low and tender!
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
 See the shadows lengthen round us,
 Soon the day-dawn will begin;
 Call them in! the lost and lonely:
 Christ is coming: call them in!

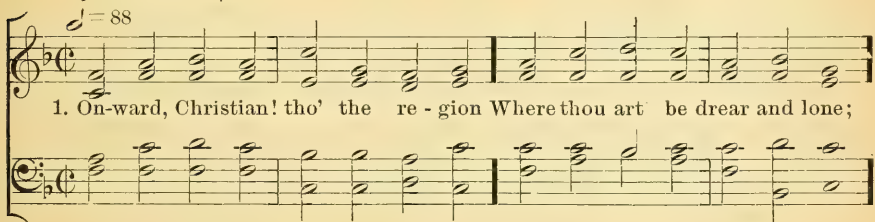
620

Onward, Christian! though the region

8.7.

S. JOHNSON. 1846

Elmcote
 ANON. 1880



1. On-ward, Christian! tho' the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;



God has set a guardian le - gion Ve - ry near thee; press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna
 Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
 Write upon thy red-cross banner,
 "Upward ever; heav'n's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother!
 Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace,
 While it needs thee; oh, no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release!

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
 That thou be a faithful son;
 By the pray'r of Jesus, "Father,
 Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Parochial Missions

621

Days and moments quickly flying

P. M.

REV. E. CASWALL. 1858

St. Sylvester
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1862

44

1. Days and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each within his nar-row bed!

mf After 3d and 6th verses. *dim.*

Life pass - eth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou appear;

cres. *dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Through e-ter - - - ni-ty!

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice!

3 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:

For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

Parochial Missions

622

My hope is built on nothing less

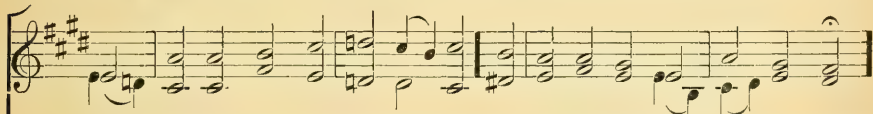
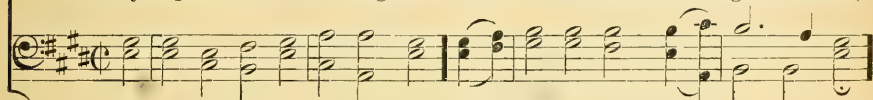
8s.

EDWARD MOTE. 1834

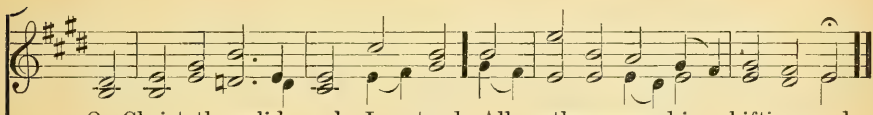
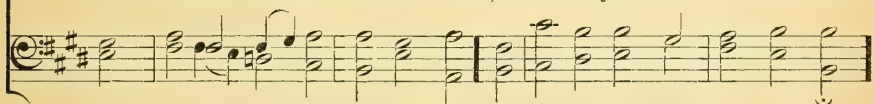
St. Werbergh
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1862



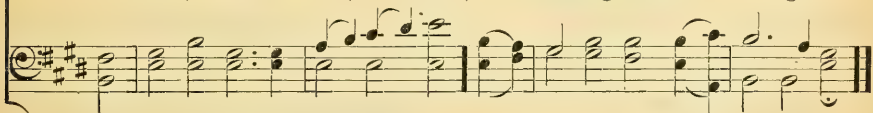
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je - sus' blood and righteousness;



I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je - sus' Name.



On Christ, the solid rock, I stand; All other ground is shifting sand.

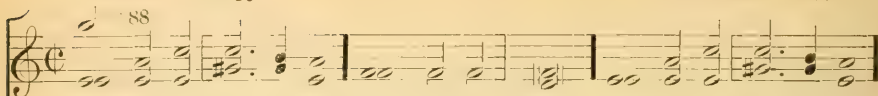


2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In ev'ry high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

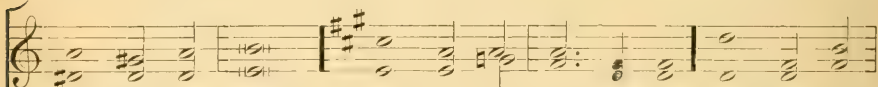
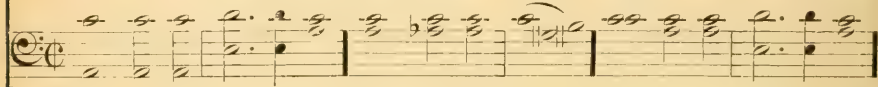
3 His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

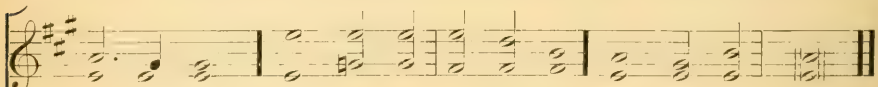
88



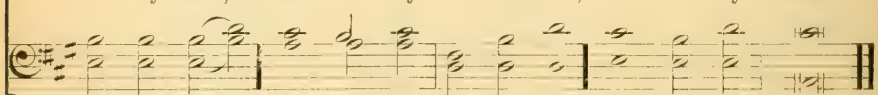
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear,



Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on



ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.



2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heav'n is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heav'n is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heav'n is my fatherland,
Heav'n is my home.

Also the following :

14 At even, ere the sun was set.
84 O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend.
85 O Jesu, Saviour of the lost.
86 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.
88 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.
101 When I survey the wondrous cross.
203 A few more years shall roll.
251 Look from Thy sphere of endless day.
335 Jesu, lover of my soul.
336 Rock of ages.
342 Art thou weary.
345 My faith looks up to Thee.
347 Sinful, sighing to be blest.

349 Out of the deep I call.
350 Jesus, Lord of life and glory.
356 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.
357 O Jesu, Thou art standing.
360 O Jesu, Lord most merciful.
362 Glory be to Jesus.
363 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
364 O Jesu, we adore Thee.
365 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus.
376 Come, Holy Spirit, come.
384 God, my Father, hear me pray.
420 My God, accept my heart this day.
431 O love that casts out fear.
432 Love divine, all love excelling.
437 Come unto Me, ye weary.
442 Saviour, source of every blessing.
443 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.
446 Shepherd of tender youth.
448 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
454 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.
474 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.
502 Heirs of unending life.
504 My soul, be on thy guard.
513 Oh, where shall rest be found.
521 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
529 Father, hear Thy children's call.
579 O brothers, lift your voices.
606 Just as I am.
625 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.
628 Though faint, yet pursuing.
630 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sor-
row.
635 Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion.
651 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.
652 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.
658 Thou hidden love of God, whose height.
673 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

For the Sick and Afflicted

624

My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made

8.4.

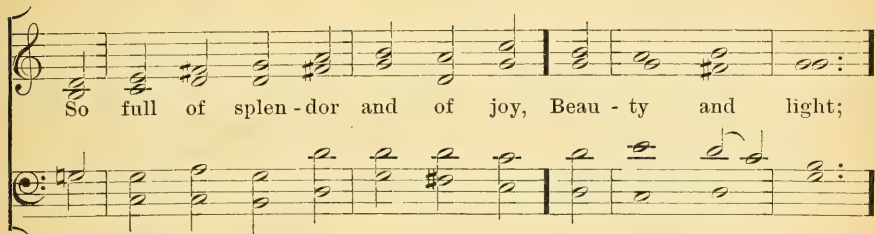
Southill

ADELAIDE PROCTER. 1858

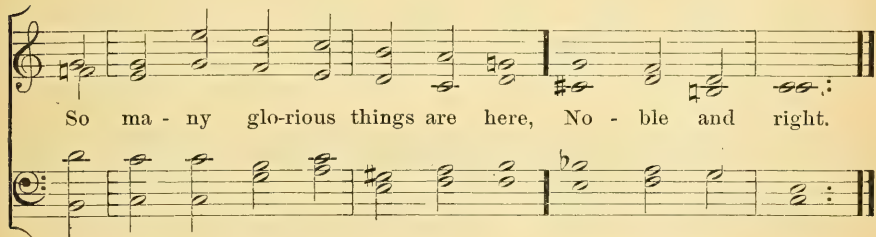
H. P. H. 1880



1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;



So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.

- 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round.
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast giv'n us joys, tender and true,

- Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

For the Sick and Afflicted

625

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me

8s.

P. GERHARDT. 1653

WESLEY. Tr.

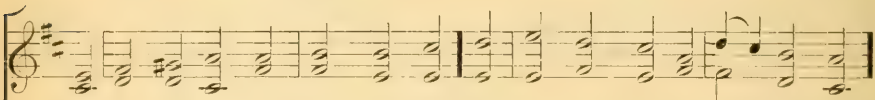
"O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht."

Guide

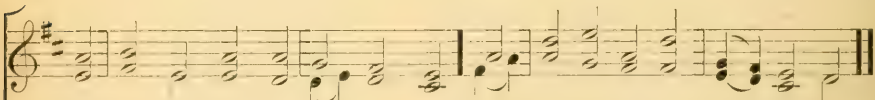
DR. S. S. WESLEY



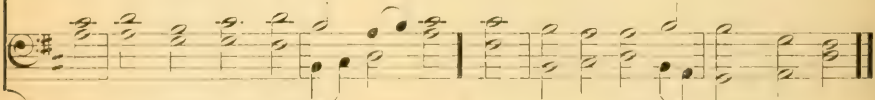
1. Je-sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare;



Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there!



Thine wholly, Thine a - lone, I am; Be Thou a-lone my constant flame.



2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove:
May ev'ry act, word, thought, be love!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things Thy love hath
wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

5 In suff'ring, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,
That I may love Thee without end,

For the Sick and Afflicted

My times are in Thy hand

S. M.

626

W. F. LLOYD. 1835

Ludgate
E. GILDING. 1762

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. "My times are in Thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to Thy care.

- 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 "My times are in Thy hand:"
Why should I doubt or fear?

- My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

627

O Love divine, that stooped to share

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES. 1859

Flores
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. O Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitt-'rest tear!

On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,

- The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we rest our burd'ning woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

For the Sick and Afflicted

628 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way 11s.

REV. J. N. DARBY. 1858

Altwick
DR. HOWARD. 1760

84

1. Though faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our

lead - er, His Word is our stay; Though suff'r-ing, and sor - row, and

tri - al be near, The Lord is our re - fuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed, He will hear their complaint;
The Way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? Our help is in God!

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heav'n is our home!

For the Sick and Afflicted

629

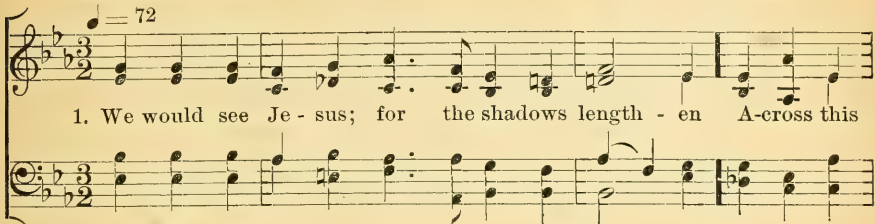
We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen

11.10.

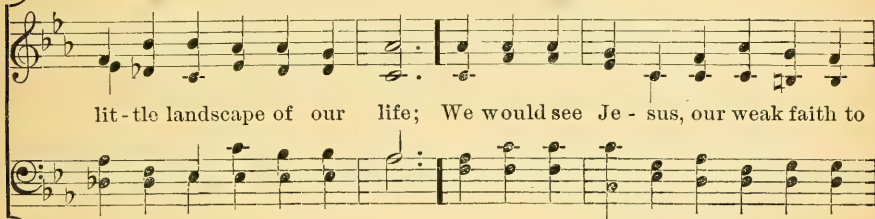
ELLEN ELLIS. 1858

Commendatio
REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

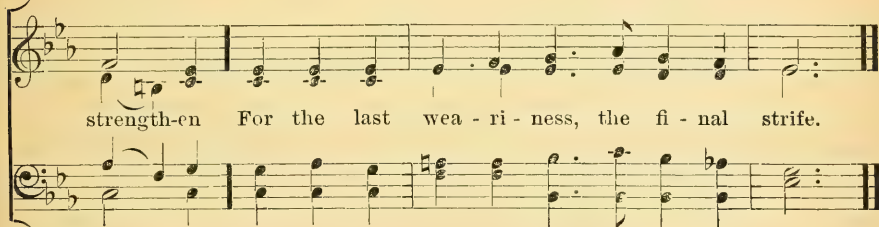
$\text{♩} = 72$



1. We would see Je - sus; for the shadows length - en A-cross this



lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to



strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife.

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sov'reign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heav'n appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

For the Sick and Afflicted

630 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow

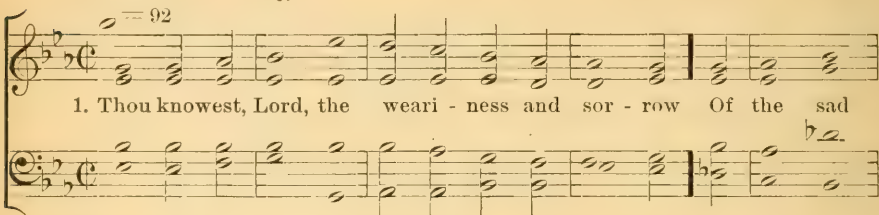
11.10.11.10.10.10.

Omnia

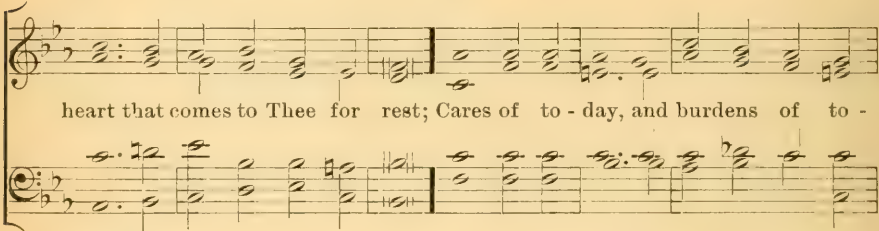
JANE BORTHWICK. 1859

SIR J. BARNBY. 1872

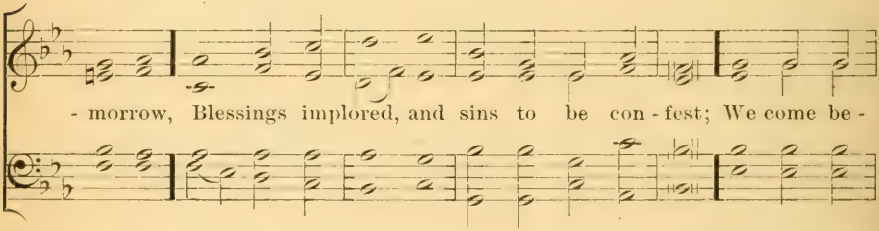
92



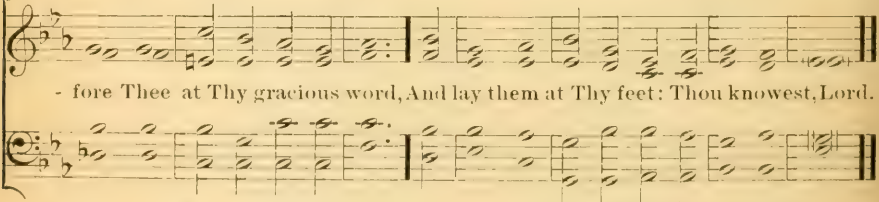
1. Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow Of the sad



heart that comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-



-morrow, Blessings implored, and sins to be con-fest; We come be-



-fore Thee at Thy gracious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

- 2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wand'rer strayed;
 How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.
- 3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
 All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

For the Sick and Afflicted

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

631

With tearful eyes I look around

L. M.

Sebastian

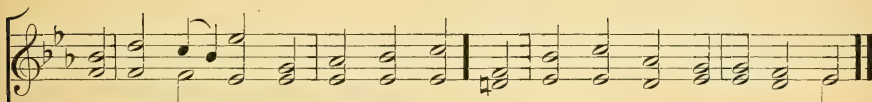
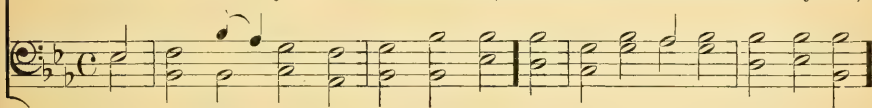
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1841

DR. S. S. WESLEY. 1872

$\text{♩} = 69$



1. With tear - ful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;



Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me."



2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppress,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;

To heav'n direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to Me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

DR. BONAR. 1856

Ibstone
M. TIDDEMAN. 1875

84

1. { Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be:
Smooth let it be, or rough, It will be still the best;
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me. }
Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to Thy rest. }

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

A. A. PROCTER. 1862

Per pacem
DR. MARTIN

76

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas-ant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.

For the Sick and Afflicted

- 2 I do not ask that flow'rs should always
spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and
though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst
shed

- Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
- 5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
- 6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall
shine,
Through peace to light.

634

My Jesus, as Thou wilt

6s.

B. SCHMOLCK. 1704
BORTHWICK. Tr.

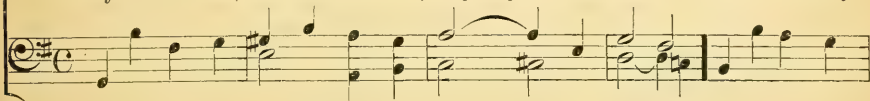
"Mein Jesu, wie du willst."

Beechcroft
T. GERMAN REED

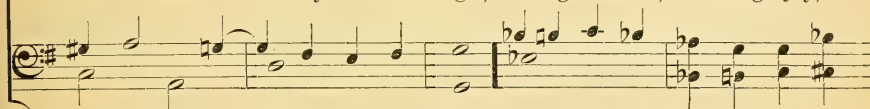
$\text{♩} = 88$ Voices in unison.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy



hand of love I would my all re - sign; Through sorrow, or through joy, Con -



- duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!



- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

For the Sick and Afflicted

635

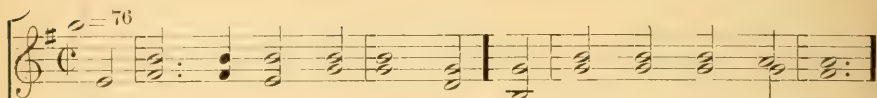
Lord Jesus, by Thy Passion

7.8.

St. Margaret

REV. R. F. LITTLEDALE. 1864

REV. W. STATHAM. 1875



1. Lord Je - sus, by Thy Pas - sion, To Thee I make my pray'r;



Thou Who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare.



2 Oh, wash me in the fountain
That floweth from Thy side!
Oh, clothe me in the raiment
Thy blood hath purified!

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
And lead from strength to strength,
That unto Thee in Sion
I may appear at length!

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,
And open wide the door,
That I may enter freely
And never leave Thee more!

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,
To that most blessed place,
Where angels and archangels
Look ever on Thy face;

6 Where gladsome alleluias
Unceasingly resound;
Where martyrs, now triumphant,
Walk robed in white and crowned!

7 Oh, make my Spirit worthy
To join that ransomed throng!
Oh, teach my lips to utter
That everlasting song!

8 Oh, give that last, best blessing,
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go!

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love!

For the Sick and Afflicted

636 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord 11s.

REV. — KEEN. 1787

Alnwick
DR. HOWARD. 1760

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in His ex - cell - ent word! What more can He say than to

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled?

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

For the Sick and Afflicted


637 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish 11.10.

* *Dublin*


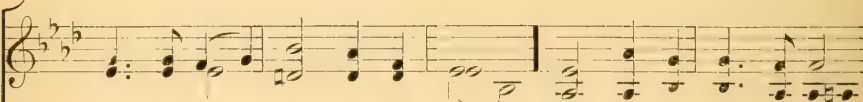
T. MOORE. 1816

REV. J. B. DYKES. 1875

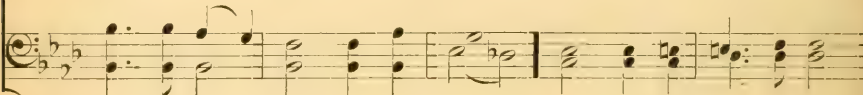
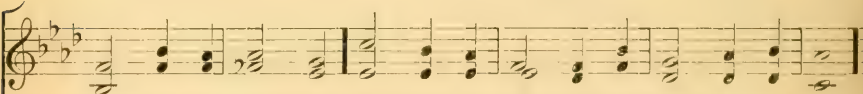
$\text{♩} = 96$




1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, where'er ye lan - guish; Come to the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,

here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot heal.



2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. When, streaming from the east - ern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Righteousness divine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine;

p

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.

- 2 As ev'ry day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

639

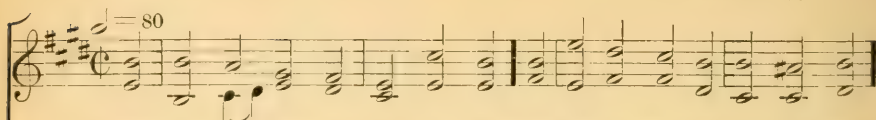
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go

L. M.

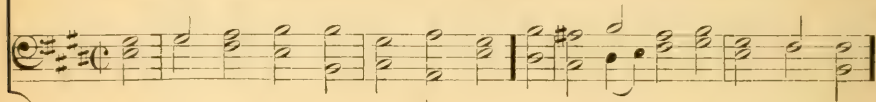
Melcombe

REV. C. WESLEY. 1749

S. WEBBE. 1790



1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue;



Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.



2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious Day.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

5 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

640

My Father, for another night

C. M.

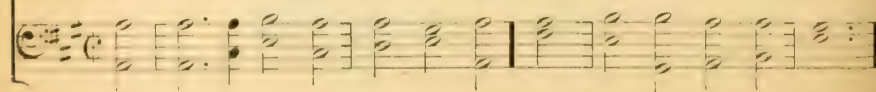
St. Timothy

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1875

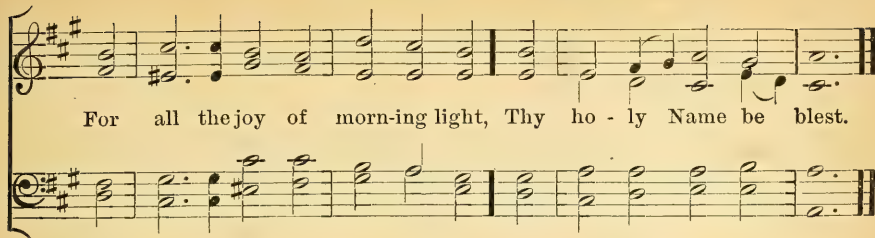
REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1875



1. My Fa-ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest,



Home and Personal use



For all the joy of morn-ing light, Thy ho - ly Name be blest.

2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou wilt I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.

Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

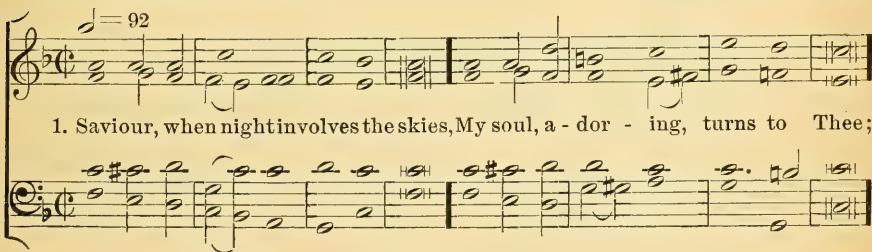
4 My Father, for His sake, I pray
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness.

641 Saviour, when night involves the skies L. M.

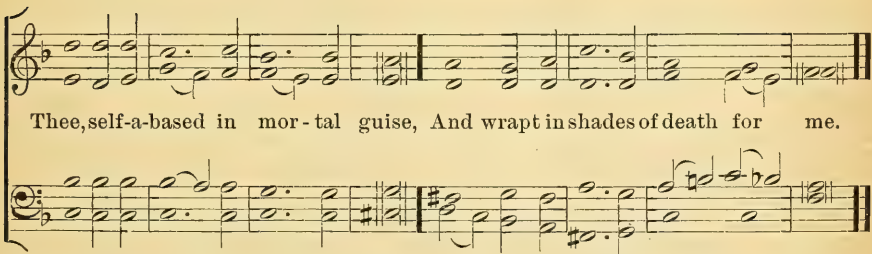
Sweden

REV. T. GISBORNE. 1803

DR. HILES. 1860



1. Saviour, when night involves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to Thee;



Thee, self-a-based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;

4 O'er earth, when shades of ev'ning steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

Home and Personal use

642

Tarry with me, O my Saviour

8.7.

CAROLINE L. SMITH. 1852

Milman
J. T. COOPER

84

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour! For the day is pass - ing by;

See! the shades of ev - 'ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.

- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
- 3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.
- 4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;

Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

- 5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.
- 6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me!
Morning of eternal rest.

643

Inspirer and hearer of prayer

8s.

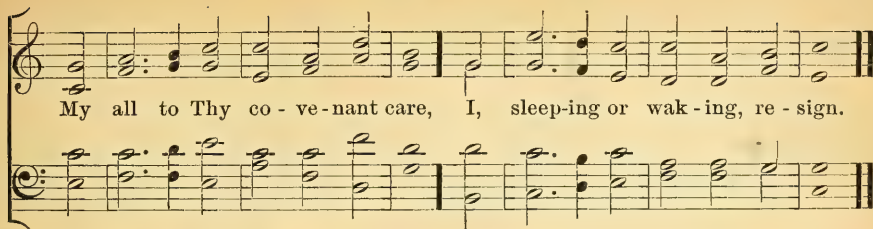
REV. A. M. TOPLADY. 1774

Tabor
DR. STEGGALL

80

1. In - spir-er and hear - er of pray'r, Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,

Home and Personal use



My all to Thy co - ve - nant care, I, sleep - ing or wak - ing, re - sign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sov'reign protector I have,
Unseen, yet forever at hand;

Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

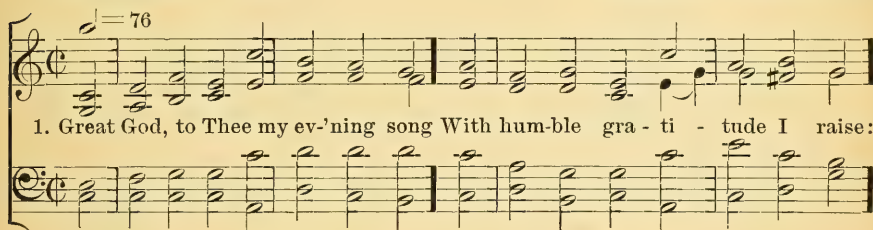
4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

644 Great God, to Thee my evening song L. M.

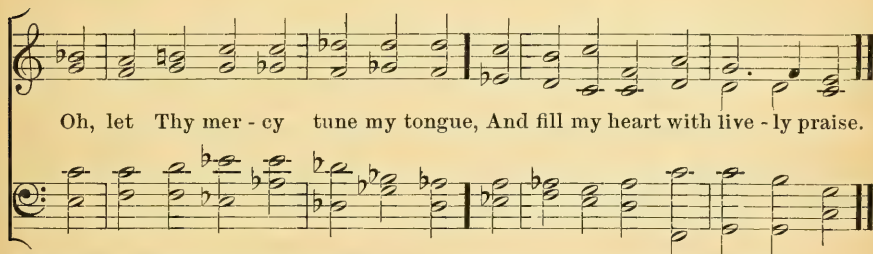
Riverside

ANNE STEELE. 1760

ARTHUR E. CROOK. 1889



1. Great God, to Thee my ev-'ning song With hum - ble gra - ti - tude I raise:



Oh, let Thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And ev'ry onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.

Home and Personal use

645

The day is past and gone

S. M.

J. LELAND. 1792

Vespertine
H. SMART. 1877

84

1. The day is past and gone; The ev'n - ing shades ap - pear:

Oh, may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

646 Through the day Thy love has spared us 8.7.8.7.7..

T. KELLY. 1806

Baden
GERMAN.

72

1. Through the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest:

Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;

Home and Personal use

Je - sus, Thou our guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes;
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In Thine arms may we repose;
 And, when life's short day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

647 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father 8.7.

H. PARR. 1856

Repose
 E. J. HOPKINS. 1870

1. Hear our pray'r, O Heav'nly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vi-gils keep.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
 Far outweighs them ev'ry one;
 Down before the cross we cast them,
 Trusting in Thy help alone.

4 None can measure out Thy patience
 By the span of human thought;
 None can bound the tender mercies
 Which Thy holy Son has bought.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
 Safe beneath its shelt'ring shade;
 Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
 When our pilgrimage is made.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
 Give us strength for days to come;
 Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
 Till Thine angels bear us home.

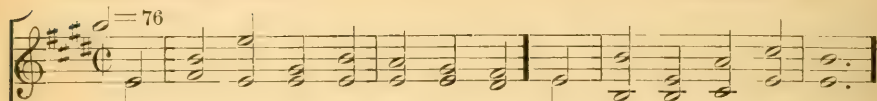
648

To Sion's hill I lift my eyes

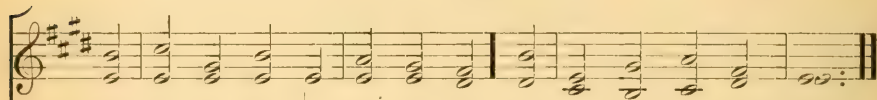
C. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1696

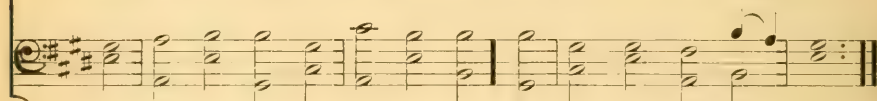
St. David
ENGLISH. 1621



1. To Si - on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex-pect - ing aid;



From Si - on's hill, and Si - on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made.



2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favored Israel keep.

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

649

Lord, forever at Thy side

7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819

FIRST TUNE

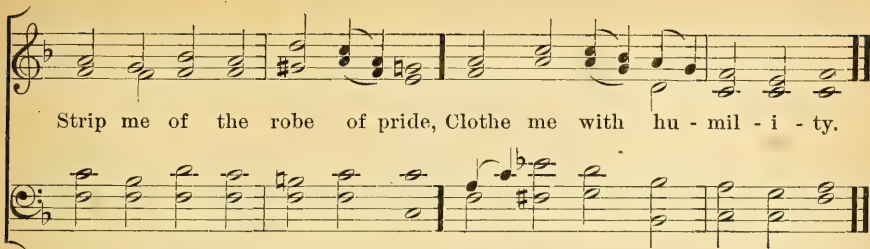
Seymour
From WEBER. 1826



1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:



Home and Personal use



Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weanèd from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

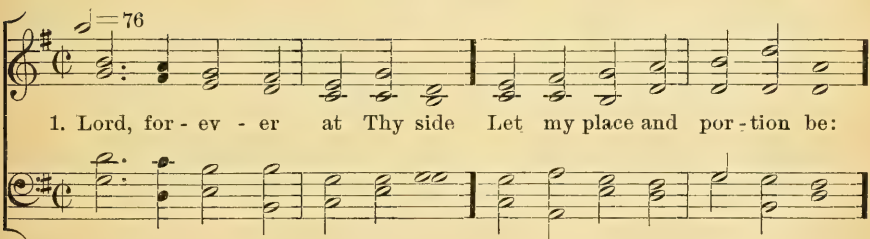
4 Israel now and evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

649

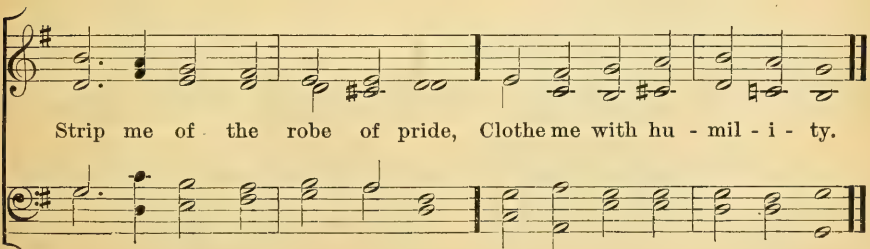
Humility

SECOND TUNE

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1879



1. Lord, for - ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be:



Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.

Home and Personal use

650

Jesus, my strength, my hope

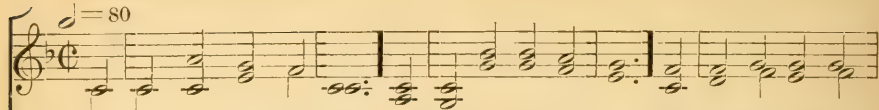
D. S. M.

Vigil

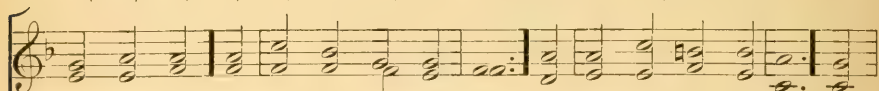
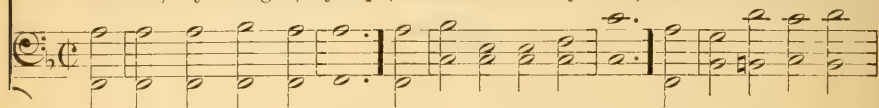
C. WESLEY. 1742

DR. GAUNTLETT. 1870

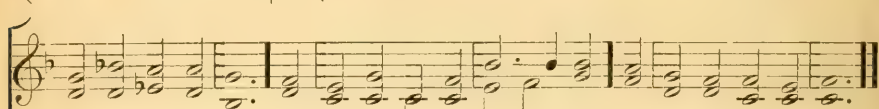
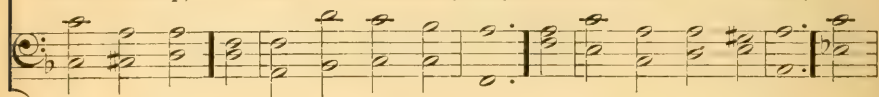
$\text{♩} = 80$



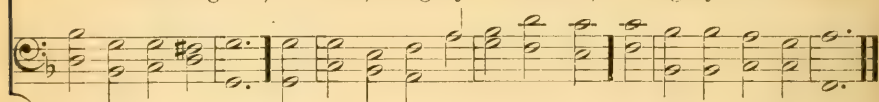
1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care; With humble con-fi -



- dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. Give me on Thee to wait, Till



I can all things do; On Thee, almighty to cre-ate, Almighty to re-new.



2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

651

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare

7s.

Supplication

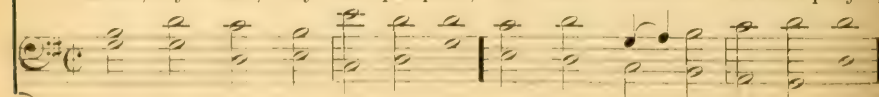
REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

J. BATTISILL. 1760

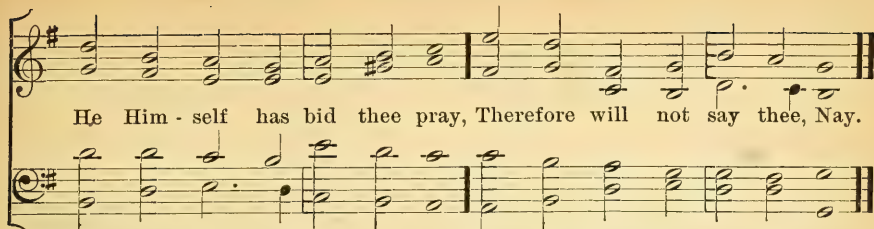
$\text{♩} = 80$



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare; Je - sus loves to an-swer pray'r;



Home and Personal use



He Him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;

There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

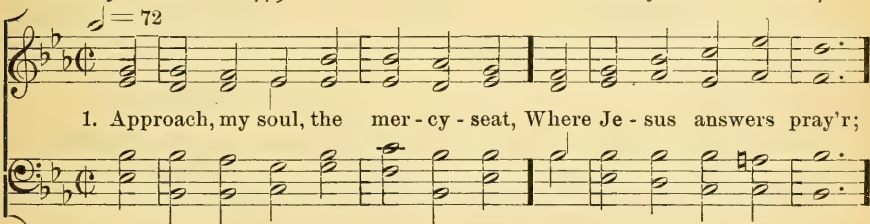
6 Show me what I have to do;
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

652 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat C.M.

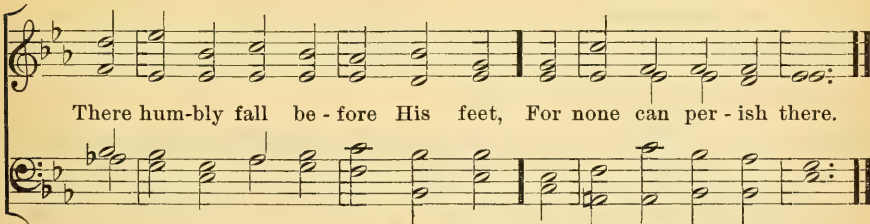
REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

Wessex
E. J. HOPKINS. 1867

$\text{♩} = 72$



1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers pray'r;



There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

Home and Personal use

653

My God, I love Thee: not because

C. M.

F. XAVIER. 1540

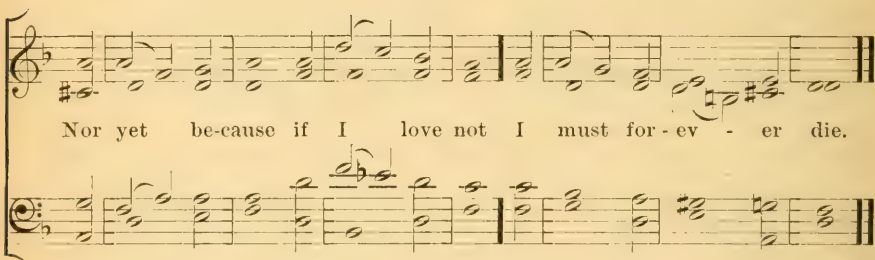
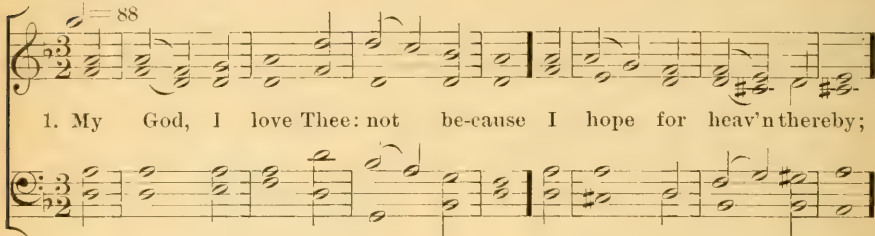
CASWALL. Tr.

"O Deus! ego amo Te."

Vermont

REV. J. H. HOPKINS. 1878

♩ = 88



2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?

Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward:
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

654

More love to Thee, O Christ

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

MRS. PRENTISS. 1869

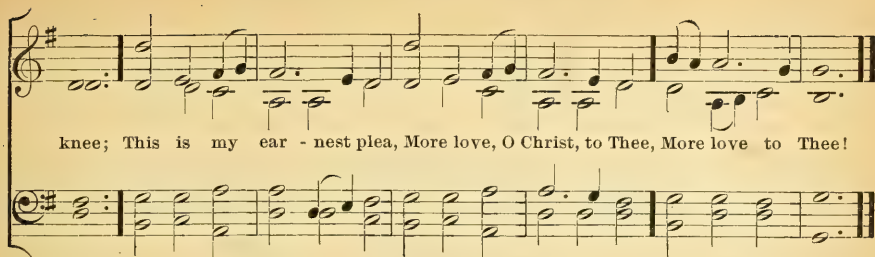
* Farcham

SIR J. GOSS. 1872

72



Home and Personal use



2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best:
This all my pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,

When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

655

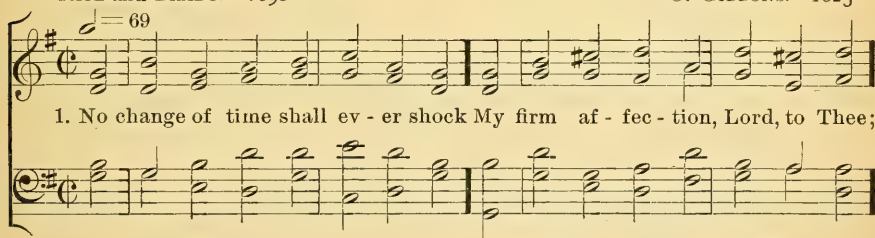
No change of time shall ever shock

L. M.

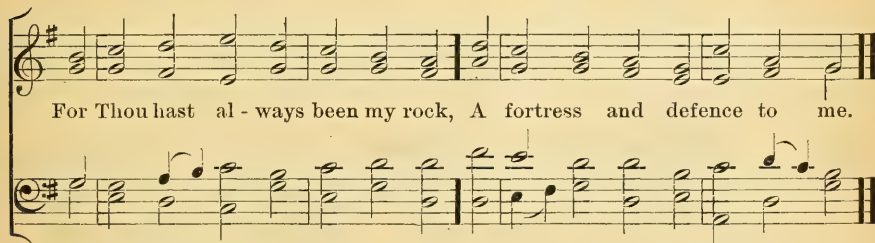
Angels'

TATE and BRADY. 1698

O. GIBBONS. 1623



1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fec - tion, Lord, to Thee;



For Thou hast al - ways been my rock, A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from ev'ry foe.

Home and Personal use

656

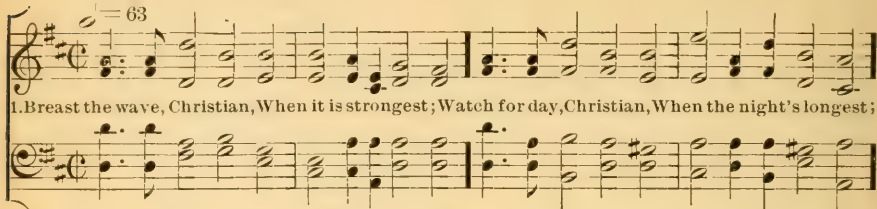
Breast the wave, Christian

P. M.

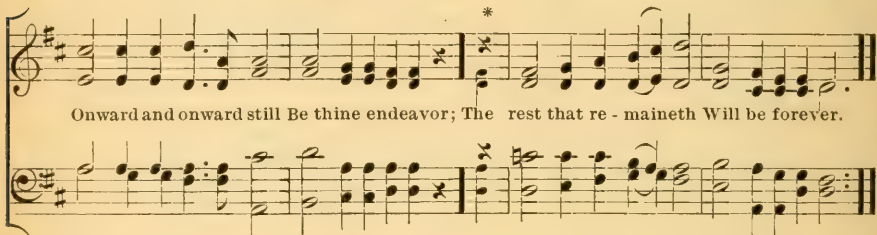
J. STAMMERS. 1830

Encouragement
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

$\text{♩} = 63$



1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, When the night's longest;



Onward and onward still Be thine endeavor; The rest that re - maineth Will be forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heav'n is before thee;
He Who hath promised
Faltereth never;
He Who hath loved so well,
Loveth forever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise Him forever.

657

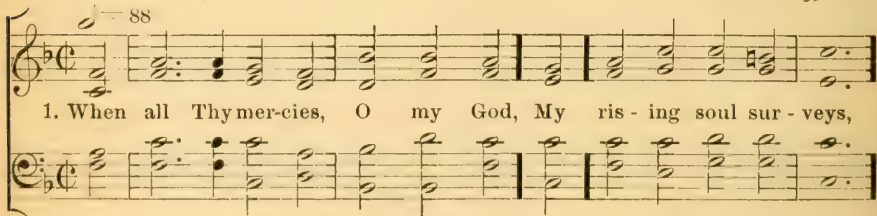
When all Thy mercies, O my God

C. M.

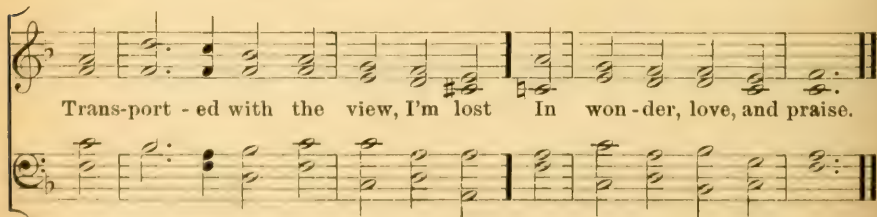
J. ADDISON. 1712

Winchester old
ENGLISH. 1592

$\text{♩} = 88$



1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,



Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

* The small notes and ties, for 1st Stanza only.

Home and Personal use

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

658

Thou hidden love of God, whose height

8s.

G. TERSTEEGEN. 1729
WESLEY. Tr.

Old 112th
GERMAN. 1540

"Verborgne Gottesliebe du."

$\text{♩} = 56$

1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:

I see from far Thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose:

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there,
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,

Nor let one fav'rite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

659

The Lord my pasture shall prepare

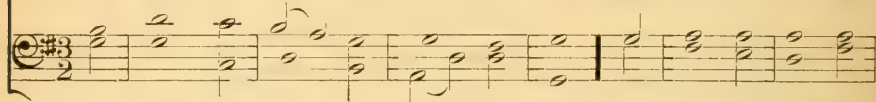
8s.

J. ADDISON. 1712

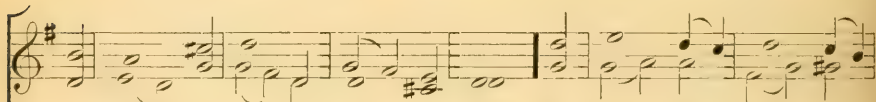
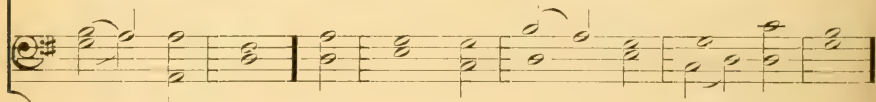
Surrey
H. CAREY. 1730



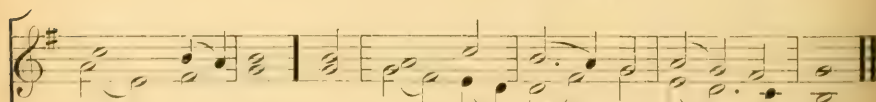
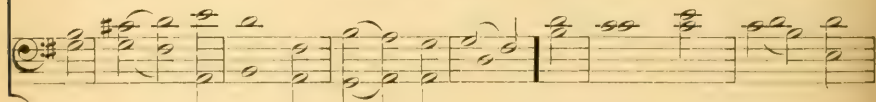
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a



shep - herd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day walks He



shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.



Home and Personal use

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

660

Oh, for a closer walk with God

C.M.

W. COWPER. 1772

Metzler
R. REDHEAD. 1859

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Oh, for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Home and Personal use

661 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs 10s.

G. GREGORY. 1787

FIRST TUNE

Hesper
J. H. CORNELL. 1870

$\text{♩} = 104$

1 As pants the wea - ried hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks ex -

- haust - ed in the sum-mer's chase, So pants my soul for

Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa-cred dwell - ing-place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

661 *Cyril*
C. BOWDLER. 188

SECOND TUNE

$\text{♩} = 50$

1. As pants the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,

Home and Personal use



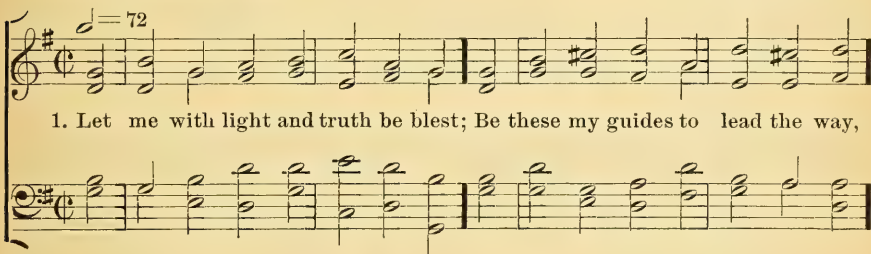
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.

662

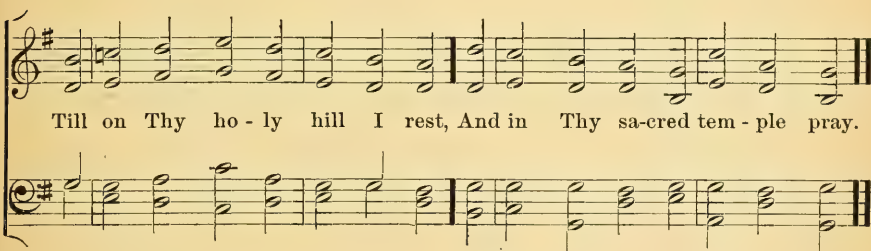
Let me with light and truth be blest L. M.

TATE and BRADY. 1696

Angels'
O. GIBBONS. 1623



1. Let me with light and truth be blest; Be these my guides to lead the way,



Till on Thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in Thy sa - cred tem - ple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

663

O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows C. M.

REV. T. HAWEIS. 1792

Martyrdom
H. WILSON. 1768

♩ = 84

1. O Thou, from Whom all good - ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor - rows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me!

664

My spirit, on Thy care

S. M.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 1834

Consolation
J. H. CORNELL. 1872

♩ = 44

1. My spir - it, on Thy care, Blest Saviour, I re - cline;

Home and Personal use



Thou wilt not leave me to des - pair, For Thou art love di - vine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

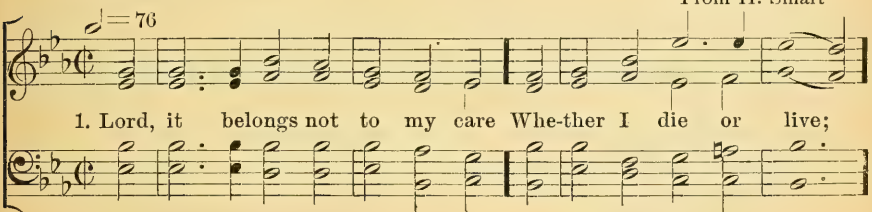
665

Lord, it belongs not to my care

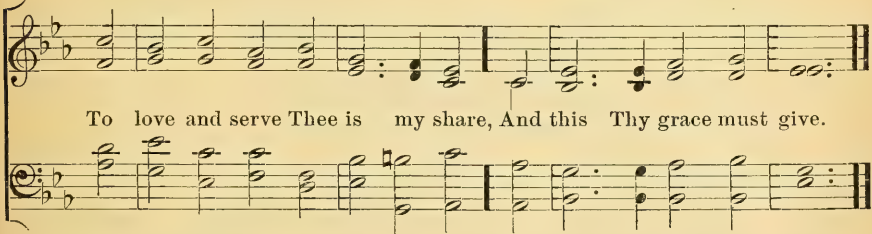
C. M.

R. BAXTER. 1681

Eastland
W. SMEDLEY. 1880
From H. Smart



1. Lord, it belongs not to my care Whe-ther I die or live;



To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

666

Jesus, I live to Thee

S. M.

Dunelm

REV. H. HARBAUGH. 1850

DR. ARMES. 1872

♩ = 80

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heav'n forever mine.

667

My God, my Father, while I stray

8.8.8.4.

Troyte 1

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1835

FIRST TUNE

A. H. D. TROYTE

♩ = 84

1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

Home and Personal use

p *rall.*

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

667

SECOND TUNE

Resignation
J. HULLAH. 1865

$\text{♩} = 76$

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way, Oh,

teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!"

668

Whate'er my God ordains is right

P.M.

S. RODIGAST. 1675

WINKWORTH. Tr.

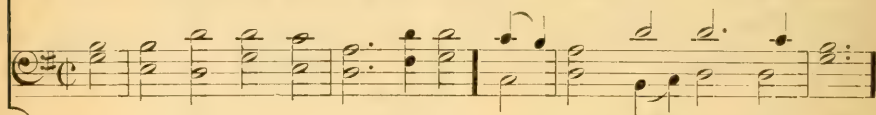
"Was Gott thut das ist wohlgethan."

* *Gastorius*

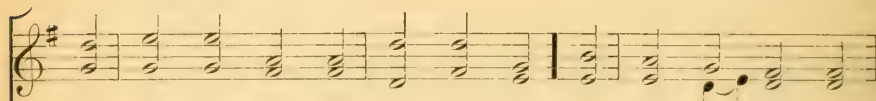
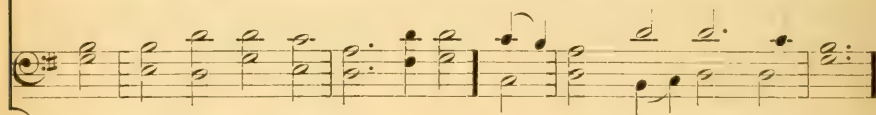
J. PACHELBEL. 1700



1. What-e'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev - er just,



How - e'er He or - ders now my cause, I will be still and trust.



He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I



shall not fall, Where - fore to Him I leave it all.



Home and Personal use

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;

His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make
For me a desert land. [earth
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all.

669

Sovereign ruler of the skies

7s.

Buckland

J. RYLAND. 1777

REV. DR. HAYNE. 1863

$\text{♩} = 84$

1. Sov'reign rul - er of the skies, Ev - er gra-cious, ev - er wise,

All our times are in Thy hand, All e - vents at Thy com-mand.

2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,

All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own!

670

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss

C. M.

ANNE STEELE. 1760

Devon
J. A. MACMEIKAN. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

671

While Thee I seek, protecting Power

C. M.

HELEN M. WILLIAMS. 1786

Meliora
DR. GAUNTLETT

$\text{♩} = 72$

1. While Thee I seek, pro-TECT - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled;

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

Home and Personal use

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.</p> <p>3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.</p> | <p>4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.</p> <p>5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.</p> |
|---|---|
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

672

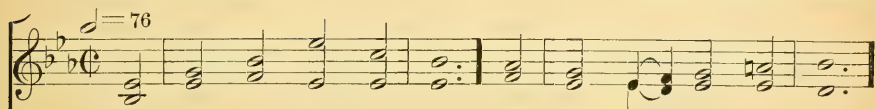
Blest be the tie that binds

S. M.

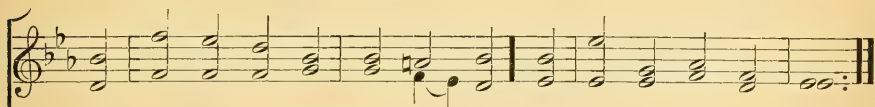
Moravia

J. FAWCETT. 1772

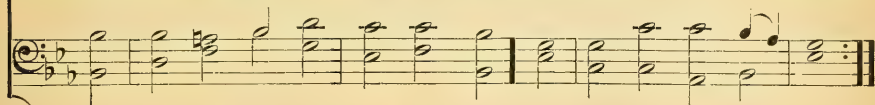
REV. L. WEST. 1800



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love:



The fel - low-ship of Chris - tian minds Is like to that a - bove.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.</p> <p>3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.</p> <p>5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

673

I heard the voice of Jesus say

D. C. M.

DR. BONAR. 1846

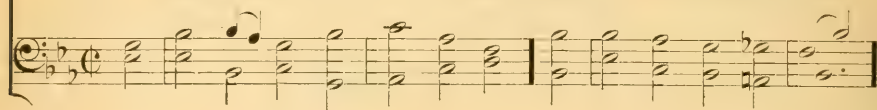
FIRST TUNE

Vox Jesu

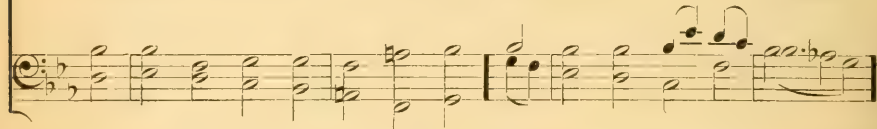
SPOHR-BARNEY. 1867



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;



Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.



Home and Personal use

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say
Behold I freely give .
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till trav'ling days are done.

673

SECOND TUNE

Albridge
E. J. HOPKINS. 1880

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say Come un - to Me and rest;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.

Home and Personal use

674 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin 10s.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 1875

Pax tecum
G. T. CALPBECK. 1877

76

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin ?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heav'n's perfect peace.

675 Forever with the Lord S. M.

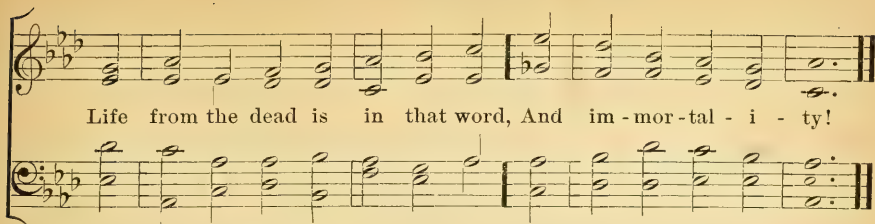
J. MONTGOMERY. 1835

Forever
From SCHUMANN. 1840

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. For - ev - er with the Lord! A - men! so let it be!

Home and Personal use



Life from the dead is in that word, And im-mor-tal-i-ty!

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

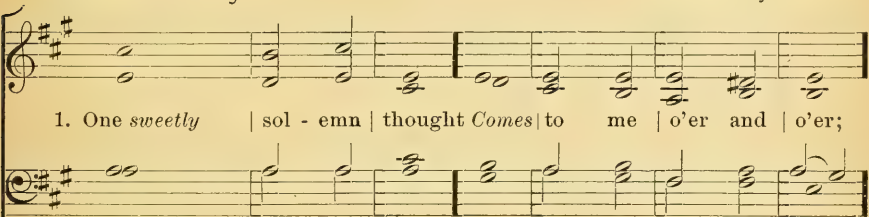
676

One sweetly solemn thought

P. M.

PHOEBE CARY. 1852

Chant
REV. W. JACOBS



1. One sweetly | sol - emn | thought Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er;



I am nearer my | home to - | day Than I | ever have | been be - | fore;

2 Nearer the | great white | throne,
Near - er the | crystal | sea,
Nearer my | Father's | house,
Where the | "many | mansions" | be;

3 Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we | lay our | burdens | down;
Nearer | leaving the | cross,
Nearer | gain - ing the | crown;

4 But lying | darkly be - | tween,
Winding | down | through the | night,

Is the deep and | unknown | stream
To be crossed | ere we | reach the | light.

5 Jesus, per - | feet my | trust,
Strengthen the | hand | of my | faith:
Let me feel Thee near | when I | stand
On the edge | of the | shore of | death;

6 Feel Thee near | when my | feet
Are slipping | o - | ver the | brink;
For it may be I'm | nearer | home,
Nearer | now | than I | think.

677

As, when the weary traveller gains L. M.

Walton

REV. J. NEWTON. 1779

From BEETHOVEN. 1831

84

1. As, when the wea - ry travel - ler gains The height of

some com - mand - ing hill, His heart re - vives, if

o'er the plains He sees his home, though dis - tant still;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting heart renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heav'n his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

Home and Personal use

678

There is a land of pure delight

C. M.

DR. WATTS. 1709

Beulah
DR. GARRETT. 1889

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. There is a land of pure de - light,

Where saints im - mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex -

- cludes the night, And plea - sures ban - ish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. 1861

FIRST TUNE

Annie
ANCIENT

92 To be sung in unison.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - - row flow;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.

2 There is a land of peace:

Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,

To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!
To give to Him the praise
Of ev'ry triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

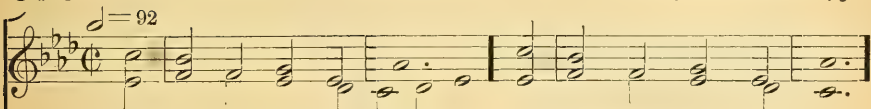
Home and Personal use

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

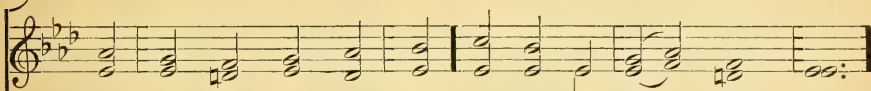
679

SECOND TUNE

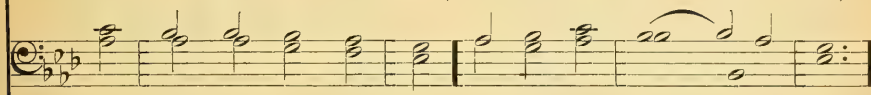
Blessed Home
SIR J. STAINER. 1875



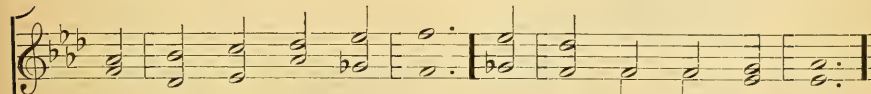
1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe,



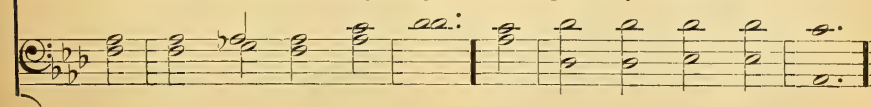
Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;



Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,



And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.



DOXOLOGIES

NOTE.— After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings flow!

Praise Him, all creatures here below!

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host!

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Amen.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heav'n adore.

Be glory, as it was of old,

Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

D. L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be given,

The everlasting Three in One,

Adored by all in earth and heaven;

As was in circling ages past,

Is now, and shall forever be,

While saints their crowns of glory east
Before Thy throne, blest Trinity. Amen.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

The God Whom we adore,

Be glory, as it was, is now,

And shall be evermore. Amen.

D. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,

The One in Three, and Three in One

Let saints and angels join:

Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,

The God Whom we adore,

As was, and is, and shall be done,

When time shall be no more. Amen.

S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,

And Spirit, ever blest,

The One in Three, the Three in One,

Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

D. S. M.

PRAISE, as in ages past,

Praise, as in glory now,

Praise, while eternity shall last,

To Thee, O God, we vow;

Whom all the heav'nly host

And saints on earth adore;

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Be glory evermore. Amen.

1

10s.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,

To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,

As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

2

8s.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.
Amen.

3

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Amen.

8s.

4

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heav'n's triumphant host

And suff'ring saints on earth adore,

Be glory as in ages past,

As now it is, and so shall last

When time itself shall be no more.
Amen.

5

D. 8s.

ETERNAL Father! throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!

Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne

For man's rebellion to atone;

Eternal Spirit, Who dost give

That grace whereby our spirits live:

Thou God of our salvation, be

Eternal praises paid to Thee.

Amen.

Dorologies

6

7s.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.

7

7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.
Amen.

7s.

8

D. 7s.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness, might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord. Amen.

9

6s.

TO Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

10

6.6.6.6.6.6.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise and glory be;
As was in ages past,
And shall forever last,
Most Holy Trinity.

6s.

11

D. 6s.

TO Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

12

8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and
heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

8.7.

13

8.7.8.7.8.7.

PRAISE and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One;
One in might and one in glory
While eternal ages run. Amen.

14

D. 8.7.

8.7.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heav'ns triumphant
host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heav'nly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Alleluias everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

15

7.6.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God Whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
Now and for evermore. Amen.

16

D. 7.6.

7,6.

OFATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Thrice holy Three in One,
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

17

6.5.

GLORY to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

18

9.8.

TO God the Father, Son and Spirit,
The everlasting Three in One,
Be glory due Thy boundless merit,
While never ending ages run.

19

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

Dorologies

20

8.7.8.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Father throned in heaven;
Praise the everlasting Son;
Praise the Spirit freely given;
Praise the blessed Three in One.
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

21

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confest,
Be highest glory given,
As hath been from the ages past,
And shall be while the ages last,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

22

7.6.7.6.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
God ever Three in One,
Let glory due Thy merit,
By angel choirs begun,
As in the countless ages past,
Be sung while endless ages last. Amen.

23

8.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God forever One,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
While the ages run. Amen.

24

8.8.8.4.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God forever Three in One,
Be praise from men and angel host,
While ages run. Amen.

25

8.8.8.6.

OHOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Ghost, God Three in One,
While everlasting ages run,
All glory be to Thee. Amen.

26

7.7.7.5.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One; from every coast,
Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,
Thy true Godhead praise. Amen.

27

6.6.6.6.8.8.

TO God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy Name we sing, while faith adores,
Amen.

28

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO Father and to Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

29

4.4.7.7.6.

TO Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
True God, be glory given;
Now, and while the ages run,
Lord of earth and heaven. Amen.

30

HYMN 466

P. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And ever blessed Spirit,
Eternal Three in One,
Be glory due Thy merit;
As was in ages past,
Is now, and still shall be,
While endless ages last,
Most Holy Trinity. Amen.

31

COME, let us adore Him! come, bow at
His feet!
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is
meet!
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies! Amen.

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THE MORNING AND EVENING
CANTICLES
AND
OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

SET TO MUSIC FROM

“The Psalter” AND “Choir Office-Book”

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APPENDIX

UNDER THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION, IN BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 1892 :

Resolved.—That a Commission be constituted with power to make a pointing for music of the GLORIA PATRI, the CANTICLES OF MORNING PRAYER, including TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, and BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI, and the CANTICLES OF EVENING PRAYER, together with the ANTHEMS FOR EASTER DAY and THANKSGIVING DAY, and to print the same in the Hymnal as an Appendix.

[Attest.] CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary of the House of Deputies.*

THE MORNING AND EVENING

CANTICLES

AND

OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS

POINTED FOR CHANTING BY THE COMMISSION ACTING UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

ATTEST. { H. A. NEELY, *Chairman.*
 { CHAS. L. HUTCHINS, *Secretary.*

IN putting forth this pointing of the Canticles, etc., in accordance with the direction of the General Convention, the Commission would call attention to the great importance and practical usefulness of the following suggestions taken from the preface to the “Cathedral Psalter:”—

1. The words, from the commencement of each verse and half-verse, up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation.
2. On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.
3. If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.
4. An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (,;) must be attended to as in good *reading*.
5. As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited : its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

Venite.

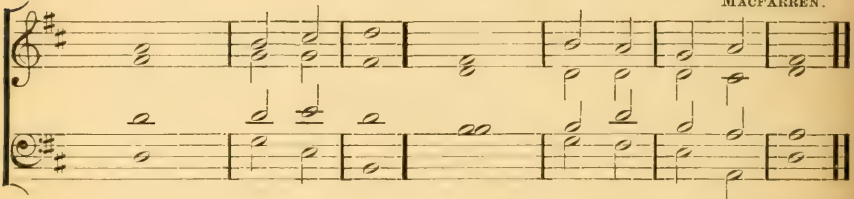
TALLIS.



BATTISHELL.



MACFARREN.



TUCKER.



GILBERT.



STEGGALL.



Morning Canticles.

BURROWES.



HILES.



ALDRICH.



Venite, exultemus Domino.

COME, let us sing | unto · the | LORD: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks · = | giving: and shôw ourselves |
glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the LÓRD is a | great · = | God: and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth: and the stréngth of the | hills is |
his · = | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it: and his hánds pre | pared · the | dry · = |
land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall · = | down: and knéel be | fore the | LORD our |
Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture * ánd the |
sheep of | his · = | hand.

8 O worship the LÓRD in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole eárrh | stand in |
awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to
judge the wórld and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be; wórld without | end · = |
A · = | men,

Te Deum laudamus.

BENNETT.



WE praise | thee O | God : we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the éárrh doth | worship | thee: thé | Father | ever | lasting.

3 To thee all Ángels | cry a | loud: the Héavens, and | all the | Powers there | in;

4 To thee Chérubim and | Sera | phim: cón | tinual | ly do | cry,

5 Hóly | Holy | Holy: Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | Majes | ty: óf | thy ' = | glo ' = | ry.

7 The glorious cómpany | of ' the A | postles: práise | = ' = | = ' = | thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | Prophets: práise | = ' = | = ' = | thee.

9 The nóble | army ' of | Martyrs: práise | = ' = | = ' = | thee.

10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world: dóth ac | know ' = | ledge ' = |
thee;

11 Thé | Fa ' = | ther: óf an | infinite | Majes | ty;

12 Thine ad | ora ' ble | true: ánd | on ' = | = ' ly | Son;

13 Álso the | Holy | Ghost: thé | Com ' = | fort ' = | er.

14 Thóu art the | King of | Glory: Ó | = ' = | = ' = | Christ.

15 Thou art the éver | lasting | Son: óf | = ' the | Fa ' = | ther.



MONK.

16 When thou tookest upon thée to de | liver | man: thou didst humble thyself to
be | born ' = | of a | Virgin.

17 When thou hadst overcómé the | sharpness ' of | death: thou didst open the
Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God: in the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We believe that | thou shalt | come: tó | be ' = | our ' = | Judge,

Morning Canticles.

20 We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants: whom thou hast redeemed | with
thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints: in | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lórd | save thy | people: ánd | bless thine | herit | age.

23 Góv | = ' ern | them: ánd | lift them | up for | ever.

BENNETT.



24 Dáy | by · = | day: wé | magni | fy · = | thee ;

25 Ánd we | worship · thy | Name: éver | world with | out · = | end.

26 Vóuch | safe O | Lord: to kéept us this | day with | out · = | sin.

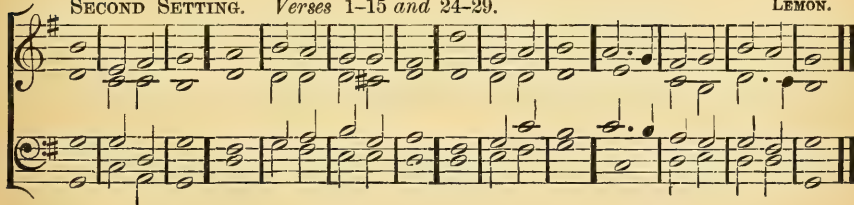
27 O Lórd have | mercy · up | on us: háve | mercy · up | on · = | us.

28 O Lord let thy mérey | be up | on us: ás our | trust · = | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in thee | have I | trusted: lét me | never | be con | founded.

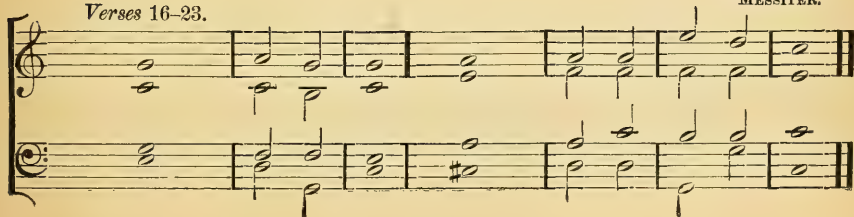
SECOND SETTING. *Verses 1-15 and 24-29.*

LEMON.



Verses 16-23.

MESSITER.



Benedicite, omnia opera Domini.

CAMIDGE.



O ALL ye Works of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

2 O ye Angels of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

3 O ye Héavens | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

4 O ye Waters that be above the firmament | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

5 O all ye Powers of the Lórd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

6 O ye Sun and Móon | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of héaven | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

8 O ye Showers and Déw | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

9 O ye Winds of Gód | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Héat | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

11 O ye Winter and Súmmer | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

12 O ye Dews and Frósts | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

13 O ye Frost and Córd | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

14 O ye Ice and Snów | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

15 O ye Nights and Dáys | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

16 O ye Light and Dárkness | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

17 O ye Lightnings and Clóuds | bless · ye the | Lord: práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

MORNINGTON.



18 O let the Eáর্থ | bless the | Lord: yea let it práise him, and | magnify | him for | ever,

Morning Canticles.

19 O ye Mountains and Hills | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

20 O all ye Green Things upon the earth | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and |
magnify | him for | ever.

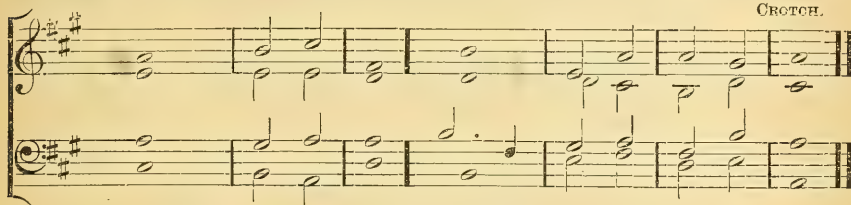
21 O ye Wells | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

22 O ye Seas and Floods | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

23 O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him,
and | magnify | him for | ever.

24 O all ye Fowls of the air | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.



26 O ye Children of Men | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

27 O let Israel | bless the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

28 O ye Priests of the Lord | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

29 O ye Servants of the Lord | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and | magnify | him
for | ever.

30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and |
magnify | him for | ever.

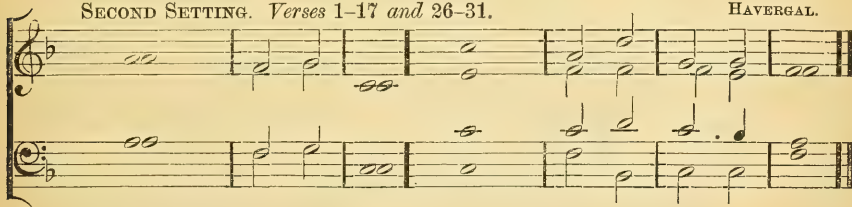
31 O ye holy and humble Men of heart | bless · ye the | Lord : praise him, and |
magnify | him for | ever.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son : and | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be : world without | end · = |
A · = | men.

SECOND SETTING. Verses 1-17 and 26-31.

HAVERGAL.



Verses 18-25 and GLORIA.

H. COOK.



Benedictus.

DIXON.



THORNE.



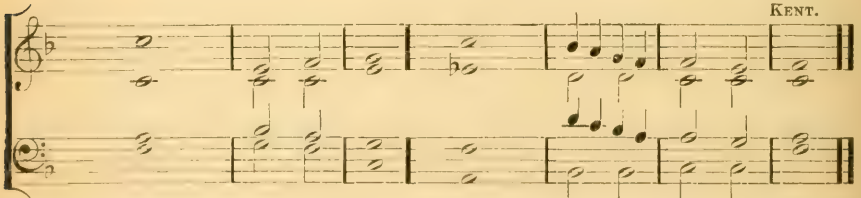
JONES.



NARES.



KENT.



TURLE.



Morning Canticles.



Benedictus.—St. Luke i. 68.

BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel: for he hath visited | and re | deemed · his | people;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal | vation | for us: in the hóuse | of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the móuth of his | holy | Prophets: which have béen | since the | world be | gan;

4 That we should be sáved | from our | enemies: and fróm the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy prómised to | our fore | fathers: áud to re | member · his | holy | covenant;

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our fórefather | Abra | ham: thát | he would | give · = | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hánd | of our | enemies: might sérvé | him with | out · = | fear;

8 In holiness and ríghteous | ness be | fore him: áll the | days · = | of our | life.

9 And thou child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre | pare his | ways;

10 To give knowledge of salvátion | unto · his | people: fór the re | mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mércy | of our | God: whereby the day-spring fróm on | high hath | visited | us;

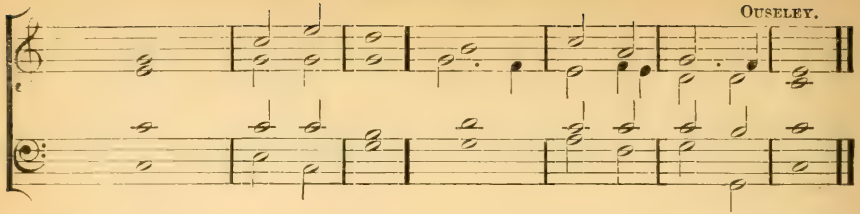
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ín the | shadow · of | death: and to guide our fées | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever } shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

Jubilate.

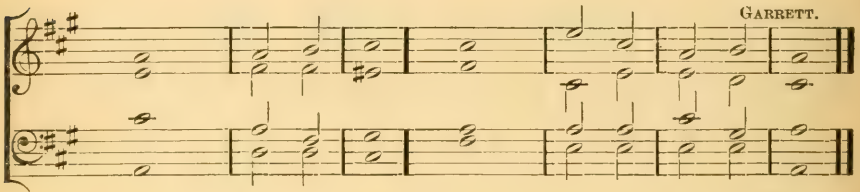
OUSELEY.



WALMSLEY.



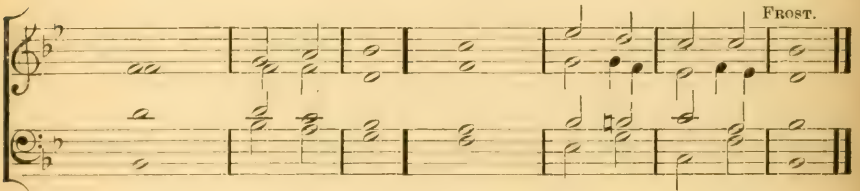
GARRETT.



RUSSELL.



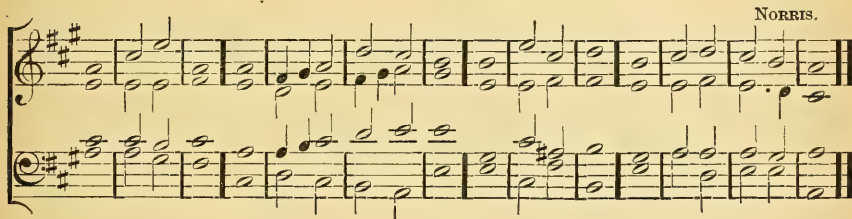
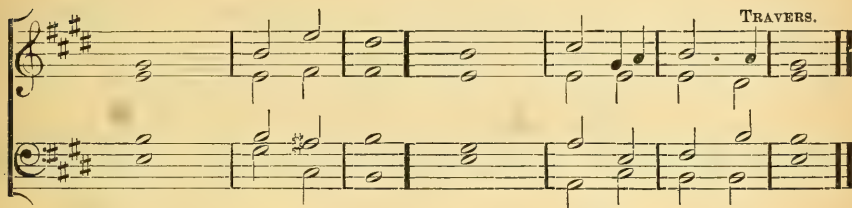
FROST.



ALCOCK.



Morning Canticles.



Jubilate Deo.

Psalm c.

O BE joyful in the LÓRD | all ye lands : serve the LÓRD with gladness * and come
before his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the LÓRD he is God * it his he that hath made us ánd not | we our |
selves : we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his * = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and into his | courts with | praise :
be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | Name.

4 For the LÓRD is gracious * his mércy is | ever | lasting : and his truth endureth
from géner | ation * to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fáther | and * to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórlð without | end * = |
A * = | men.

Magnificat.

STEVENSON.



BARNBY.



KEMPTON.



HERVEY.



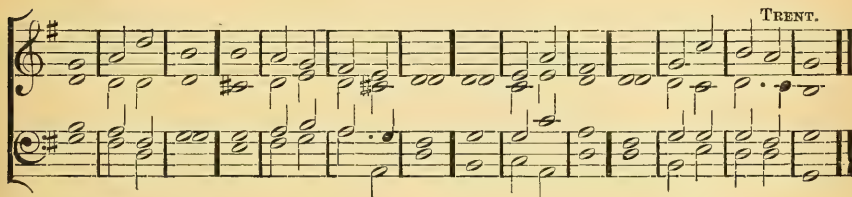
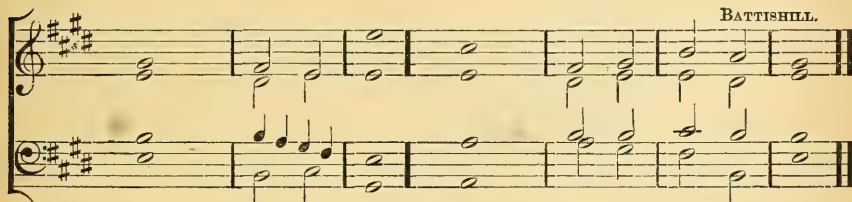
E. J. HOPKINS.



DUPUIS.



Evening Canticles.



Magnificat.—St. Luke i. 46.

MY soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord: and my spirit háth re | joiced · in | God my |
Saviour.

2 Fór he | hath re | garded: the lówli | ness of | his hand | maiden.

3 Fór he | hold from | henceforth: áll gener | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For he that is míghty hath | magni · fied | me: ánd | holy | is his | Name.

+ 5 And his mércy is on | them that | fear him: thróugh | out all | gener | ations.

6 He hath showed stréngth | with his | arm: he hath scattered the proud in the
imágin | ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat: and háth ex | alted · the | hum-
ble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the húngry with | good · = | things: and the rích he hath | sent · = |
empty · a | way.

9 He remembering his mercy hath hólpen his | servant | Israel: as he promised to
our forefathers * Ábraham | and his | seed for | ever.

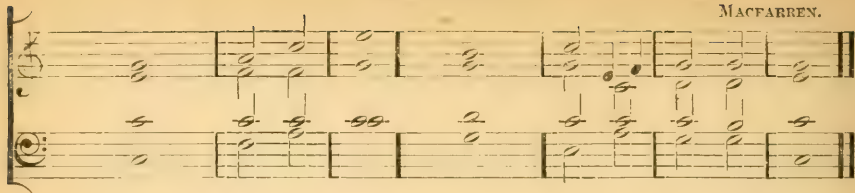
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = · |
A · = | men.

+ Repeat here second part of Double Chant.

Cantate.

MACFARREN.



TURLE.



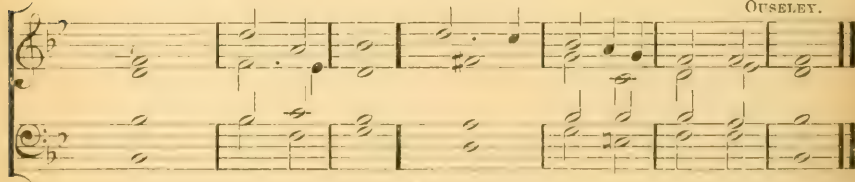
TURLE.



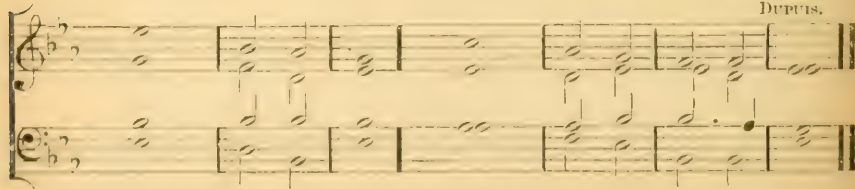
HAVERGAL.



OUSELEY.



DUPUIS.



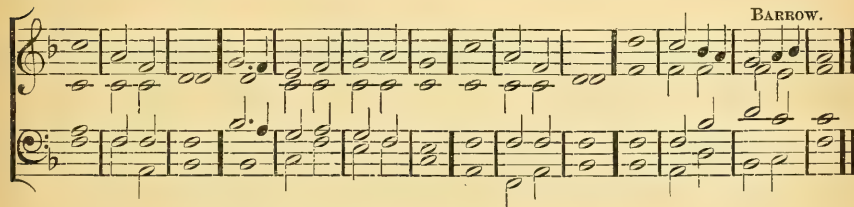
Evening Canticles.



KELWAY.



GIBBONS.



BARROW.

Cantate Domino.—Psalm xcvi.

O SING unto the LÓRD a | new · = | song: for hé hath | done · = | marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand * and with his | holy | arm: háth he | gotten · him | self the | victory.

3 The LÓRD decláred | his sal | vation: his righteousness hath he openly shówed in the | sight · = | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth tóward the | house of | Israel: and all the ends of the world have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the LÓRD | all ye | lands: síng, re | joice and ; give · = | thanks.

6 Praise the LÓRD up | on the | harp: sing to the hárp with a | psalm of | thanks · = | giving.

7 With trúmpets | also · and | shawms: O show yourselves jóyful be | fore the | LÓRD the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise * and áll that | therein | is: the round wórlð, and | they that | dwell there | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands * and let the hills be joyful togéther be | fore the | LÓRD: fór he | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness sháll he | judge the | world: ánd the | people | with · = | equity.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlð without | end · = |

A · = | men.

Bonum est.

GRAY.



FELTON.



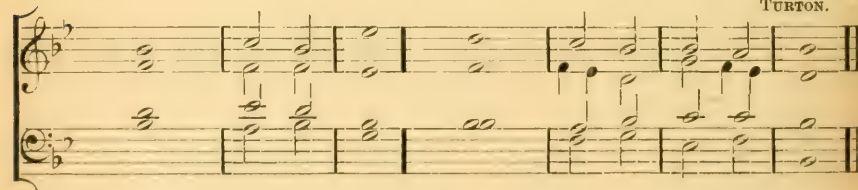
MONK.



PRING.



TURTON.



WALMISLEY.



Evening Canticles.

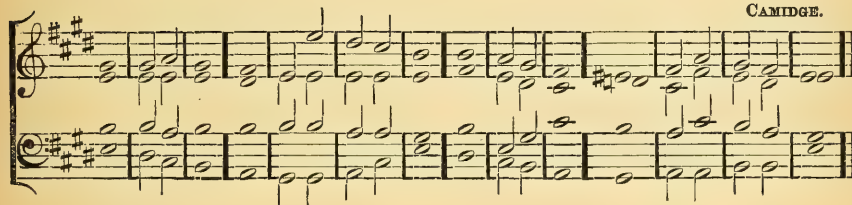
BATTISHILL.



DYCE.



CAMIDGE.



Bonum est confiteri.

Psalm xcii.

IT is a good thing to give thánks | unto · the | LORD: and to sing praises únto thy |
Name · = | O Most | Highest;

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness éarly | in the | morning: and of thy trúth | in the |
night · = | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings * ánd up | on the | lute: upon a loud instru-
ment | and up | on the | harp.

4 For thou, LORD, hast made me glád | through thy | works: and I will rejoice in
giving praise for the óper | ations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórlð without | end · = |
A · = | men.

Nunc Dimittis.

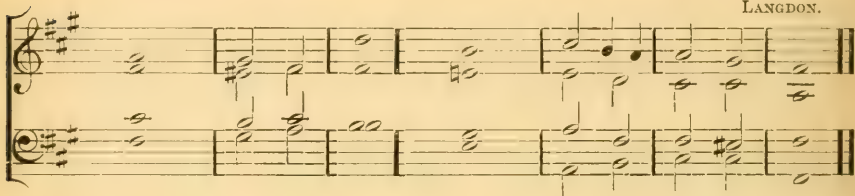
GILBERT.



MONK.



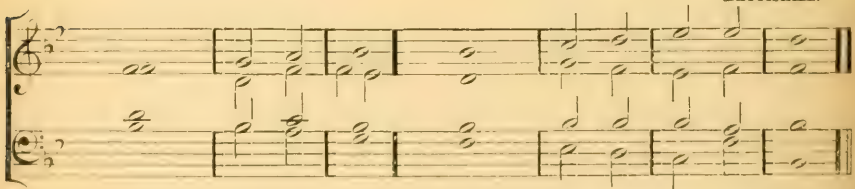
LANGDON.



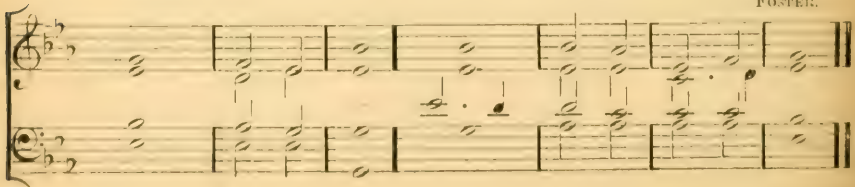
W. H. COOKE.



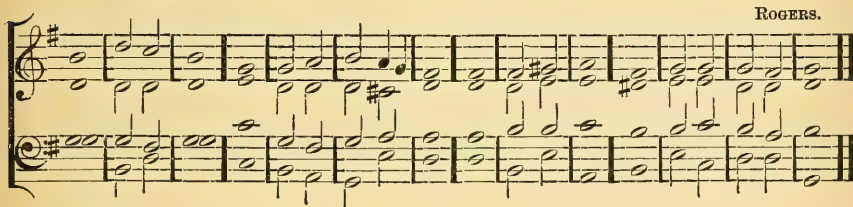
BATTISHILL.



FOSTER.



Evening Canticles.



Nunc dimittis.

St. Luke ii. 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace: ác | cording | to thy | word.

2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen: thý | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre | pared: befóre the | face of | all · = | people;

4 To be a light to | lighten · the | Gentiles: and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.

Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end · = |

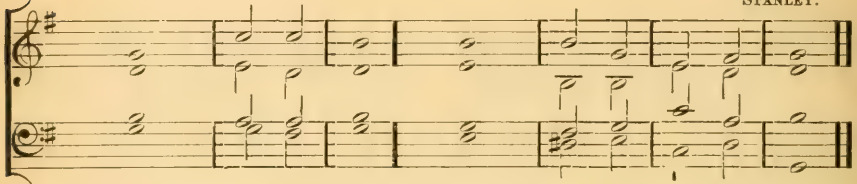
A · = | men.

Deus misereatur.

TRAVERS.



STANLEY.



GARRETT.



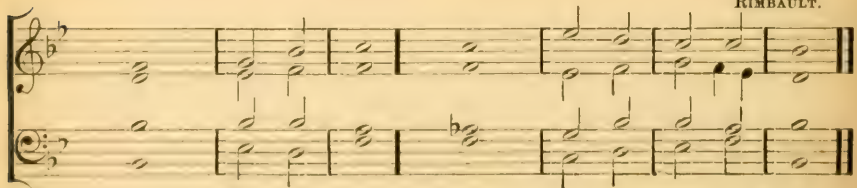
MESSITER.



TURLE.

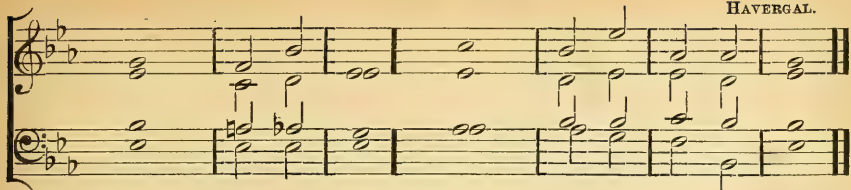


RIMBAULT.



Evening Canticles.

HAVERGAL.



TUDWAY.



LANGDON.



Deus misereatur.

Psalm lxvii.

GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us: and show us the light of his countenance *
ánd be | merciful | unto | us;

2 That thy wáy may be | known upon | earth: thy saving | health a | mong all |
nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee O | God: yea let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously *
and govern the | nations · up | on · = | earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee O | God: yea let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the éarth bring | forth her | increase: and God, even our own Gód,
shall | give · = | us his | blessing.

7 Gód shall | bless · = | us: and all the énds of the | world shall | fear · = | him.

Glory be to the Fátter | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = |
A · = | men.

Benedic.

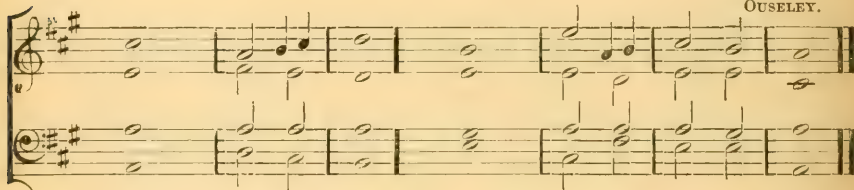
MONK.



MACFARREN.



OUSELEY.



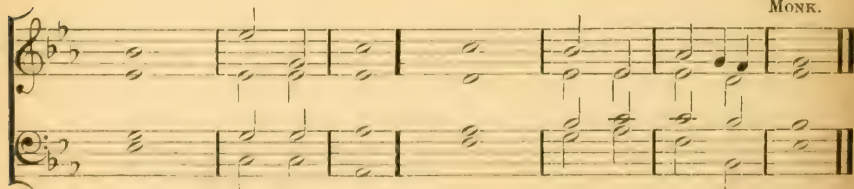
CROTCH.



OUSELEY.



MONK.



Evening Canticles.

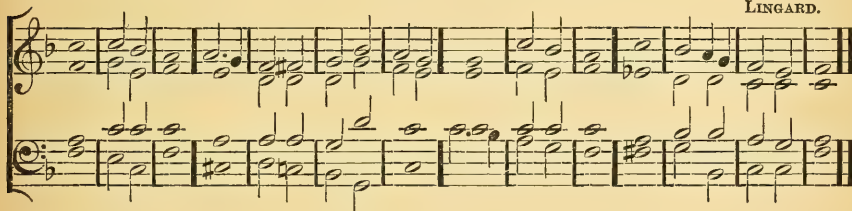
BACON.



HEYWOOD.



LINGARD.



Benedic anima mea.

Psalm ciii.

PRAISE the LÓRD | O my | soul: and all that is withín me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 Praise the LÓRD | O my | soul: ánd for | get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgívet̃h | all thy | sin: and héaleth | all * = | thine in | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy lífe | from de | struction: and crowneth thee with | mercy * and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the LORD ye angels of his * yé that ex | cel in | strength: ye that fulfil his commandment * and hearken únto the | voice * = | of his | word.

6 O praise the LÓRD, all | ye his | hosts: ye sérvants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the LORD, all ye works of his * in all pláces of | his do | minion: praise thóu the | LORD * = | O my | soul.

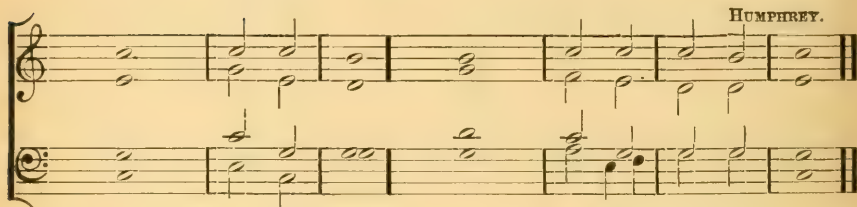
Glory be to the Fát̃her and * to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end * = | A * = | men.

OCCASIONAL ANTHEMS.

Easter Day.

(Instead of the Psalm, O come, let us sing, etc.)



CHRIST our Passover is sacrified for us: therefore let us keep the feast.
 2 Not with old leaven * neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness:
 but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. 1 Cor. v. 7.

CHRIST being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him.
 4 For in that he died * he died unto sin = once: but in that he liveth he liveth unto God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 9.

CHRIST is risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept.

7 For since by man came death: by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

8 For as in Adam all = die: even so in Christ shall all be made alive.
 1 Cor. xv. 20.

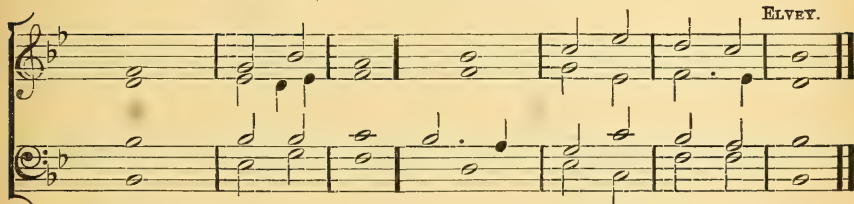
Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is now, and ever shall be: world without end = Amen.

Occasional Anthems.

Thanksgiving-Day.

(Instead of O come, let us sing, etc.)



O PRAISE the LORD * for it is a good thing to sing praises | unto · our | God: yea,
a joyful and pleasant thing it is | to be | thank · = | ful.

2 The LORD doth build úp Je | rusa | lem: and gather togéther | the out | casts
of | Israel.

3 He healeth thóse that are | broken · in | heart: and gívethe | medicine · to | heal
their | sickness.

4 O sing unto the LÓRD with | thanks · = | giving: sing praises upón the | harp · = |
unto · our | God:

5 Who covereth the heaven with clouds * and prepareth ráin | for the | earth: and
maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains * and hérb | for the | use of | men;

6 Who giveth fódder | unto · the | cattle: and feedeth the yóung | ravens · that | call
up | on him.

7 Praise the LORD, Ó Je | rusa | lem: práise | = · thy | God O | Sion.

8 For he hath made fast the bárs | of thy | gates: ánd hath | blessed · thy | children ·
with | in thee.

9 He maketh péace | in thy | borders: and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.

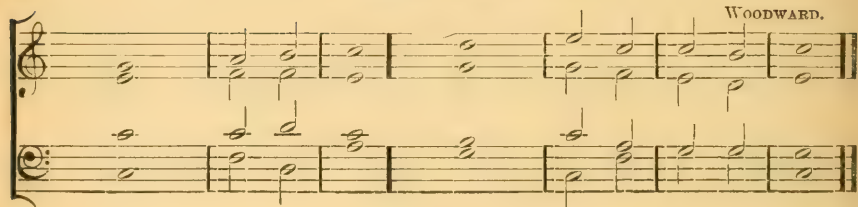
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = |
A · = | men.

Occasional Anthems.

Consecration of a Church.

Psalm xxiv.



THE earth is the LORD's * and all that | therein | is: the compass of the world, and |
they that | dwell there | in.

2 For he hath founded it up | on the | seas: and prepared | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill | of the | LORD: or who shall rise up | in his | holy |
place ?

4 Even he that hath clean hands and a | pure * = | heart: and that hath not lift up
his mind unto vanity * nor sworn | to de | ceive his | neighbour.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | LORD: and righteousness from the | God
of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him: even of them that | seek thy | face
O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye ever | lasting | doors: and the
King of | glory | shall come | in.

8 Who is this | King of | glory: it is the LORD strong and mighty * even the |
LORD * = | mighty * in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads O ye gates * and be ye lift up ye ever | lasting | doors: and the
King of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Who is this | King of | glory: Even the LORD of hosts | he * is the | King of |
glory.

Glory be to the Father | and * to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

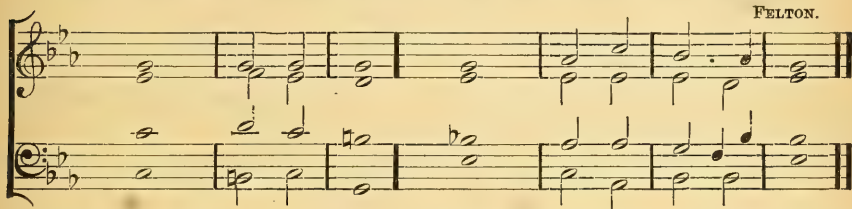
As it was in the beginning * is now, and | ever | shall be: world without | end * = '

A * | men.

Occasional Anthems.

Burial of the Dead.

(One or both of the following Selections taken from the 39th and 90th Psalms.)



FELTON.

LORD, let me know mine end * and the númber | of my | days: that I may be certi-
fied how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold, thou hast made my days as it wére a | span * = | long: and mine age is
even as nothing in respect of thee * and verily every man líving is | alto | gether |
vanity.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow * and disquieteth him | self in | vain: he
heapeth up riches, and cánnot tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now, Lórd, what | is my | hope: trúly my | hope is | even * in | thee.

5 Deliver me from áll | mine of | fences: and make me nó t a re | buke * = | unto *
the | foolish.

6 When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin * thou makest his beauty to con-
sume away * like as it were a móth | fretting * a | garment: évery man | therefore | is
but | vanity.

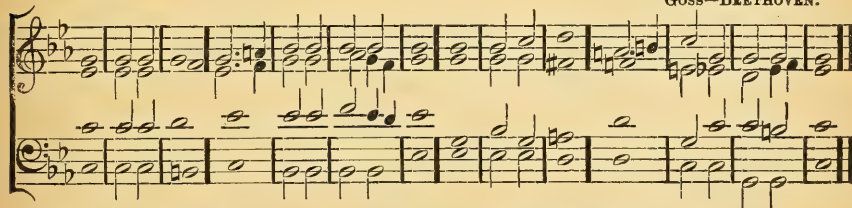
7 Hear my prayer O LORD * and with thine éars con | sider * my | calling: hóld not
thy | peace * = | at my | tears;

8 For I am a stranger with thée | and a | sojourner: ás | all my | fathers | were.

9 O spare me a little * that I may re | cover * my | strength: before I go hénce | and
be | no more | seen.

Glory be to the Fáther | and * to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end * = |
A * = | men.



Goss—BEETHOVEN.

LORD, thóu hast | been our | refuge: from óne gener | ation | to an | other.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth * or ever the éarth and the | world
were | made: thou art God from everlásting and | world with | out * = | end.

Occasional Anthems.

3 Thou turnest mán | to de | struction: again thou sayest, Cóme a | gain ye | chil-
dren ' of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight áre but as | yester | day: seeing that is pást as
a | watch ' = | in the | night.

5 As soon as thou scatterest them * they are éven | as a | sleep: and fáde away |
sudden ' ly | like the | grass.

6 In the morning it is gréen and | groweth | up: but in the evening it is cut dówn |
dried | up and | withered.

7 For we consume away in | thy dis | pleasure: and are afráid at thy | wrathful |
indig | nation.

8 Thou hast sét our mis | deeds be | fore thee: and our secret síns in the | light of |
thy ' = | countenance.

9 For when thou art angry, áll our | days are | gone: we bring our years to an end *
as it wére a | tale ' = | that is | told.

10 The days of our age are threescore years and ten * and though men be so strong
that they cóme to | fourscore | years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow *
so soon pásseth it a | way and | we are | gone.

11 O téach us to | number ' our | days: that we may applý our | hearts ' = | unto |
wisdom.

Glory be to the Fátther | and ' to the | Son: ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end ' = |
A ' = | men.

Or this Chant, throughout.

MORLEY.

